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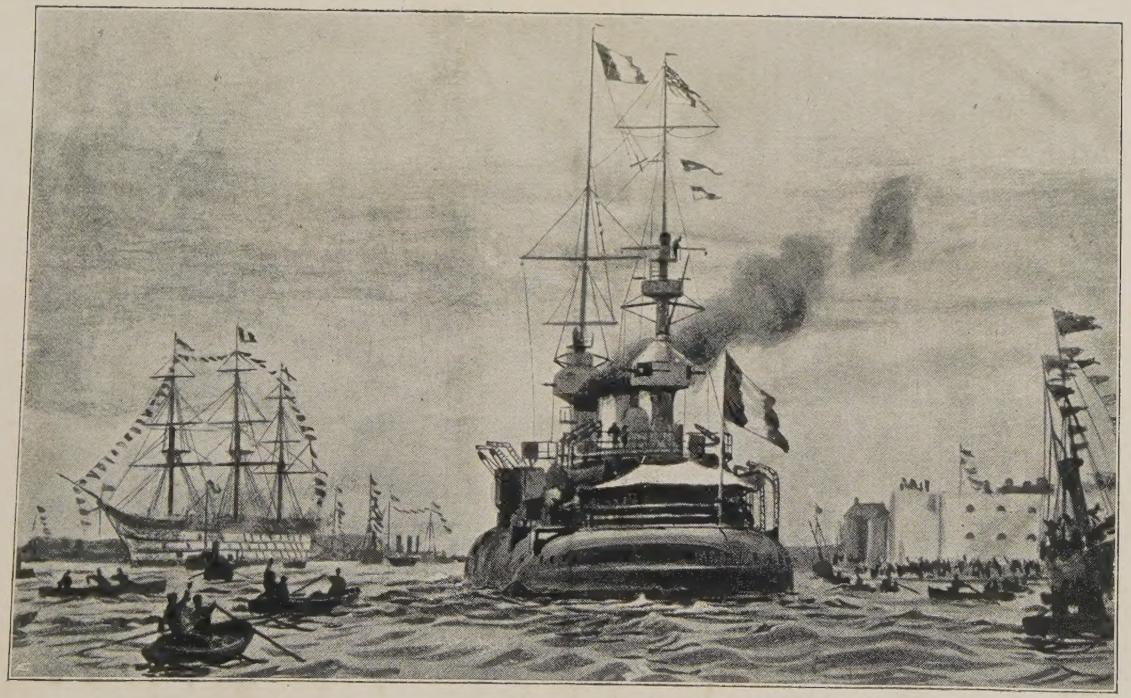

Drawn by W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A.

AT PORTSMOUTH: AUGUST, 1905. THE "VICTORY" WELCOMING THE FRENCH FLAGSHIP

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Frontispiece

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THE ENEMY AT TRAFALGAR

AN ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE FROM EYE-WITNESSES' NARRATIVES AND LETTERS AND DESPATCHES FROM THE FRENCH AND SPANISH FLEETS

BY

EDWARD FRASER

AUTHOR OF "FAMOUS FIGHTERS OF THE FLEET"

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PREFACE

THE idea of this book is to render tribute to the gallant men at whose expense our own Nelson achieved his crowning fame. Conversely, it should serve as the highest kind of tribute to Nelson himself, and those who helped him to win the day. Fair play to the enemy involves no disloyalty to the memory of our own peerless chief and his gallant comrades in arms. Nothing can detract from Nelson's renown as the ablest, the most brilliant, the most heroic leader the world has known in war at sea:—

> In freta dum fluvii current, dum montibus umbrae
> Lustrabunt convexa, polus dum sidera pascet,
> Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt.

Least of all a book such as this, which purports to relate incidents of Trafalgar as witnessed from the side of the enemy.

Throughout, what took place in the battle is described from the enemy's point of view; and, as far as possible, in the words of the officers and men — from Admiral Villeneuve himself, the

enemy's commander-in-chief, downwards — whose personal experiences supply the basis of the narrative.

We have all heard of what happened on our own side, and of the heroism that so many of our officers and men displayed. The incidents of Trafalgar on the enemy's side offer a situation that will be new to most of us, and should prove interesting, particularly at the present time. There were many fine fellows in the Franco-Spanish Fleet on the 21st of October, 1805, and they did their duty to the utmost of their power. We, for our part, had Nelson, "the greatest sailor since the world began," to lead us; our captains had wider experience, and our sailors were better trained at the guns than those opposed to them: that made the deciding difference to the fate of the day.

This should be remembered. At Trafalgar the antagonists were hardly a match, in spite of the fact that the Combined Fleet counted six ships more than the British. The enemy were in no condition to give battle, as they themselves knew well and said before they put to sea. The Combined Fleet was made up from two navies, each trained in its own way, and differing markedly in efficiency; belonging also to nationalities hardly at one in political sympathy. The Combined Franco-Spanish Fleet sailed to fight a decisive battle with their ships for the most part inefficiently equipped,

partly owing to local difficulties at the port of departure, the result of international jealousy and friction; also with quite half the Spanish ships manned only by raw landsmen and soldiers. Admiral Villeneuve, brave and talented and painstaking an officer as he was, had in fact a practically impossible task set him to perform. There was no cordiality between the French and Spanish officers—openly expressed dislike rather, on both sides. The French Commander-in-Chief had little confidence in his own officers, and, for their part, the majority of them were not in accord with him. His indecision at earlier stages of the campaign had turned many against him. Admiral Villeneuve sailed, conscious that success was practically impossible; and, in addition, weighed down with the knowledge of Napoleon's attitude towards himself for what had taken place previously in the campaign. Only a few hours before he sailed he had accidentally learned, moreover, that another admiral had been appointed to supersede him and was on his way to do so, travelling with post haste. All, however, said and done, whatever Admiral Villeneuve's personal defects of temperament may have been, no French admiral, with such a fleet as Villeneuve had under his orders, not even a Tourville or a Suffren, could have averted defeat at Trafalgar.

That the fortune of war went against France and Spain on that day takes nothing from the heroism and devoted gallantry which so many officers and men on the losing side displayed. One side must get the worst of it in a battle. Nelson himself, we are told, as he approached the enemy that morning, "frequently remarked that they put a good face upon it." Captain Blackwood, who was on the quarter-deck of the "Victory" as the fleets neared one another, drew Nelson's attention to "the handsome way in which the Battle was offered by the Enemy, their apparent determination for a fair trial of strength." "The Enemy," wrote Blackwood also, in a letter home, "awaited the attack of the British with a coolness I was sorry to witness, and they fought in a way that must do them honour." An officer of the "Victory," recording his impressions, says: "They appeared to seek the action with as much confidence as ourselves." Said Collingwood: "It was a severe action; no dodging or manœuvring. They formed their line with nicety, and waited our attack with great composure, nor did they fire a gun until we were close to them." Collingwood also said: "The enemy's ships were fought with a gallantry highly honourable to their officers." "All our enemies," notes an officer of the "Prince," "fought with the greatest obstinacy."

Great Britain, France, and Spain alike, at the present time, happily, can recall Trafalgar in a spirit impossible heretofore. One can hardly conceive, indeed, nowadays the state of feeling that was the most natural thing in the world to our grandfathers of "eighteen hundred and war time"; the temper, for instance, in which, during the period of Wellington's Army of Occupation, British subalterns used to swagger about the streets in the towns of Northern France, and in and out of the cafés, humming, in the hearing of everybody, a peculiarly offensive camp-song of the hour, the refrain of which ran—

> Lewis Dix Weet! Lewis Dix Weet!
> We've wallop'd your army and lick'd all your fleet!

We have another standpoint to-day: we take in things from another point of view. As the then Prime Minister—Mr. Balfour—finely said at the historic *déjeuner* to the officers of the French Fleet in Westminster Hall, touching on the historical associations of the place and the old-time conflicts between England and France: "After all, what the two nations forget is the cause of their differences, and what they remember are the great deeds of heroism which have rendered both countries illustrious." There we are on common ground, Briton and Frenchman and Spaniard alike; each has personal deeds of heroism to remember

in common—and particularly in regard to Trafalgar. The bitterness is now long since past; of laurel, not of cypress, are our memorial wreaths—

> . . . no dirge's plaintive moan;
> Our heroes claim far loftier tone—
> Oh, proudly should the war-song swell,
> Recording how the mighty fell!

Special recognition, indeed, is due from us of these days to the memory of the enemy at Trafalgar—as a point of honour. The example was set us from the other side, by the gallant successors of those who in fair fight faced Nelson and his captains that October Monday afternoon a hundred years ago, and did all that brave men could for the credit of their service and their flag. Who that witnessed it can ever forget that touching display of chivalry on the afternoon of the 10th of August, 1905, when Admiral Caillard and the captains of the French Fleet, then at Portsmouth, passed through Trafalgar Square on their way to be the guests of the City of London in the Guildhall? As each French officer came abreast of the base of the Nelson Monument he turned towards it and, raising a gloved hand to his cocked hat, gravely, and with the finest courtesy, saluted the national memorial to Britain's sailor hero. It was done very simply, very quietly, very tactfully; and the next moment the column had been passed.

One grey-headed French officer, in addition to saluting, rose from his seat in one of the carriages as he passed the monument, and, glancing upward at the statue of Lord Nelson, raised his hat with a courtly bow.

The British Empire can appreciate such an act, and knows how to requite it in kind. Where chivalrous bearing is in point the nation does not allow itself to be outdone. On the day of the Nelson centenary celebration there was hardly a hamlet throughout the length and breadth of England, hardly a colonial township in any part of the world, where the French and Spanish national flags, one or other, often both, were not flown side by side with our own flag. Wreaths tied in the national colours of France and Spain and inscribed to the memory of those who fought on the other side—"To the memory of the gallant officers and men of France and Spain who died for their country at Trafalgar," ran the legend on one wreath—had places allotted to them at the base of the Nelson Monument in Trafalgar Square in the display of memorial tributes in honour of our own chief. Among the wreaths to the memory of those who fell at their posts facing us at Trafalgar was one that had come all the way from New Zealand. And on that night when the officers of the "Victory" at Portsmouth met at their own

commemorative banquet, the toast given was "To the memory of those who fought and fell, whether friend or foe, in the glorious battle of a hundred years ago!" All rose and stood with bowed heads, while the "Victory's" buglers sounded the "Last Post," and then the toast was drunk in solemn silence.

This book offers itself as a tribute in its way to the memory of those who fought against us at Trafalgar, whose descendants and successors in the navies of France and Spain are our good friends to-day. As has been said, we ourselves have a special interest in what is told of the devotion and heroism displayed on the side of the enemy in the battle. The men who met and faced Nelson on the 21st of October, 1805, proved themselves in fair fight foemen worthy of our steel; and not only as a complement to the story of the battle from our side, of which every one knows something, should the telling of their gallantry under fire, of what they did and endured, prove acceptable to English readers, but also as redounding to the credit of those—our own forefathers—who got the better of such valiant antagonists.

My plan has been, as far as possible, to describe the enemy's part at Trafalgar in the words of eye-witnesses and participants in the battle on their side. As to that, I think I am justified in saying

that the subject is dealt with fairly and fully, if not, indeed, exhaustively.

The first three chapters are introductory in their nature, explanatory of the events that led up to Trafalgar; utilizing largely the information conveyed in the despatches that passed between Napoleon and his Minister of Marine and Admiral Villeneuve. They describe how the enemy came to be there; Admiral Villeneuve's difficulties and arrangements for the battle; and the circumstances in which his plans were made. Something then follows as to the personality of the admirals and captains who faced Nelson on the occasion; what kind of men they were, and what their countrymen thought of them. Next, we see the enemy's fleet leaving port to give battle, and what passed on their side during that Sunday night at sea between Cape Trafalgar and the Straits of Gibraltar.

Then we have the fleets in presence on Monday morning: Nelson heading for the enemy; Villeneuve attempting to regain Cadiz harbour. A series of chapters follow, describing what took place in the battle, under fire, on board those of the French ships from which we have personal accounts; presenting these accounts in the words (closely translated) of the officers who wrote them, as eye-witnesses of the events.

Admiral Villeneuve's Trafalgar despatch—which Napoleon suppressed—relating the French Commander-in-Chief's personal experiences up to the moment of his capture, appears here for English readers for the first time. Two official narratives—vigorously told and full of striking detail—follow, from the officers of the "Redoutable," the "Victory's" special antagonist at Trafalgar; and, in addition, the stories—related personally—of "The man who shot Nelson," and of "The Avenger of Nelson." The experiences of French officers on board other ships are given, each describing what his own ship did and went through.

The Spanish accounts of Trafalgar are dealt with in exactly the same way, the idea throughout being to relate events, wherever it can be done, as personal experiences.

On that comes the story of what happened in the storm after the battle, and the fate of the captured ships, as told by some of those who survived; also—from contemporary letters—what people at Cadiz saw of the battle, and the scenes that followed in that city and along the coast. A chapter describes how the Trafalgar despatches reached London at midnight, and the reception of the news there and throughout England: and also how Napoleon and France and Spain learned of what had taken place. Lastly, something is said

about the Trafalgar prisoners in England; and the tragic story of the hapless Admiral Villeneuve's fate one April night at an inn at Rennes, according to the *Procès-verbal* drawn up for Fouché, Napoleon's Minister of Police.

Among the illustrations are portraits of the leaders of the enemy at Trafalgar, Admirals Villeneuve and Gravina, and of others of the admirals and some of the hardest-fighting of the captains; also a set of views of the battle drawn for Captain Lucas of the "Redoutable," which have been photographed by permission for this book at the Louvre. Other views are given, and pictures of incidents of the battle from the Spanish side, reproduced from paintings on the walls of the naval gallery at Madrid, together with representations of various personal mementos and relics of officers who met their fate in the battle, and a sketch of Cape Trafalgar as it now is.

The three Appendices comprise documents of peculiar historic interest from the archives of the Ministry of Marine in Paris, copied from the originals for this book, by special permission of the Minister of Marine. They comprise Admiral Villeneuve's "Fighting Instructions" to his captains; the exact and complete text of Villeneuve's "*Compte Rendu*," or official report on Trafalgar, written by him while on the way to England

as a prisoner of war; and the French official plan of Trafalgar, drawn by the captain of the French flagship "Bucentaure" three days after the battle, a document of special historic interest and value in reference to the recent controversy on "Nelson's Tactics at Trafalgar."

I desire to express my thanks, for assistance cordially given, to M. Thomson, the present Minister of Marine in France, and to M. Destrem, the Curator of the Musée de la Marine at the Louvre, for his most kind offices on my behalf; also to M. Marc Dormoy, for his tireless and invaluable help.

In conclusion I would say that I have considered the writing of this story of Trafalgar from the other side a privilege, as offering an opportunity of rendering homage on the part of an Englishman to the gallantry and devotion of valiant and worthy foes, and I trust that, whatever the shortcomings of my attempt may be, the book will be found acceptable by all into whose hands it may come.

E. F.

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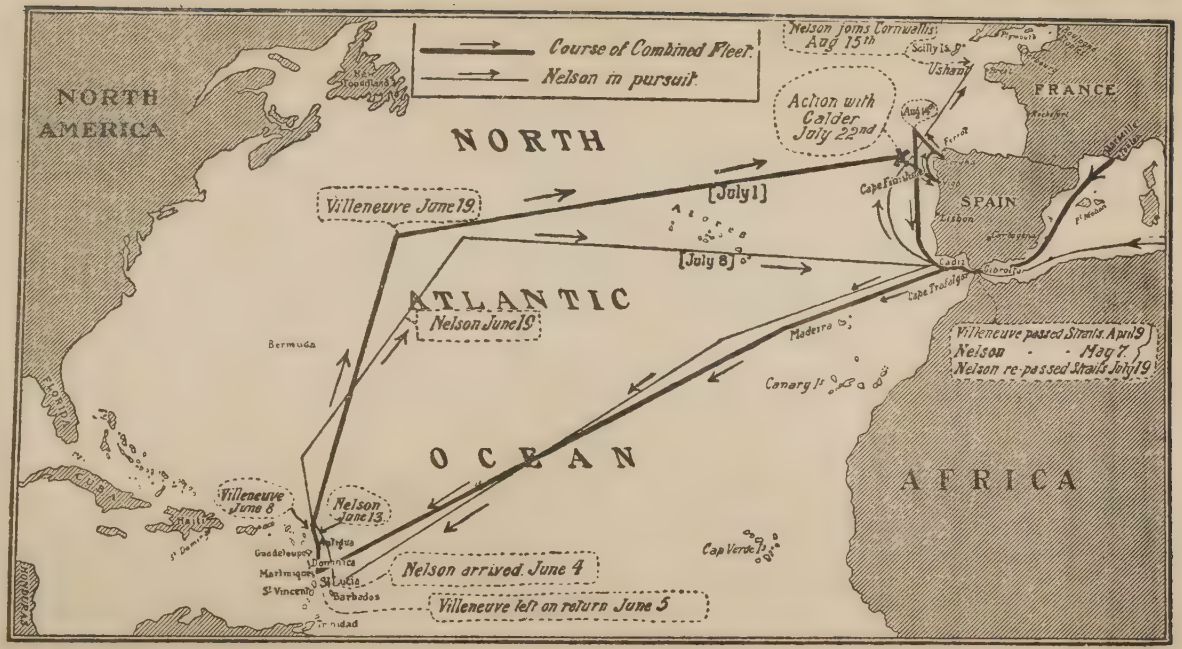


OPENING MOVES OF THE TRAFALGAR CAMPAIGN, 1805

CHAPTER I

WHY THE FRENCH FLEET WENT TO CADIZ

THIS is a general summary of the events that led up to Trafalgar :—how the battle came to be fought.

Trafalgar was Great Britain's answer to the challenge of Napoleon's great invasion scheme and the "Armée d'Angleterre"; Great Britain's retort and counterstroke.

Napoleon, in point of fact, of course, had broken up his camp on the heights above Boulogne and marched his soldiers off for the Austrian frontier seven weeks before that fateful Monday afternoon off Cape Trafalgar; but the idea of trying again at another time had not passed from his mind. His plan of campaign had miscarried for the present, that was all; there were other years to come. He left the Château at Pont-de-Briques on the 1st of September, 1805, confidently expecting to return there another time. He left strict orders for the vessels of the invasion-flotilla to be looked after carefully, and in the same memorandum stated explicitly that the great

scheme would be taken up again. Just before this he had written to Eugène: "Je vais donner une bonne leçon à l'Autriche, et après, je reviendrai à mes projets." Less than a week before Trafalgar was fought, as the last of his outlying divisions swung into line and linked up with the rest to close in on the doomed Austrian army at Ulm, Napoleon declared in an order of the day: "Soldats, sans cette armée que vous avez devant vous, nous serions aujourd'hui à Londres; nous eussions vengé six siècles d'outrages, et rendu la liberté aux mers." "I want nothing further on the Continent," he said to the Austrian generals, when they came to surrender their swords to him on that Sunday morning before the gates of Ulm, on the very day before Trafalgar, "I want nothing further on the Continent: I want ships, colonies, and commerce!" His only way to what he wanted lay along the London Road, past the homesteads of Kent and Sussex; and the only chance Napoleon had of setting foot across the Channel was bound up with the fortunes of the fleet that met Nelson off Trafalgar. The hope for the one went down with the fate of the other. The grenadiers of Austerlitz might well have passed the summer of 1806 under canvas at Boulogne, had it not been for Trafalgar. The naval force that Nelson shattered at Trafalgar had been designed as the starting lever, as it were, the mainspring of Napoleon's

whole combination. On it Napoleon had relied to give him that command of the sea which was "all he wanted," so he himself said, "to decide the fate of Great Britain for ever." It was "in being" until the fate of the day at Trafalgar had been decided. With its defeat, everything fell to pieces irrecoverably. Trafalgar destroyed the instrument by the aid of which Napoleon had designed to accomplish his purpose, his only available means for the attempt. Calder frightened the snake and bruised it after a fashion; Nelson killed it outright. To put the situation in a homely way: the mad dog was still about the village—Nelson shot it dead.

The entire position turned on the arrival of Admiral Villeneuve, at the head of forty and more sail of the line, made up of the French Toulon and Rochefort fleets and some other ships at Corunna, with the pick of the Spanish navy from Cartagena, Cadiz, and Ferrol, in the English Channel in August, 1805. His advent was to be a surprise, after—as Napoleon confidently anticipated—great part of the British Fleet in European waters had been drawn off elsewhere to search for him, owing to the general alarm that, the Emperor calculated, Villeneuve's departure from Toulon and disappearance into the Atlantic must inevitably cause. Villeneuve was to plan things, in the first place, so as to give Nelson the slip and pass the Straits of Gibraltar unobserved. Then he was

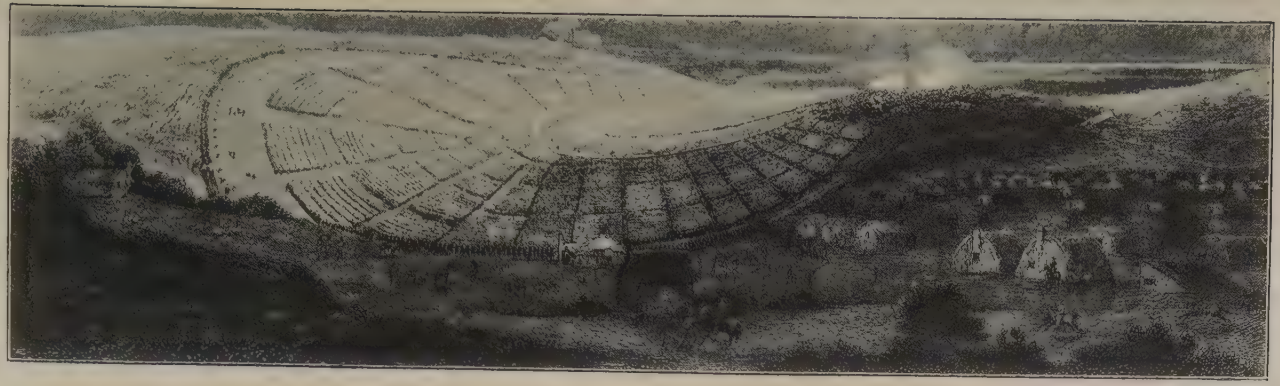
to cross the ocean to the West Indies, join the Rochefort squadron there, and raid certain of the islands.[1] Returning suddenly, he would concentrate quietly off Ferrol and then head north in force to raise the blockade of Brest and join hands with the powerful fleet of twenty-two sail of the line there—six three-deckers, nine eighty-gun ships, and seven seventy-fours. After that Admiral Villeneuve with the united armada in resistless array was to "balayer la Manche" (Napoleon's own phrase) and make for the Straits of Dover; to stand on guard there while Napoleon himself, with Soult and Ney, Murat, Masséna, Davoût, Lannes, and Marmont, and six army corps, 160,000 men of all arms, Imperial Guard, infantry, 12,000 cavalry, and 8,000 dragoons (to be mounted in England), 15,000 horses, and 450 guns, crossed over from Boulogne to the coast of Kent in the 2,280 odd "praams" and armed transports that had been specially built and equipped along the coast between Dieppe and Dunkirk, for the passage

[1] He was to "do the English all the harm he could" in the West Indies. "Let him take St. Vincent, Antigua, Grenada, and why not Barbados?" wrote Napoleon to Decrès. "I leave it to you to send orders to retake Tobago and Trinidad." He would thus, the Emperor anticipated, "keep the English in perpetual alarm and strike them unexpected blows." At the same time a false alarm about India was to be spread. "Let it be inserted in the 'Moniteur,'" added Napoleon, "that great news has arrived from India, that the despatches have been forwarded to the Emperor, that the contents have not transpired, but that everything goes badly for the English." Five thousand troops of all arms were on board the French Fleet, and there were Spanish troops on board the Spanish ships.

over. "The English," said Napoleon, "know not what awaits them! If we have the power of crossing but for twelve hours, Great Britain is no more!" "Votre passage seul nous rends, sans chances, maîtres de l'Angleterre," he wrote, in a letter sent to await Admiral Villeneuve's arrival at Brest. "If you run up here, if only for twenty-four hours, your mission will be accomplished. The English are not so numerous as you think. They are everywhere detained by the wind. Never will a squadron have run a few risks for so great an end, and never will our soldiers have had the chance on land or sea of shedding their blood for a grander or nobler result. For the great object of aiding a descent on the power which for six centuries has oppressed France, we ought all to die without regret!" Admiral Decrès, the Minister of Marine and a very old friend of Villeneuve's, added what incitement he could. "On your success in arriving before Boulogne, the destiny of the world depends. Happy the admiral who shall have the glory of so memorable an achievement attached to his name."

All was ready. Napoleon only waited for Villeneuve to arrive. According to the news that reached London in the second week of August, 1805, the "Grand Army" at Boulogne was daily rehearsing the details of its proposed descent. Its powder and shot, artillery and commissariat stores, and other war-munitions of every sort—to quote

Jomini's figures; 14,000,000 cartridges, 90,000 rounds for the artillery, 32,000 reserve muskets, 1,300,000 musket flints, 1,500,000 rations of biscuit, 30,000 details of engineer equipment, 11,000 spare saddles and sets of harness—had for some time past, it was stated, been stowed on board the vessels of the invasion flotilla. Every battalion, every company, had been allotted to its boats, and the soldiers, to the drummer boys, told off to the very seats in each transport, or "flat-bottom," that they were to occupy. In such detail, according to the reports that reached the British Government from Pitt's secret-service agents abroad, were the rehearsal parades being carried out, that the troops marched on board every time with all the exultation of men actually on the way to the front, believing as they cheered "Vive l'Empereur!" that the appointed moment had really come for the "Descente en Angleterre"! Not one detail was omitted. First, there was the signal gun for all to "fall in"; then a second gun, for generals and the staff to take post; then the third gun, "Prepare to embark"; finally, the gun to march on board and take seats. It had been found possible, it was reported, to ship the advance-guard of 25,000 picked men in less than ten and a half minutes; and it had taken less than thirteen to disembark them all in the attack formation in which they were to land on Walmer beach. Within an hour and a half from the beat-



CAMP OF THE GRAND ARMY AT BOULOGNE

BOULOGNE HARBOUR AND THE INVASION FLOTILLA

To face p. 6

ing of the *Générale*, every man and horse was on board. Bonaparte himself was on the spot from noon to night, riding about on his famous charger, Marengo, inflaming the zeal of every corps in turn, Voltigeurs and smart Chasseurs, Première Legère, Garde Impériale, and the rest. He "only wanted," declared Napoleon, "to be master of the sea for six hours to terminate the existence of England." After that, all he asked for was "trois semaines pour opérer la descente, entrer dans Londres, ruiner les chantiers, et détruire les arsenaux de Portsmouth et Plymouth." A three weeks' stay in England would suffice, the Emperor reckoned, for all he wanted to do. Then he would recross the Straits, and march on Vienna. "Bah!" said Masséna curtly, when in later years somebody questioned in the old marshal's presence whether Napoleon had seriously intended the conquest of Great Britain; "Bah! la conquérir—personne n'y songea: il s'agissait seulement de la ruiner; de la laissait dans un état tel que personne n'en aurait convoité la possession!"

At Boulogne, all through that month of August, 1805, look-out men watched by day and night for the coming of the French Fleet; as others were doing from forty signal-stations along the coast between Havre and the Texel. Morning after morning, Napoleon himself rode off from his "barraque" beside the Tour de l'Ordre, along the cliffs to northward of Boulogne, or along

the sands, to scan the seaward horizon with his spyglass for the glint of Villeneuve's topsails in the south-west.

On this side the Channel at the same time the excitement was at fever heat. All England was on tenter-hooks of anxiety and expectation. Great Britain, during August, 1805, was one vast camp:—regulars, yeomanry, and militia under

INDIAMEN MOORED ACROSS THE THAMES BELOW GRAVESEND TO BAR THE APPROACH TO LONDON

[From a print of 1805]

canvas near the coast; volunteers inland, nearly four hundred thousand of them. Every little country town, every village, had its "Armed Association," who kept their arms—Government muskets, or often only pikes—during the week in the old church tower, and zealously drilled every Sunday after service. Across the mouth of the Thames a number of old ships, Indiamen, were turned into "floating batteries" with twenty-four-pounders mounted on one broadside,

and anchored near Tilbury, to form a barrier against an enemy working up towards London by river.

Heavily armed flanking batteries were thrown up on either side of the river to assist in the defence; while wide military roads were constructed north and south of the Thames between Tilbury and the two great camps on Warley Common in Essex and at Coxheath near Maidstone, to facilitate the rapid concentration of troops in the neighbourhood. Along the South Coast, between seventy and eighty martello towers—some of which are still standing—were being hastened on with and nearing completion; each tower being built to carry one heavy gun, mounted so as to fire in any direction. In Romney Marsh an army of labourers was at work, digging out the zigzags of the still existing military canal from Hythe to Rye; which, with its covering earthworks and bastions and redoubts, was to form an integral part of the grand scheme of national defence. Every little seaport had its local detachment of Sea Fencibles, fishermen enrolled for coast defence, in improvised gunboats—their own craft with a six-pounder mounted in the bows.

Throughout the seaboard counties from the Tamar to the Tyne, within twenty miles of the sea, the farm carts were everywhere allotted for carrying the women and children under nine, and the infirm and aged, inland on the landing of the enemy. Benches and seats were kept stacked in

farm buildings near at hand to the places of rendezvous, ready to be fixed in the carts; and the village constables and beadles were told off to collect the people at the first alarm. Horses and cattle and sheep were to be driven inland, or have their throats cut. The local clergy had instructions to see the carts with the people start; after which they were to go round and see to the destruction of all property in their parishes that could not be removed. Most of the churches in the Kent and Sussex Weald had fire cressets set up on their towers, as local alarm and rallying centres. Huge beacons were set up on every headland along the coast; with corresponding beacons on the higher hills inland, to carry the news of a landing quickly throughout the country. "The day signal for an enemy," says a newspaper paragraph, "is an amazing large heap of rubbish to smoke when set on fire; and the night signal is faggot to blaze." During August, 1805, few people went to bed without first pulling aside the blinds and casting an anxious glance in the direction of the nearest beacon. At the same time, in certain out-of-the-way parts along the coast, to strike a light within sight of the sea after dark was an indictable offence—lest by that means a signal might be made to an enemy in the offing.[1]

[1] Both in London and Paris, during the summer and autumn of 1805, it is a little curious by the way, the most popular entertainments were panoramas of the Camp of Boulogne. That in London was painted by Serres and on show in Spring Gardens; that in Paris was by MM. Hue and Prevot, and its details, we are told, were so life-like "qu'ils firent courir tout Paris."

There are people still alive in some of the remoter districts of Kent and Sussex who can remember having heard their parents describe in all seriousness the intense anxiety that the mere mention of the name "Boney" would arouse all over the countryside among young and old alike; and there are many parts of the country, both in the Southern counties and along the East Coast, where to this day one comes across strangely sounding place-names such as "Beacon Hill," or "The Beacon," "Barrack Field," or "Barrack Lane," "The Butts," "Camp Field," "Artillery Lane," "Magazine Field," and so on, which owe their origin to the invasion menace of 1805.

To hold the enemy in check at the danger point and keep watch and ward over the invasion-flotilla and its movements in the Narrow Seas, a specially constituted home-guard force, "the Downs Squadron," patrolled the coast of Holland and France between Ostend and the mouth of the Seine. It comprised four ships of the line, five fifty-gun ships, nine frigates, twelve sloops, and twelve bomb-vessels, besides eight or ten gun-brigs and some armed cutters and luggers. Whenever the French "praams" and light craft came out and tried to creep along coastwise, under cover of the shore batteries, towards their various rendezvous or points of concentration, they had to fight their way; and for the most part were either

turned back or forced to run ashore and blow themselves up. The Channel Fleet, meanwhile, under Admiral Cornwallis, held the powerful Brest Fleet fast in port, unable to stir, unable in effect to show a bowsprit outside St. Matthew's Point, or to send even a boat beyond gunshot of the batteries above Bertheaume Bay. Atlantic storms might burst in all their fury on the ships of the blockading fleet; imperturbable and ever tireless, Cornwallis stolidly worked off seaward for a few leagues, so as to keep well clear of Ushant and the outlying islets that fringe the Breton mainland; after which, as the wind came easterly again, his ships would reappear and resume their dogged beat to and fro off Black Rocks, on sentry-go by night and day, week after week, until the next storm. Evasion was impossible: Admiral Ganteaume and his twenty odd sail of the line had to remain where they were, with anchors down.

Villeneuve's business was to set the Brest Fleet free, to raise the blockade and join hands with Admiral Ganteaume. That he could only do by appearing off the port in force and compelling Cornwallis to withdraw.

At the critical moment, however, Admiral Villeneuve, to whose hands, as Napoleon said, "the destiny of France" had been committed, declined to take the supreme risk. At the outset he had managed to evade Nelson in the Mediter-

ranean, and had brought out successfully most of the Spanish Fleet at Cadiz. After that Villeneuve had crossed the Atlantic to the West Indies without needing to fire a shot, and had returned thence off the north coast of Spain; carrying out his part of the general scheme so far according to his orders. He had next to enter the danger zone: but at that point he held back. The tremendous risk of the venture immediately ahead proved too much for him. After an indecisive engagement off Cape Finisterre with a force detached from the Channel Fleet under Admiral Calder, in which he lost two ships, and a brief stay at Vigo and Corunna, Villeneuve turned off south. That the British Admiralty had not done what Napoleon anticipated, had not scattered their squadrons, and that they had retained an ample force to deal with Villeneuve between Finisterre and Brest, is another matter:—Admiral Villeneuve, for reasons of his own, did not think it advisable to go north.

It seemed to him, in the circumstances, simply courting destruction. His command, he reported to Paris from Vigo, was absolutely incapable of making the attempt. He had met with bad weather in recrossing the Atlantic, he wrote, contrary winds and storms, and the ships of the Combined Fleet had suffered severely. His own flagship, the "Bucentaure," had been struck by lightning, and had been badly damaged. The

Toulon ships, he complained, had been sent to sea with "bad masts, bad sails, bad rigging." Those of his allies ought never to have left Cadiz. In the state in which they had been sent to sea they added nothing to his strength. Sickness—scurvy and dysentery—was rife: there was not a ship in the fleet that had fewer than sixty sick on board. Most of them had more. The "Argonaute" had a hundred and fifty sick; the "Achille," two hundred. Only his extreme necessity—"une necessité impérieuse et irrésistible"—had forced him into Vigo, and there he found his hands tied by the Emperor's own orders. Vigo had no resources of use to a fleet, and he was expressly forbidden to go to Ferrol dockyard, because the port there was a difficult one, except with the wind in a particular quarter, to get away from. At Corunna, whither he was ordered to proceed instead, there was nothing: not even facility for landing the sick. Never, wrote Villeneuve bitterly, had an admiral to deal with such a situation—"il est affreux!" He had done all he could, he said, and was doing so, but he was hopeless of success. Admiral Gravina, his Spanish coadjutor, gave him every assistance in his power; but he agreed as to their prospects. Villeneuve had also to find fault with his captains. They were, he said, far from being really efficient. They were brave and willing, but without any training in the kind of fighting they had to expect. They could form an order of battle in the ordinary regulation way,

single line ahead, and keep station; but that was all most of them were capable of. The French system of naval tactics, indeed, was out of date, it simply played into the hands of the enemy; and he had neither the means nor the time to teach his officers other tactics.[1] As to that, Admiral Villeneuve's complaints might seem also to tell against himself, to cut both ways. He had had most of the French ships then in his fleet, under his orders for upwards of ten months. But in all that time he had had, as a fact, next to no opportunities of exercising the fleet. At Toulon at the outset, held fast in port by Nelson's ceaseless patrol outside, nothing had been possible beyond spar and sail drill at anchor and gun drill with blank cartridge. His cruise to the West Indies had been a race against time. In the West Indies there had been much to do, with everybody on tenter-hooks as to Nelson's appearance in pursuit. The return voyage had been made under full sail, looking anxiously astern every hour for the enemy's topsails on the horizon. Having to husband his

[1] The French captains, of course, were to a large extent the victims of fate, victims of the fortune of war. Blockaded in port everywhere, from year's end to year's end, by the superior forces at all points of the British Navy, they could at best be only, as Villeneuve himself put it, "harbour trained." They were then called to face men "trained to storms," inured to sea-keeping in all weathers, matchless in their knowledge of practical seacraft under all conditions. The British Navy had in effect carried out the plan that Pericles of old laid down for dealing with the enemies of Athens: "If they are kept off the sea by our superior strength, their want of practice will make them unskilful and their want of skill, timid."

ammunition against the expected day of battle had effectually prevented gunnery practice at sea. Such was the position in which the French admiral found himself. It was one that might well have daunted a stronger man than Admiral Villeneuve.

In closing his letter to the Minister of Marine on the 7th of August, Villeneuve announced his intention of taking with him the five French ships that since the war began had been lying blockaded at Ferrol, with the Spanish Ferrol squadron of seven or nine ships, and then making an attempt to reach Brest direct. He hoped, he said, to pick up the squadron from Rochefort at sea, off Cape Ortegal, and had sent out a fast frigate to meet them and guide them to his rendezvous.[1] If he found it impossible to get to Brest, he would then make for a point to southward of the Lizard and push on thence up the English Channel. Finally, he said, should he find that course impracticable—and he had reason, unfortunately, to fear that the enemy were concentrating to northward of him in very superior force—he would have to go to Cadiz, refit there, and then watch his chance, and, as he hoped, try again. So Admiral Villeneuve salved his

[1] The "Didon" was the frigate in question. On her way to find the Rochefort ships her captain let himself be led astray into attacking a smaller British frigate, the "Phœnix," forgetful of his first duty, to deliver his all-important despatches. He caught a Tartar, however, was badly hammered and had to surrender at discretion, with the result that Admiral Villeneuve missed the Rochefort ships, with other consequences.

conscience. It was not the first time that Villeneuve had mentioned Cadiz. He had before that hinted at the possibility of his having to use that port. It was within his discretion to put in there. Permission to go to Cadiz, "as a final resort in unforeseen circumstances," had been sent to Admiral Villeneuve in writing some time before; but he had been explicitly warned at the same time that the Emperor would hear of his doing so with "extreme regret."[1]

This is what Villeneuve wrote to Decrès four days later, on the 11th, after he had given the order to weigh and make sail. "I am about to set out, but I know not what I shall do. Eight vessels are in view on the coast at a few leagues distance. They will follow us, but I shall not be able to avoid them, and then they will go and join the other squadrons before Brest or Cadiz, according as I make my way to one or other of these ports. I am far from being in a position, I deeply

[1] Troude, "Batailles Navales de France," vol. III, p. 551: also "Précis des Evénemens Militaires," vol. XI, p. 250, where the text of the instructions drawn up by Napoleon for Villeneuve on the 8th of May is given at length. Apparently these orders were sent out to Villeneuve by the frigate "Didon," which joined him at Martinique.

Villeneuve was to pick up the Rochefort and Ferrol squadrons, go to Cadiz, and there be joined by the Cartagena ships (which had not been ready when he left the Mediterranean), then, after refitting at Cadiz, hold the Straits of Gibraltar in force, clear Gibraltar Bay of shipping, and the town of Gibraltar of its stores and provisions, and, after that, steer once more, at the head of between forty and fifty sail, for the Channel, for Brest or direct for Boulogne, as the circumstances of the hour rendered advisable.

regret to say it, in leaving this place with twenty-nine ships, to be able to engage a similar number of the enemy. I do not fear to tell you, indeed, that I should be hard put to it if I met with twenty.[1]

Everybody in the Combined Fleet understood that he was going north. General Lauriston, who was on board the "Bucentaure" as commanding the division of troops in the fleet, by one of the last shore boats from the "Bucentaure," sent off a despatch for Napoleon, in which he said they were "coming at last"!

Two days after leaving Corunna, acting on a false report from a passing neutral merchantman, to the effect that an overpowering British force was close by ahead, Admiral Villeneuve, when off Cape Finisterre, gave orders for the Combined Fleet to go about and make for Cadiz. "The reunion of the forces of the enemy," he said, in the despatch to the Minister of Marine in Paris which he wrote while on the way to Cadiz, "and their knowledge of all my proceedings since my arrival on the coast of Spain, has left me with no hope of being able to carry out the great object for which the fleet was destined." He had himself seen from the quarter-deck of the "Bucentaure," both on the previous afternoon and on that very morning, a number of strange sail on the horizon, that looked very like men-of-war. The Danish skipper's story,

[1] Thiers, "Consulate and Empire," vol. V, p. 240.

circumstantial in all its details as it was, coincided with other information he had received, and confirmed his suspicions about the enemy's movements. It forced the conclusion on his mind that it was useless for him to try to go on.[1]

"Admiral Villeneuve," according to an officer on board the "Bucentaure," "was haunted by the spectre of Nelson." He had never been able to get over "le souvenir d'Aboukir." That afternoon the wind changed. It had been southerly since he left Corunna; now it chopped round within a few points of due north and headed him. Admiral Villeneuve accepted the omen. Now, he considered, he could not help himself. He had no choice now, except to steer for Cadiz. Continuing to beat up against the wind as long as daylight lasted, at nightfall, as soon as it was dusk, he made the signal to his astonished fleet to wear together and stand to the south. The

[1] The intelligence was entirely false. The Danish skipper had been stopped a few hours before by a British man-of-war, whose captain, anticipating that the Dane would come across some of Admiral Villeneuve's fleet off Corunna, had concocted the tale and gulled the Dane with it. His idea and hope was that it might make the Combined Fleet stay where it was until Admiral Calder with a reinforced fleet returned to the neighbourhood. As a fact at that moment there were no British men-of-war, except stray cruisers, nearer than Brest. Nelson was just joining Cornwallis after returning from the West Indies, and was himself going to Merton for a few weeks' leave, leaving most of his ships with the Channel Fleet; while Calder had already rejoined Cornwallis and would not part company again for another week. There was thus, actually, at that moment nothing to bar Villeneuve's passage north within three hundred and eighty miles of him.

Combined Fleet went on its way, and kept well out of sight of land until Cape St. Vincent had been passed.

On the very day that Admiral Villeneuve turned back, the entire Grand Army at Boulogne paraded in review order on the sands—"nine miles of soldiers"—under the eyes of Napoleon himself and eight marshals. It was to be the last muster before the army crossed the Straits.

NAPOLEON'S MEDAL TO COMMEMORATE THE CONQUEST OF ENGLAND

[Four trial-proofs of the medal, which was intended to be issued on the capture of London, are said to have been struck for Napoleon's approval, and are now in existence. One is at the British Museum.]

The Combined Fleet entered Cadiz harbour on the 22nd of August. Napoleon that same day sent off his last letter to Admiral Villeneuve from Boulogne, by special courier charged to deliver it on board the "Bucentaure" in Brest roads. "Vice-Admiral," he wrote, "I trust you have arrived at Brest. Make a start. Lose not a moment and come into the Channel, bringing our united squadrons, and England is ours. We are all ready; everything is embarked. Be here but for twenty-

four hours, and all is ended; six centuries of shame and insult will be avenged."[1] "At the very moment," says Napoleon's aide-de-camp, De Ségur, bitterly, "when the advent of this unhappy Villeneuve was more than ever hoped for and expected before Brest and in the Channel, the admiral was turning his back upon us. He was entering into Cadiz, where he allowed himself to be blocked up by six of the enemy's sail, thus rendering useless his fleet, our flotilla, the Emperor himself, and the whole expedition which was vainly expecting him at Brest, at Boulogne, and at the Texel!"

Immediately Admiral Villeneuve let go anchor at Cadiz, Collingwood's small squadron,[2] which had withdrawn towards the Straits during the forenoon, as the Combined Fleet approached, turned

[1] Thiers, "Consulate and Empire," vol. V, p. 245.

That same day Napoleon sent Talleyrand in Paris a letter in which he said: "My fleets were lost sight of from the heights of Cape Ortegal on the 14th of August. If they come into the Channel there is time yet. I embark, and I attempt the descent; I go to London and there cut the knot of all coalitions." In the same letter Napoleon outlined his alternative plan of campaign. Should the naval combination fail he would raise his camps and march for Vienna. According to M. Thiers it was on the 22nd of August that the Ferrol despatches reached the Emperor, on which he called in Daru and dictated to that amazed official detailed instructions for the campaign that ended at Austerlitz. Alison gives the date as the 11th of August, but Thiers' date is the more probable. Five days later—on the 27th—the order was issued for the Grand Army to strike camp and set out for the Rhine. Napoleon himself did not leave Boulogne until the 1st of September, the day on which the news of Villeneuve's arrival at Cadiz reached London.

[2] Collingwood, with from four to six ships of the line, a detachment from the Channel Fleet sent off when Nelson crossed the Atlantic, had been cruising off Cadiz and the Straits of Gibraltar since June.

back and showed itself off the port. For eight days it stood to and fro close off the harbour mouth, constantly making a display of signals to imaginary consorts beyond the horizon and out of sight from Cadiz, a piece of make-believe designed by Collingwood to lead the enemy to think that his four ships were only an inshore squadron detached from a large fleet cruising to seaward, to whom they were making reports. How far Admiral Villeneuve suspected a ruse in this daily signalling, or whether indeed he had any suspicions at all, does not appear. The trick, however, was an easily played one, and one that should have been quickly obvious. It had been had recourse to on other occasions, as every admiral must have known. At any rate, he took no steps to drive off the ships outside the port and prove if there was really a fleet beyond, although he had ample force of fast vessels at his command to do so at any moment during the first week. It suited his convenience better, perhaps, to refrain from doing that. He had his hands more than full at Cadiz, as we shall see.

Calder, coming down from the north at the head of nineteen sail of the line, joined Collingwood on the 30th of August, and the two, with an additional reinforcement from Gibraltar under Admiral Bickerton, effectively blockaded Cadiz until, on the 29th of September, Nelson arrived to take up the supreme command.

CHAPTER II

COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE

THE situation of the enemy at Cadiz during September and the first fortnight of October, 1805, can only excite our pity; in particular for the French admiral, as a gallant and well-meaning man helplessly struggling in the toils of an adverse fate. Every conceivable difficulty hampered Admiral Villeneuve at Cadiz:—alienated and angry allies; a deficiency of everything that his fleet stood most in need of; unwilling subordinates, between whom and himself there was a mutual lack of confidence. The hopelessness of the plan of campaign entrusted to him, Admiral Villeneuve had foreseen from the first, and now that the breakdown of the scheme was patent, he lived in daily dread of the arrival of the inevitable courier from Paris with Napoleon's letters.

Villeneuve reached Cadiz on the 22nd of August.

He arrived to find that there he was little better off than before; if not, indeed, worse. His former difficulties still confronted him, with a number of fresh troubles added. The greatest scarcity pre-

vailed at Cadiz. The city and the neighbouring districts had not yet recovered from a deadly epidemic that had ravaged half Andalusia during the past spring and summer. There were next to no food supplies available; the dockyard was in a state of disorganization; stores for the refit of the fleet were almost entirely lacking. What there were, moreover, the Spanish authorities refused to let the French make use of without orders from Madrid. The news of the action with Calder had reached Cadiz in advance of Villeneuve, and the fact that the two ships lost in the battle had both been Spanish, had caused a bitter feeling of resentment among all classes. Their ships—they had also been manned at Cadiz, and belonged to the port—had been "deserted in action and sacrificed" by their allies, said the Spaniards. The officials showed their resentment by taking every opportunity of thwarting the French Commander-in-Chief. The Combined Fleet arrived short of nearly everything—sea-stores, provisions, details of dockyard equipment, down to gratings and handspikes,—and with an empty treasure-chest.

The French admiral, finding his indents on the port authorities for three months' supplies flatly refused, sent off urgent representations to General Beurnonville, the French Ambassador at Madrid. The ambassador had an interview with Godoy, the "Prince of Peace," Prime Minister and "Generalissimo of the Spanish Navy," which resulted in

instructions being sent to Cadiz for everything that the French Fleet demanded to be granted them at once; but the Cadiz authorities still demurred. They declined, they said, to part with anything unless the French paid cash down. They declined, they said, to take French paper money or the drafts on Paris that were offered. Once more Villeneuve wrote to Beurnonville, who again saw the "Prince of Peace." Admiral Gravina, who had accompanied the French to the West Indies and back in charge of the Spanish Division of the Combined Fleet, and as Second-in-Command generally, was in Madrid at that moment. He had taken leave of absence to see Godoy personally and ask to be permitted to strike his own flag. As a Spaniard, said Gravina, he could not pass over the incident of the two lost ships, which had been attached to his own squadron. Their fate, he said, affected him on the point of honour. Godoy, having the fear of Napoleon before his eyes, sent off a strongly worded reprimand to Cadiz, in reply to General Beurnonville, requiring implicit obedience to his instructions, cash or no cash. To Gravina, the "Prince of Peace" expressed himself as personally sympathetic, but Spain, he went on, was politically bound to France, and it was quite impossible at that moment to accept his resignation, He suggested, however, in strict confidence, that in the next battle it might be as well to let the French bear the brunt of the fighting themselves. He urged on the admiral to

return to Cadiz forthwith and do his utmost loyally to assist the French Commander-in-Chief. Gravina waived his personal views and agreed to do so. The port authorities at Cadiz, for their part, on receipt of the second rescript from Madrid, had to obey, but they did so very reluctantly. While complying outwardly, they raised difficulties and objections of detail at every step, procrastinating and retarding the delivery of everything that they safely could.

To add to Villeneuve's anxieties at the outset, the temper of both the officers and men of the Spanish Fleet and of the populace at Cadiz showed itself openly hostile to the officers and men of the French Fleet. Letters from the Spanish Fleet, sent from Ferrol three weeks before, detailing incidents of the fight with Calder and commenting in indignant terms on the conduct of their allies in letting the two Spanish ships be taken, were handed about at private gatherings and even in the wine-shops. Colonel le Roy, the French Consul-General at Cadiz, had to make a protest to the Captain-General and Governor, the Marquis de la Solana, laying stress on the bad effect that that sort of thing was having. A casual remark, attributed to one of the French captains, that the Spanish officers were "a sorry lot," and that "their gross incompetence and blundering had thrown the two ships away," was also reported all over Cadiz, and did no good.

Some of the Spanish officers, by way of rejoinder, talked openly of the French admiral's "treachery" in the fight off Finisterre. Other trouble then disclosed itself. The ill-feeling towards the French Fleet among the populace showed itself next in a very sinister way. Leave ashore, which had been granted on the fleet arrived to practically all officers, and certain of the men, had to be stopped owing to personal insults to various officers in places of public resort, and worse still in consequence of a number of assassinations of French seamen after dark.[1]

With all this, Admiral Villeneuve had to face discontent and ill-will towards himself in his own fleet. The prevailing tone among the majority of the French officers had become severely critical towards their admiral, if not actually scornful and sneering. They were not disposed to make allowances for him, nor to admit their own deficiencies to any extent. To his other sins in their eyes—in particular, his failure with twenty-two

[1] This was the state of things at Cadiz during the first half of September, according to a letter from that place, which reached England in October, and appeared in the *Times* of the 11th of October: "Cadiz, *Sept.* 14.—The scarcity occasioned by the arrival of the Combined Fleet continues to be severely felt; recourse has been had to Seville, and a supply of corn, wine, etc., demanded; even the fountains at Puerta Santa Maria have been put in requisition for the use of the fleets. Our Admiral Gravina loudly accuses Villeneuve of treachery in the late action, and has solicited leave to resign. Between the sailors animosities have arisen to the highest pitch, and scarce a night passes but the dead bodies of assassinated Frenchmen are found in our streets."

ships to defeat Calder with fifteen, his non-renewal of that action next day, when the weather was clearer and he had the wind in his favour, and his final turning away from Brest after that—to his previous shortcomings, Admiral Villeneuve had added another, quite recently. Why on earth, said the French officers to one another, had he let Collingwood escape him off Cadiz? He had, they said, plenty of ships fast enough to catch up and destroy the small British detachment, that was all then off the port, had he chosen to try. It had been just like that before, recalled some of the French officers also. In much the same way, they reminded one another, Admiral Villeneuve, when he first came out of the Mediterranean in May, had let another British squadron cruising off Cadiz slip through his hands. Something of these murmurings, as we are told, reached Villeneuve's ears. He was personally, it would appear, not on very cordial terms with either of his flag-officers, Rear-Admiral Magon and Rear-Admiral Dumanoir. Magon was too hot-headed to get on with a man of Villeneuve's temperament; Dumanoir had felt sore from the first, at the way Villeneuve had been brought in over his head, as he considered, at Toulon, a twelvemonth before.

In spite of all his personal trials, however, the French admiral persevered steadily in his efforts to get the Combined Fleet expeditiously

refitted, and in due course, progress to that end was reported. It fell considerably short of his requirements, but it was all that could be done at Cadiz. All the time also, Admiral Villeneuve was expecting that he would receive material reinforcements from outside. There was Allemand with the Rochefort squadron, which was known to be at sea, and Salcedo with the Spanish Cartagena squadron, which had had orders from Madrid to try to run the blockade. Rear-Admiral Allemand was a reliable and energetic officer, who would prove, Villeneuve anticipated, a helpful supporter for himself; and his flagship, the splendid three-decker "Majestueux," would be an immense acquisition to the fleet. According to a message from Lisbon received at the end of September, the Rochefort ships had been sighted coming down the Portuguese coast. In anticipation of the early arrival of either or both squadrons, Villeneuve, within ten days of his arrival at Cadiz, moved a number of his most efficient and fastest ships from the inner port, down to just within the harbour mouth, to act as a squadron of observation for particular service. Rear-Admiral Magon, who had charge, was given orders to be prepared to slip cables at any moment, night or day, and go out to help the new-comers to fight their way in. At the same time, instructions were issued for the lighthouse at San Sebastian's, at the entrance to Cadiz Bay, to be regularly lighted up every night.

It had been kept extinguished hitherto, ever since the beginning of the war. Salcedo's ships, however, dawdled and hung back, loath to leave their moorings: Allemand and "l'Escadre invisible" remained invisible still.[1]

Do what he would to occupy himself, however, the hapless French admiral could not succeed in freeing his mind from the one overmastering thought. Day after day, and with ever-increasing anxiety as time went on, Admiral Villeneuve watched for the post from Paris. How would Napoleon take the news that he was there? What would the Emperor say when he learned that the fleet, on whose presence in the English Channel all his plans hinged, had drawn back at the last and taken shelter at Cadiz? All his local difficulties weighed as dust in the balance with Admiral Villeneuve, when he thought of that. His letters to Admiral Decrès, the Minister of Marine in Paris, at this time, are in existence.

Immediately his fleet let go anchor at Cadiz,

[1] Admiral Allemand and his squadron (comprising a 120-gun ship, four 80's, a 74, and two frigates) had found easier work off the Portuguese coast than trying to force the blockade of Cadiz *vi et armis*. They had turned aside to chevy a British convoy for the Mediterranean that they ran into unexpectedly; making a haul of store-ships and merchantmen, but letting the two escorting men-of-war (the "Agamemnon" and the frigate "l'Aimable") get away.

"The mountain sheep are sweeter,
But the valley sheep are fatter;
We therefore deemed it meeter,
To carry off the latter"—

in the words of "The War Song of Dinas Vawr."

Admiral Villeneuve hastened off a courier for Paris with a despatch for Decrès. Owing, he said, to the apparent concentration to northward of him of the various British fleets in home waters, and the knowledge of his movements they undoubtedly had, he had found it hopeless to attempt to fulfil his allotted mission. The general situation, he considered, had entirely altered since he received his original orders, and, having the option of doing so, he had withdrawn to Cadiz. Personally, Villeneuve went on, he was "in despair," "horror-stricken" over the situation and its consequences; at his sheer inability to carry out his part in "the grand design." It was pitiable, he confessed: he and his fleet had made themselves "the laughing-stock of Europe" ("le fable de l'Europe!"); but the position was inevitable as things were. For himself, wrote Villeneuve, in closing the letter, he felt plunged "dans un abîme de malheur." Five days afterwards he wrote to Decrès again, and again a week after that. In his letter of the 2nd of September he said he was obliged with much regret to inform the Minister that his fleet was over two thousand men short of its strength. There were 1,731 in hospital, and in the six months since he left Toulon, the fleet had lost 311 men by desertions. He was hourly expecting letters, he said; indeed, he had not had a line since his return to Europe. Cadiz was destitute of supplies, and also he had no money. The English off the

port were increasing in numbers: Admiral Bickerton was joining Collingwood from Gibraltar, and Calder's fleet was reported coming down the Portuguese coast.

Villeneuve wrote again on the 5th of September. He was extremely anxious to hear from Paris, he said; he was awaiting Decrès' next despatch "avec la plus grande anxiété!"

The first set of despatches from Decrès arrived on the night of the 15th of September. They were dated "Boulogne, 1st Sept.," and dealt only with the action with Admiral Calder and the putting in of the Combined Fleet to Vigo. As Villeneuve anticipated, nothing could exceed the wrath of the Emperor,—even though, when the despatch was sent off, Napoleon had not yet learned the sequel, the retirement to Cadiz. Decrès, in conveying the sense of Napoleon's comments, had, for the sake of his old shipmate's feelings, put things as mildly as he could, but it was easy to read beween the lines. Admiral Villeneuve posted back his reply early next morning. Nothing, he declared, could console him for the reproaches of His Majesty. He sincerely deplored the situation, but he had done all that could be done. The dense fog in which the battle had been fought had prevented him manœuvring at all, he said: he could not see his ships; it was all the fleet could manage to keep line. He deeply regretted that the Emperor had formed an un-

favourable opinion of him, and he could only hope that Decrès would be able to represent matters to His Majesty in a better light.

Eight days after that Villeneuve wrote to Paris to announce that he had now received on board the six months' provisions asked for from the Spanish authorities, and that the fleet was under orders to keep ready to weigh anchor on the signal going up. Two Spanish three-deckers, the "Santa Ana" and the "Rayo," were not quite ready for sea, but rather than delay he would go out at the first fair wind without them, and use his best endeavours to fulfil the Emperor's orders.

This letter was sent off on the 24th of September. Four days later the dreaded despatch, in reply to his letter announcing his arrival at Cadiz, was placed in Admiral Villeneuve's hands. It was dated the 16th of the month—from Paris. By it Villeneuve's previous instructions were cancelled at one stroke. In their stead was enclosed a totally new set of orders, signed by Napoleon's own hand. He was to leave Cadiz forthwith, taking the whole Spanish fleet with him, pass the Straits of Gibraltar, and pick up Admiral Salcedo's squadron at Cartagena. Then he would cross to the Bay of Naples and land the four thousand French soldiers he had in the fleet at Cadiz, to join General St. Cyr's army at Tarentum, snap up a British seventy-four, the "Excellent," which Nelson had left as guardship off Naples earlier in the year, and finally, carrying

all the Spanish ships with him, he was to return to Toulon and report his arrival there to Paris. "L'audace," wrote Napoleon, "et la plus grande activité," were to be his watchwords. "Attack wherever you find the enemy in inferior force; attack without hesitation, and make a decisive affair of it."

The imperial rebuke that Villeneuve had been anxiously expecting, did not accompany the despatch. Admiral Decrès, in his covering letter, wrote very gravely to the effect that the Emperor had "reproached him very severely, and that he had much to do to regain His Majesty's confidence," but he refrained from going into details. Not a word came from Napoleon. It was certainly as well that Decrès kept to himself what he knew. In his unrestrained fury at the news, Napoleon had said the very harshest and cruellest things of Admiral Villeneuve, as well as, incidentally, of Decrès himself, and indeed, everybody concerned with the Imperial Navy. Admiral Decrès' letter to the Emperor, when forwarding Villeneuve's first despatch from Cadiz, provoked the outburst. The Minister of Marine, desirous of shielding his old friend as far as he might, had ventured in that covering letter to suggest that Napoleon ought really to consider it providential that Villeneuve's fleet had gone to Cadiz. "It is," wrote Decrès, "an act of Destiny that preserves your Majesty's fleet for other operations." Owing to the British

preponderance in the Channel, urged Decrès, it had all along been hopeless for Villeneuve to try to break through northward. He himself, as well as Ganteaume and Gravina, was of opinion, Decrès ventured to add, that disaster must have attended Villeneuve's effort. It would have been suicide to have run the gauntlet. He implored Napoleon to give up the idea once for all. "France," concluded Decrès, with a frankness that made Napoleon savage, "would do better, in maritime matters, to return to principles of warfare better suited to her resources." In reply, the Minister of Marine, as he, no doubt, quite anticipated, received a letter of raging abuse. It designated himself and everybody connected with the navy as "incapables." "Les Anglais deviendront bien petits quand La France aura deux ou trois amiraux qui veuillent mourir," was one cruelly false and unjust thing that the Emperor said. As for himself, Admiral Decrès had better not dare to write again like that. As for Ganteaume, he was a dullard. Gravina was an ass. Admiral Villeneuve was a "coward and a traitor." "Villeneuve," Napoleon went on, "is a wretch who ought to be ignominiously cashiered. He has no plan, no courage, no insight; he would sacrifice everything to save his own skin. Until you find something plausible to say, I beg you will not speak to me of an affair so humiliating, nor remind me of a person so

cowardly." Napoleon's letter was dated the 4th of September. Ten days later he forwarded Villeneuve's new plan of campaign to the Minister of Marine. Next day Napoleon wrote again: "Send off a special courier to Villeneuve to order him to execute this plan of campaign." In a postscript to the same letter the Emperor ordered Admiral Villeneuve to be superseded. "As his pusillanimity," proceeded Napoleon, "will prevent his undertaking the plan, you will despatch Admiral Rosily to take the command of the fleet, and give him letters directing Villeneuve to return to France forthwith and account to me for his conduct."[1] Decrès, in his note to Villeneuve, said nothing of all this. The Minister of Marine's holograph draft of the order, dated the 17th of September, directing Admiral Villeneuve to strike his flag and return to Paris, is still in existence, kept among the archives of the Ministry of Marine in Paris. Admiral Rosily, who would start on the 24th, was to take it with him and hand it himself to his predecessor on arrival at Cadiz. Decrès, to the last, would spare, all he could, the susceptibilities of his old messmate. The existing holograph draft of the order tells its own tale. "He wrote the draft of the order of recall," describes Jurien de la Gravière, "with a trembling

[1] "Comme son excessive pusillanimité l'empêchera de l'entreprendre, vous enverrez, pour le remplacer, l'amiral Rosily, qui sera porteur de lettres qui enjoindront à l'amiral Villeneuve de se rendre en France pour rendre compte de sa conduite."

hand. He, whose pen was so ready, whose style was so clear and flowing, now blotted and altered twenty times the five or six lines by which he informed that unhappy officer of his recall, and the Emperor's intentions."

To the despatch conveying Napoleon's new orders for the fleet at Cadiz, Admiral Villeneuve replied that the soldiers, who had been landed on the arrival of the fleet to recuperate on shore, would re-embark at once. After that the whole fleet should sail with the first fair wind. He would do his best, he said, and in the altered conditions their prospects were brighter, it might be. "S'il ne manque à la Marine Impèriale," he wrote to Decrès, "que du caractère et de l'audace, je crois pouvoir assurer votre Excellence que la mission actuelle sera couronné d'un brillant succès." Admiral Villeneuve appended the latest return of the state of his (French) crews, showing a total deficiency of 2,207 men. His total force fit for duty he returned at 9,733; seamen ratings and officers. The two senior officers of the troops, Generals Lauriston and Reille, set off with Villeneuve's courier on their way for Napoleon's headquarters in Germany, leaving Brigadier De Contamine in command of the soldiers in the fleet. Lauriston and Reille joined Napoleon's *entourage* on the field of Austerlitz two hours after the firing had begun, to be warmly congratulated and to learn within the first five minutes what had happened to the fleet they had so opportunely left.

His change of orders, all said and done, must have come with a sense of relief on Admiral Villeneuve. At the outset he had accepted the leadership of the fleet, now at Cadiz, against his own better judgment. From the very first he had seen the vital defect in Napoleon's plan of campaign. He had had misgivings all along that the combination the Emperor had devised was a practical impossibility. So too, indeed, Admiral Villeneuve had said in effect to Decrès when the command was first offered him, at an interview with the Minister of Marine in Paris. But he had let himself be talked over into accepting it; had been induced to accept it, apparently, by the tempting offer made him by the Minister of Marine of special promotion to Vice-Admiral, and the ribbon of a "Grand Officier." "Sire," wrote Decrès to Napoleon at Boulogne in August, 1804, reporting what passed at the interview, "Vice-Admiral Villeneuve and Rear-Admiral Missiessy are here. I have laid before the former the grand project. He listened to it coldly and remained silent for some moments. Then, with a quiet smile (un sourire très calme), he said to me, 'I expected something of that sort.' Proceeding he said, 'To meet with approval such projects need first to have achieved success.'" [Villeneuve's actual words were a quotation from Racine:—

Mais pour être approuvés,
De semblables projets ont besoin d'être achevés.]

"I write to Your Majesty," continued Decrès, "word for word his exact reply, as uttered in the course of a confidential interview, so that Your Majesty may realize, better than my own description could convey, the first effect produced on him by the proposals." Villeneuve's besetting defect, however, infirmity of purpose, got the better of his common sense before he left the room. The arguments and inducements offered by his old shipmate won him over completely within half an hour. "On further consideration," wrote the Minister of Marine, "the risks to be run did not of themselves seem to him insuperable; and in the end his advancement to the rank of Grand Officer and Vice-Admiral seemed to make another man of him (un homme tout nouveau). All thoughts of the difficulties attending the scheme seemed to be laid aside, effaced by the hopes of glory. He ended, indeed, by saying to me, 'I fall in with it entirely' (Je me livre tout entier)."

On the face of things the appointment was as good a one as could have been made, now that La Touche Tréville was no more. Admiral Villeneuve was "undoubtedly," to use the words of Jurien de la Gravière, "the most accomplished officer, the most able tactician, whatever people may say, though not the most resolute man, that the French navy then possessed."[1] Unfortunately,

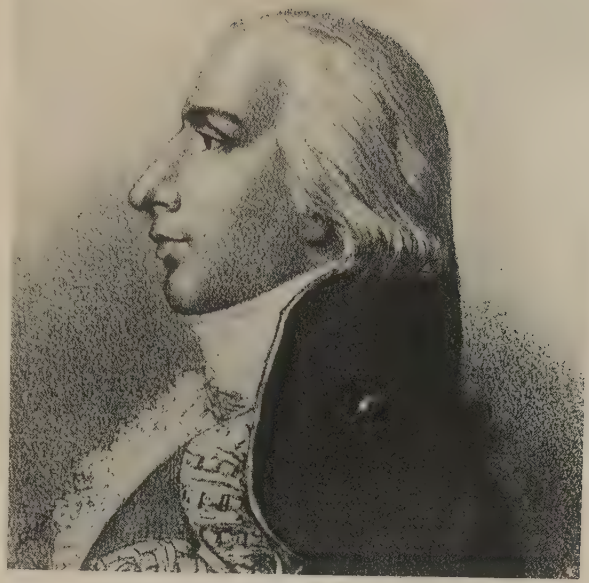
[1] "Sketches of the Last Naval War." Jurien de la Gravière (Plunkett's translation), p. 231. The "Sketches" appeared originally

as the situation that the new Vice-Admiral had to deal with developed, decision of character proved to be wanted even more than tactics.

In the Spanish division of the Combined Fleet, meanwhile, the return of Admiral Gravina from Madrid had galvanized everybody into making at least a show of bustling activity. But the materials available were of the poorest quality. There were sufficient Spanish ships in the port to bring the Combined Fleet up to forty sail of the line all told, most of which were in good condition and admirable vessels in themselves; but there was a serious lack of equipment for them, while the general resources of the dockyard were in a deplorably inefficient state. Worse still, really, was the terrible want of seamen at Cadiz. The crews that Gravina had brought back with him after his cruise across the Atlantic in company with Admiral Villeneuve, were themselves sickly and in bad order. There had, indeed, been more desertions at Cadiz during September, from the Spanish ships of the Combined Fleet, than from the French. With hardly enough men at his disposal to go round in the ships already in commission, what was Gravina to do about manning the others, the fresh ships lying without any crews at all in Cadiz harbour? Admiral

some sixty years ago in the "Revue des Deux Mondes," as a series of articles; a British naval officer, Captain the Hon. E. Plunkett, R.N., collected them and translated them in one volume.

VICE-ADMIRAL VILLENEUVE



ADMIRAL GRAVINA

To face p. 40

Gravina addressed himself to the problem with all his energy, and he was as energetic a man as Spain possessed at that day; but with all his resourcefulness he could not make men. The seafaring classes of Cadiz, and the fisherfolk of the Andalusian coast, had been practically decimated by yellow fever during the previous spring and summer, and most of those who had been spared were already serving on board the fleet. To fill the gaps and complete the complements of the men-of-war, a public appeal was made for volunteers, while press-gangs swept the streets of the city every night. The results, however, were no real gain. "Il est bien pénible," wrote Admiral Villeneuve, in one of his despatches to Decrès, "de voir des vaisseaux aussi beaux et aussi forts armés par des pâtres et des mendiants, et de n'avoir qu'un aussi petit nombre de matelots."

After the press-gangs had done their utmost, it was not found possible to man more than fifteen Spanish ships at the most. With the French eighteen, they would bring the Combined Fleet up to a grand total of thirty-three sail of the line. In order to make the best of the situation, the slowest and least effective of the Spanish ships already in the fleet were paid off and sent into the dockyard, in exchange for the best of the recently fitted out vessels, to make up the fifteen.

To stiffen the new crews, and man the upper-

deck guns and supply the musketry, and also to leave what trained seamen there were available, free for their own special work aloft, strong drafts of soldiers were shipped. They were drawn, some from the garrison of Cadiz, but mostly from the Spanish "camp of observation" at San Roque, facing Gibraltar, and comprised a battalion of the Regimiento de Cordoba (now the 10th of the Line), on board the "Santisima Trinidad" and the "Argonauta"; a battalion of the Rto. de Soria (9th); the 2nd battalion of the Rto. de Africa (7th); a battalion of the Rto. del Corona (6th), divided between the "San Juan Nepomuceno," the "Neptuno," and the "San Francisco de Asis"; the Rto. de Burgos (now the 36th of the Line), on board the flagship "Principe de Asturias," with some men in the "San Francisco de Asis"; also detachments of the Rto. de America (now the 44th of the Line under the style of the Rto. de San Marcial); and the 2nd battalion of the Voluntarios de Cataluna (now the 1st Cazadores). The Africa and Soria regiments had been with Gravina throughout, and had made the cruise to the West Indies as part of the proposed expedition against Trinidad; together with other troops left at Ferrol. The other Spanish corps named were shipped at Cadiz during September; mostly for the newly commissioned ships, or to take the places on board certain of the others, of trained seamen transferred from their original ships to

serve as nucleus crews in the newly fitted out vessels.[1]

Whatever his personal feelings were, Admiral Villeneuve spared himself no exertions. He did all he could do on the spot to increase the fighting efficiency of his ships and hasten forward their preparations for battle. His officers, most of them, supported him loyally in that—for their own credit sake. They might think unfavourably of their leader, but the day of battle was at hand. Each officer then would have to acquit himself as best he could, on his own account. Each captain would have to answer to the Emperor for his own ship. A battle at the closest quarters was looked forward to by most of the French captains—fully aware of the inferiority of the fleet in manœuvring and tactical power, and as September drew to its last week every effort was made to practise their crews in hand-to-hand fighting and boarding exer-

[1] Some of these were among the historic regiments of Old Spain, and two of them, by a coincidence, having regard to the place in history of the battle of Trafalgar, were the direct descendants in unbroken succession of two famous Spanish corps which served on board the Spanish Armada. The Regimiento de Africa, under its earlier name of the Tercio de Sicilia, had one wing on board the "Nuestra Senora del Rosario," which Drake brought to action and captured off Torbay in so dramatic a fashion, and the rest of the corps was on board Medina Sidonia's flagship, the "San Martin." The Regimiento de Soria (in 1588 the "Tercio" of the same name) went on board the Armada three thousand strong, and left a depot company of a hundred men behind on shore. Every single man of the three thousand perished in galleons that went down off the Irish coast, and the depot company at home was made the nucleus for a new corps, the Regimiento de Soria, that in due course went through other experiences at Trafalgar.

cises of every kind. To take two instances. Captain Lucas of the "Redoutable" notes that he drilled his men personally at pistol and bayonet exercise, and also had dummy hand-grenades made which he trained his topmen to fling, two at a time, at the same time drilling picked gangs with grappling-irons. Admiral Magon, to encourage those in his flagship, displayed on his quarter-deck a handsome and costly silver-mounted belt, very massive and of elaborate workmanship, which had been presented to him some time before by the directors of the Compagnie des Philippines, as a mark of their appreciation for having safely escorted home to France two very richly freighted Indiamen from the Far East. He had set great store by the presentation and had said he would make it an heirloom in his family. Now Magon turned all hands up and announced: "The first man to board an enemy shall have the belt"!

CHAPTER III

THE COUNCIL OF WAR AND THE ORDER TO WEIGH ANCHOR

ADMIRAL VILLENEUVE began his final preparations for sea on the 1st of October. During that day and the next the four thousand French soldiers on shore were taken back on board ship. They had been originally shipped at Toulon to form part of an expedition against the British West Indies, but time had not sufficed for its getting to work, and the troops had returned on board the fleet. They comprised a battalion each of the 2nd of the Line and the 16th of the Line (the 93rd in the modern French Army); two battalions of the 67th (now the 25th); a battalion each of the 70th and the 79th of the Line; with details of the 1st Swiss Regiment, the 6th Depot Coloniale, and the 41st Demi-Brigade, brought from Martinique, two companies of the 4th Artillerie à pied, and two troops (without horses) of Chasseurs.[1] The soldiers were distributed through-

[1] Upwards of 5,000 troops were embarked at Toulon, but 800 of these were left in garrison at Martinique. Field guns with limbers and equipment complete were found by us on board the captured ships

out the fleet and told off to fire from the tops and along the upper decks in their various ships. All were on board by evening of the 2nd of October.

In the course of that afternoon Admiral Gravina came on board the "Bucentaure" with two important messages that had just reached him by courier from Lisbon. One confirmed the other. Nelson, the messages said, was coming out from England to command the blockading fleet. He was on his way already, and had four sail of the line with him. There was also reason to believe that a great incendiary project had been planned by the British Admiralty to destroy the Combined Fleet at its anchorage. Nelson would probably attempt it. Such was the tenor of Gravina's information.

after Trafalgar. Each regiment of French infantry at this time, it may be added, comprised four battalions. Napoleon had four regiments of Swiss infantry, uniformed in red coats. The Foot Artillery comprised nine regiments, each of two battalions, made up of eleven companies to each battalion. Also, as has been mentioned in the case of certain of the Spanish regiments in the fleet, some of these French regiments at Trafalgar had filled a similar rôle in previous battles at sea against British fleets in the days of the Monarchy. The old representatives of the corps numbered in 1805 as the 16th of the Line, for instance, had fought as the Régiment de Condé, on board the French fleet that met Admiral Keppel off Ushant, seven-and-twenty years before. The 67th had a sea-service record going back to the time when Richelieu first raised the corps for duty as musketeers on board the ships of his "new" navy, under the name of the "Régiment 'La Marine,'" the rank and file of which, as a fact, had themselves been drafted from the ancient "Admiral's regiment" of old-time France, which the great Huguenot hero Coligny had himself commanded. This same regiment, under its later territorial name of "l'Auxerrois" had fought in the fleets of De Guichen and De Grasse against Rodney in the West Indies.

Meanwhile, the wind continued westerly, making it practically impossible for Villeneuve to get away.

Bad weather, too, was at hand, as the unsteady barometer portended. The Spanish officers, who knew from lifelong experience what the readings of the glass meant at that time of year on the Andalusian coast, were strongly opposed to the sailing of the fleet for the present, even should the wind come favourably. Delay, they urged personally on Admiral Villeneuve in addition, was to the general advantage. Neither the "Santa Ana" nor the "Rayo," both three-deckers, was quite ready for sea, nor was the "San Justo"; and the Spanish fleet, as a whole, wanted at least another three weeks at Cadiz for their raw crews to settle down on board and learn something of man-of-war work. The French Commander-in-Chief, however, declined to alter his decision. He insisted that he would go out the instant the wind changed, at all risks. It did change, to due east, on the morning of the 7th. At once the "Bucentaure" ran up the signal flags for the Combined Fleet to prepare to weigh. But before anchors could be broken out of the ground, the wind had changed back again and blew steadily from the old quarter—dead foul for leaving port.

It was cruelly provoking for Admiral Villeneuve; but he could not help himself. There he was and there he must stay. The occasion, however, offered an opportunity that he made use of. Before send-

ing off his next despatch to Paris he would hold a full Council of War and place on record its opinion as to an early departure and the general circumstances in which the Combined Fleet found itself. That he would forward for the Emperor's own perusal.

The Council of War met next day—the 8th of October—on board the flagship "Bucentaure." It comprised seven French and six Spanish officers:—Admiral Villeneuve himself with his two flag officers, Dumanoir and Magon and Captains Cosmao, Maistral, Villegris, and Prigny, on the French side; Admiral Gravina and his flag officers, Alava, Escano, and Cisneros, and the two senior Spanish Commodores, Galiano and Churruca.

Admiral Villeneuve, as Commander-in-Chief, opened the proceedings. He gave a summary of his new sailing orders, and declared as his own opinion that the fleet must put to sea at the very first opportunity. Objections and murmurs rose at once from the Spanish side of the table. One after another the Spaniards protested, politely but firmly, and begged leave to dissent from the view of his Excellency the French admiral. Stormy weather was coming up from the westward, said one: the "Santa Ana" and "Rayo" could not possibly be left behind, said another. Delay was all in favour of the Combined Fleet, a third declared, quoting a former opinion of Villeneuve's own to the effect that the British Fleet could

hardly remain where it was much longer, if only for want of supplies. There was a consensus of opinion on the Spanish side that another fortnight's stay in port, at the least, was absolutely imperative, owing to the backward state of the new levies on board the Spanish Fleet. To that, certain of the French officers answered back sarcastically, and somebody—Admiral Magon—used a phrase which to Spanish susceptibilities seemed to convey a reflection on the honour of the Spanish officers. The suggestion instantly provoked a scene. One of the Spaniards, Commodore Galiano, leapt angrily to his feet. He laid his hand on his sword-hilt, and with flashing eyes turned on the French rear-admiral as though about to offer him personal violence. Only with great difficulty, it is said, was Galiano kept back from challenging Magon to a duel on the spot.

The Council then quieted down, after which Admiral Villeneuve, who, we are told, "seemed much put out," was proceeding next to deal with matters of procedure, when he let fall some allusion to the Spanish Navy that the Spaniards took exception to, as a reflection on their service. This time the even-tempered Gravina himself took up the cudgels and championed his brother officers. He replied point blank to the Commander-in-Chief, assuming a lofty and dignified air of rebuke. Only a madman, he said in effect, would think of sailing at that time. "Do you not see, sir, that the

barometer is falling?" "It is not the glass," interjected Admiral Villeneuve, "but the courage of certain persons that is falling." The sneer was too much even for the courtly Gravina. "Admiral," he said, looking straight at Admiral Villeneuve, "whenever the Spanish fleet has gone into action, side by side with allies, as has often happened, it has ever borne its part valiantly and led the way, the foremost under fire. This, sir, as you yourself must admit, we fully proved to you at the recent battle off Finisterre." ["Señor almirante, siempre que los españoles han operado con escuadras combinadas han sido los primeros á entrar en fuego; y esto lo hemos probado recientemente en Finisterre."] Gravina wound up his reply by declaring, on behalf of himself and all his officers: "Mañana, al mar!" ("To-morrow, to sea!").

Resuming business once more, Commodore Churruca, a man of very high reputation as a scientific seaman, rose and adduced his arguments against an early departure. The falling of the barometer, he pointed out, at that time of year invariably heralded the approach of the October gales. After them the British Fleet would be scattered, and the Combined Fleet would have its opportunity. Churruca, after advancing other practical objections, then changed his tone and proceeded to say hard things about his allies. He frankly declared himself opposed to the Spanish Fleet acting with the French at all. After what

had occurred, he said, he was strongly against the Spanish Fleet leaving Cadiz in company with the French. What, indeed, was the worth of the support that their so-called allies were likely to give them in the hour of battle, after what they had seen? "Have we not all seen," exclaimed Churruca heatedly and raising his voice, "in the recent battle off Cape Finisterre, the French Fleet standing by, passive spectators of the capture of our 'San Rafael' and 'Firme,' doing nothing, and making no serious attempt at rescue?" This naturally made the French officers angry, and then there was another scene. When order was restored, Churruca, who had remained standing all the time, wound up by outlining an elaborate plan of campaign of his own for making the British Fleet wear itself out all over the world while the French and Spanish fleets remained snugly in port awaiting events and their final opportunity.

The situation was then discussed more calmly, and the Council in the end decided to adopt a middle course between Admiral Villeneuve's proposal and the Spanish view. It was agreed not to sail at once, but to move down to the mouth of the harbour and keep the Combined Fleet all ready for sailing until after the bad weather was over. Then they would watch for the enemy dividing his forces, which the British Fleet would have to do very soon for service reasons and in

connexion with convoy arrangements, and forthwith put to sea and carry out their new orders. The Council of War unanimously declared that they wished to place on record "that the vessels of both nations were for the most part badly equipped, that a portion of the crews had never been trained at sea, and that, in short, the fleet was not in a state to perform the services appointed to it." "Tel était cependant le dévouement de tous ces hommes de cœur," says Jurien de la Gravière, "que, malgré ces sinistres pressentiments, ils s'inclinèrent tous, comme autrefois les vaillants capitaines de Tourville devant cet argument sans replique—'Ordre du Roi d'attaquer.'" The Council then broke up, the Spanish officers, we are told, as one by one they passed out, bowing to the French Commander-in-Chief with a resigned demeanour, like gladiators of old Rome making their salute in the arena: "Ave, Cæsar, morituri te salutant!"

Villeneuve forwarded the decision of the Council of War to Decrès. He added as his personal opinion that the Spaniards were "quite incapable of meeting the enemy." All the same, he said, he intended to sail with the first fair wind: "ne consultant ni la force de l'ennemi, ni la situation de la plupart des vaisseaux de l'armée combinée." If the coming battle proved a defeat, which in the circumstances, unfortunately, it seemed practically certain to be, the event would at least prove that

he had been right from the first in desiring to avoid the risk of a battle.

Next day the Combined Fleet began to move down from the inner harbour of Cadiz to the roadstead, so as to be in readiness to pass out at the first opportunity. The Spanish officers proved true prophets about the weather. On the 10th it came on to blow hard, and the gale lasted, on and off, all the following week.

Admiral Villeneuve had already held two captains' meetings (*séances*) of his own officers, in order to explain to them, *viva voce*, how he proposed to fight the coming battle. What passed discloses for us one very remarkable circumstance. The French admiral foresaw and foretold, practically exactly, the general method of attack that Nelson had himself actually informed his captains he designed to deliver. It was based, no doubt, on Villeneuve's previous experience of Nelson's methods, inspired by his "souvenir d'Aboukir" to a considerable extent. On their own side, he said, the main battle-squadron of the Combined Fleet, the *Corps de bataille*, would number twenty-one sail. His remaining twelve ships the Commander-in-Chief proposed to dispose of as a "Squadron of observation" or *Corps de reserve*, under Admirals Gravina and Magon, with orders to act independently, or take post with the main body of the fleet, as circumstances might require. He then proceeded to deal with the enemy's probable tactics

in the action. "The British Fleet," he said, "will not be formed in a line of battle parallel with the Combined Fleet, according to the usage of former days. Nelson, assuming him to be, as reported, really in command, will seek to break our line, envelop our rear, and overpower with groups of his ships as many of ours as he can isolate or cut off." That, in fact, was very much the kind of attack that Nelson really contemplated. Admiral Villeneuve, however, went no further. The idea of meeting Nelson with a scheme of counter tactics did not commend itself to him. Such a thing would only puzzle his officers. He contented himself, "for reasons of prudence," as Villeneuve put it to Decrès, with an order of battle according to the drill-book. That, everybody could understand. If the Combined Fleet found itself to windward, it was to bear down and engage ship to ship, each vessel picking out her "opposite number." If the Combined Fleet was to leeward, it would form in close line ahead, await the attack, and do its best to beat it off. Once the battle opened, every captain must look out for himself, and trust to his own exertions and personal desire for glory. "All your efforts," Villeneuve went on, "must be to assist one another, and, as far as possible, follow the movements of your admiral. You must be careful not to waste ammunition by long-range firing: wait and fight only at close quarters. At the same time you must, each captain,

rely rather on your own courage and ardour for glory than on the admiral's signals. In the smoke and turmoil of battle an admiral can see very little himself; often he cannot make any signals at all."[1] Admiral Villeneuve's words were a quotation from his "Ordre pour l'Armée" issued on taking up the command of the fleet at Toulon [see Appendix A], a memo. as to which had within the past few days been issued to the captains.[2]

[1] This is from the pen of a Spanish admiral of the time, an officer of high professional eminence and character. It is in point here in regard to its criticism of his own brother officers and their French comrades-in-arms in action, and comparison of their general adherence to regulation and want of initiative, with the spirit in which the British captains bore themselves in similar circumstances:

"An Englishman enters a naval action with a firm conviction that his duty is to hurt his enemies, and help his friends and allies, without looking out for directions in the midst of the fight; and while he thus clears his mind of all subsidiary distractions, he rests in confidence on the certainty that his comrades, actuated by the same principles as himself, will be bound by the sacred and priceless law of mutual support. Accordingly, both he and all his fellows fix their minds on acting with zeal and judgment upon the spur of the moment, and with the certainty that they will not be deserted. Experience shows, on the contrary, that a Frenchman or a Spaniard, working under a system which leans to formality and strict order being maintained in battle, has no feeling for mutual support, and goes into action with hesitation, preoccupied with the anxiety of seeing or hearing the commander-in-chief's signals for such and such manœuvres. . . . Thus they can never make up their minds to seize any favourable opportunity that may present itself. They are fettered by the strict rule to keep station, which is enforced upon them in both navies; and the usual result is that in one place ten of their ships may be firing upon four, while in another four of their comrades may be receiving the fire of ten of the enemy. Worst of all, they are denied the confidence inspired by mutual support, which is as surely maintained by the English as it is neglected by us."

[2] "Some days before we left Cadiz," says Captain Lucas of the

These were the admiral's words in the Toulon circular: "L' ennemi ne se bornera pas à se former sur une ligne de bataille parallèle à la nôtre et à venir nous livrer un combat d'artillerie, dont le succès appartient souvent au plus habile, mais toujours au plus heureux; il cherchera à entourer notre arrière-garde, à nous traverser, et à porter sur ceux de nos vaisseaux qu'il aurait désunis des pelotons des siens pour les envelopper et les réduire. Dans ce cas, c'est bien plus de son courage et de son amour de la gloire qu'un capitaine-commandant doit prendre conseil que les signaux de l'amiral qui, engagé lui-même dans le combat, et enveloppé dans la fumée, n'a peut être plus la facilité d'en faire." Villeneuve concluded by reiterating this, from the "Ordre pour l'Armée." It was to be the Order of the Day for the Combined Fleet for the coming battle: "Tout capitaine qui ne serait pas dans le feu ne serait pas à son poste . . . et un signal pour l'y rappeler serait pour lui une tache déshonorante!"

"Redoutable," "every captain received from the admiral an order in writing to hold himself in readiness to make sail. The same order drew the captains' attention to the circular letter the admiral had addressed to them before leaving Toulon, in which he informed them of what he intended to do on meeting the enemy, and what every ship was to do. Thus far in advance, it would seem, did the admiral foresee the manner in which we were actually attacked in the battle. Had his dispositions been generally followed, twenty or twenty-two ships of the Combined Fleet would not have had to contend with the whole English fleet of twenty-seven (including seven three-deckers), and some of ours would not have had to succumb as they did in spite of prodigies of valour and the most stubborn resistance."

The "Line of Battle," as finally drawn up by Admirals Villeneuve and Gravina, was promulgated to the flag officers and captains throughout the Combined Fleet on the 16th of October. It was in the following form.

LINE OF BATTLE.

Van.	*2nd Squadron.*	*Vice-Admiral Alava.*
Names.	Guns.	Commanders.
Pluton	74	Commodore Julien M. Cosmao-Kerjulien.
Monarca	74	Captain Don Teodoro Argumosa.
Fougueux	74	Captain Louis Alexis Baudoin
Santa Ana	112	Vice-Admiral Don Ign. Maria de Alava. Captain Don José Gardoqui.
Indomptable	80	Commodore Jean Joseph Hubert.
San Justo	74	Captain Don Miguel Gaston.
Intrépide	74	Commodore Louis Antoine Cyprian Infernet.

Centre.	*1st Squadron.*	*Vice-Admiral Villeneuve.*
Redoutable	74	Captain Jean Jaques Etienne Lucas.
San Leandro	64	Captain Don José Quevedo.
Neptune	84	Commodore Esprit Tranquille Maistral.
Bucentaure	80	Vice-Admiral Pierre Charles Jean Baptiste Sylvestre Villeneuve. Captain Jean Jaques Magendie.
Santisima Trinidad	136	Rear-Admiral Don Baltasar Hidalgo Cisneros Commodore Don Francisco X. de Uriarte
Héros	74	Captain Jean B. J. Remi Poulain.
San Agustin	74	Captain Don Felipe Xado Cagigal.

Rear.	*3rd Squadron.*		*Rear-Admiral Dumanoir.*
Mont Blanc	. .	74	Commodore G. J. Noel La Villegris.
San Francisco de Asis	.	74	Captain Don Luis de Flores.
Duguay Trouin	. .	74	Captain Claude Touffet.
Formidable	. .	80	Rear-Admiral P. R. M. E. Dumanoir Le Pelley. Captain Jean Marie Letellier.
Rayo	. . .	100	Commodore Don Enrique Macdonel.
Scipion	. . .	74	Captain Charles Bellanger.
Neptuno	. . .	80	Commodore Don H. Cayetano Valdez.
Squadron of Observation.[1]			*Admiral Gravina.*
San Juan Nepomuceno	.	74	Commodore Don Cosme Damian de Churruca.
Berwick[2]	. . .	74	Commodore Jean Gilles Filhol-Camas.
Principe de Asturias		112	Admiral Don Federico Gravina. Rear-Admiral Don Antonio Escano.
Achille	. .	74	Captain Gabriel Deniéport.
San Ildefonso	. .	74	Commodore Don José de Vargas.
Argonaute	. . .	74	Captain Jaques Epron.
Swiftsure[2]	. . .	74	Captain C. E. L'Hopitalier Villemadrin.
Argonauta	. . .	80	Captain Don Antonio Pareja.
Algéçiras	. . .	74	Rear-Admiral Charles Magon de Clos Doré. Captain C. Letourneur.
Montanez	. . .	74	Captain Don José Alcedo.
Aigle	. . .	74	Captain Pierre Paul Gourrège.
Bahama	. . .	74	Commodore Don Dionisio Alcala Galiano.

[1] "We do not find any documents which show clearly the nature of the command exercised by Admiral Gravina when the Combined Fleet left Cadiz. In his correspondence with the minister before putting to sea Admiral Villeneuve does not mention the Squadron of Observation. This makes its appearance for the first time in the despatch written after the battle of October 21st. There is room for supposing that Admiral Gravina had independent command of the Squadron of Observation."—*Histoire de la Marine Française sous le Consulat et l'Empire*, p. 228. By Captain E. Chevalier.

[2] Formerly British men-of-war.

FRIGATES AND CORVETTES.

Rhin	40	Captain Chesneau.
Hortense	40	Captain La Marre La Meillerie.
Cornélie	40	Captain De Martinenque.
Thémis	40	Captain Jugan.
Hermione	40	Captain Mahé.
Furet	18	Lieutenant Dumay.
Argus	16	Lieutenant Taillard.

Admiral Villeneuve fixed the numerical strengh of his battle squadron, the *Corps de bataille*, at twenty-one ships. That, according to his latest intelligence, was the strength of the British Fleet then off Cadiz. It allowed also for withdrawals to Gibraltar for water and stores of various ships from time to time. Gravina's twelve ships, the so-called *Corps de reserve*, or Squadron of Observation, was to be kept as an independent body up to the moment of joining battle. Its station was to be to windward of the rest of the fleet. It would thus be available to reinforce any part of the battle-squadron line that might be hard pressed; to parry a threatened blow, or to strike a counter-stroke. The tactical formation was in itself an excellent one, and had been greatly favoured by admirals like D'Orvilliers and De Guichen, the *fine fleur* of the tacticians of the American War time, when at the head of the great Franco-Spanish combined fleets that, in those dark days for England, rode for three summers in succession masters of the Channel. To make efficient use of the formation, however, better-trained officers

and crews were needed than Admiral Villeneuve had at his disposal. As will appear also, Admiral Gravina himself, on the morning of the battle, upset the whole scheme, by, at the last moment, throwing away the advantage of the windward berth, and linking up with the rest of the fleet, in prolongation of the main battle-line. As to the intermingling of the French and Spanish ships, that was not an innovation. Exactly the same thing had been done in the Combined Fleet under the admirals named, during their Channel cruises in the American War. There is no real reason to impute a sinister motive to Admiral Villeneuve—as has been done—in so arranging the component units of his command.

In all, the Combined Fleet numbered thirty-three sail of the Line. They comprised:—one four-decker, the "Santisima Trinidad," of 131 guns (really a gigantic three-decker, with a fourth tier of guns mounted along her gangways); three other Spanish first-rates, three-deckers, two ships of 112 guns each, and one ship of 100 guns; six 80-gun ships, two-deckers of the largest size, of which four were French and two Spanish; twenty-two 74's, fourteen French and eight Spanish; and one Spanish 64-gun ship, also, of course, a two-decker. Eighteen of the total were French, and fifteen Spanish.. All told, there were 21,580 officers and men under Admiral Villeneuve's orders, and the Combined Fleet mounted 2,626

broadside guns, not taking carronades into account.[1]

As to the ships of the Combined Fleet. According to Admiral Villeneuve's report on them to the Minister of Marine, many of the French ships were in indifferent trim and badly wanted docking; notably the "Formidable," the "Mont Blanc," the "Fougueux," and the "Swiftsure" (a 74 captured from the British Navy some four years before). Others, such as the "Scipion" and the "Aigle," wanted re-rigging entirely before they could be called efficient. The "Pluton" and "Héros" were, he said, slow and unhandy. Others, such as the "Algéçiras" (Rear-Admiral Magon's flagship), the "Indomptable," "Achille," and "Berwick" (another capture by France from the British Navy), although they had weak crews, were themselves in a satisfactory state. The rest, particularly his own flagship, the "Bucentaure" (a new 80-gun ship), the "Neptune," "Argonaute," "Duguay Trouin" and the "Redoutable," Villeneuve returned as "good ships and crews, fit for anything."

Except for the "Santa Ana," "Rayo," and

[1] There were twenty-seven ships of the Line in Lord Nelson's battle-fleet on Friday afternoon, the 18th of October, 1805. They comprised seven three-deckers, and twenty two-deckers: or, classified in another way, three first-rates, each of 100 guns; four second-rates, each of 98 guns; and twenty third-rates, one ship of 80 guns, sixteen 74's and three 64's. Besides these, of ships "under the Line," there were four frigates, a schooner and a cutter. In round numbers, Nelson's fleet was manned by 16,820 officers and men, and mounted 2,148 broadside guns (exclusive of carronades).

"San Justo," which according to the Spaniards had been hastened out of the dockyard before their refit was complete, the Spanish ships were, as a whole, in fair order, although their gunnery arrangements were reported in some cases to be defective. They had collected sufficient men; but barely 10 per cent were seamen. The "Principe de Asturias," for one, bore 1,113 all told on her books; the "Santa Ana," 1,188; the "Santisima Trinidad," 1,048. Of other ships, the "Rayo" carried 830, the "Neptuno" 800, the "Argonauta" 798, and so on; down to the little San Leandro with over 600 of all ranks and ratings.

Events began to move quickly as the middle of the month was reached. On the 15th of October, the day before he issued his "Line of Battle," Villeneuve got his first inkling of the coming of Admiral Rosily. The intelligence came in quite an unofficial way, by private letters from Bayonne. He took the news very calmly. Apparently he did not at all realize its serious import for himself. This is what Villeneuve said to Decrès about it, writing that same afternoon:—"Des lettres particulières de Bayonne nous annoncent l'arrivée du Vice-amiral Rosily, chargé d'une mission pour Cadix. Rien ne pouvait m'être plus agréable que cette nouvelle. Je suis au désespoir d'être toujours seul à correspondre avec Votre Excellence sur des objets aussi délicats. L'experience et les lumières du Vice-amiral Rosily viendront bien à

propos à mon aide, et lorsqu'il aura vu, je ne craindrai nullement son jugement et sur le present et sur le passé!"

Admiral Rosily was at the top of the Vice-Admirals' list. He had not been afloat for twelve or fourteen years, and was understood in naval circles in France to have given up the idea of hoisting his flag again, although his name was still on the active list. For the past ten years scope had been found for his well-known administrative talents on various special "missions," to use Admiral Villeneuve's word, and as Inspector-General of naval arsenals and dockyards, also in departmental work at the Ministry of Marine connected with scientific and hydrographic matters. Thus, on the face of things, there was little about the sending of Admiral Rosily to Cadiz, to make Villeneuve uneasy for his own position.

Not many hours later, however, further news came to hand that put another complexion on the affair. A private letter from Madrid was sent to Villeneuve. Admiral Rosily, said the letter, had just arrived there. He was travelling post, hastening with extraordinary despatch for Cadiz. Not a word could be gleaned as to what he was to do when he got there; but, said the writer, he would probably be delayed in Madrid for a day or two, owing to a breakdown to his travelling carriage just outside the capital. Now a suspicion crossed Villeneuve's mind. It dawned

on him that something was kept back. There was also, it would appear, a persistent rumour in Cadiz that the Commander-in-Chief was to be superseded. He, the officer in supreme authority at Cadiz, had not had a line from Paris in regard to the matter, had not heard a word from his own immediate superior, the Minister of Marine, to advise him of the coming of Rosily. Why all this secrecy? Why this haste? What was behind it all? What did it forebode to himself? With his mind full of anxiety, Admiral Villeneuve expressed his deep concern to the Minister of Marine. "I shall be happy," wrote Villeneuve, "to yield the first place to Rosily, if I am allowed to have the second; but it will be too hard to have to give up all hope of being vouchsafed the opportunity of proving that I am worthy of a better fate."

His plans were made—if only the wind would change out of the west and afford a chance of putting them in execution. What he had wanted to do first of all, wrote Villeneuve to Decrès, was to try to run out to sea for two hundred leagues. Then he would double back and make for the Straits. An east wind would take them out, and the impending gale from the south-west, when it came on, would be to their advantage and carry the Combined Fleet back and through into the Mediterranean. Yet, even if the wind favoured him, he feared the enemy's watch on Cadiz was

too close to give him an opportunity of getting away unseen. As he wrote, said Villeneuve, there were five English frigates, a brig, and a schooner, to be counted in the offing. A sortie might be attempted at night, but there was no moon just now. It was hopeless for such a fleet as his to try to go out of harbour in the dark. Besides all that, half his ships sailed so badly, were such slow craft, that, even supposing he did get clear off to sea, he would assuredly be overtaken and brought to battle before he had got far.

The alternative was to attempt to make coastwise for the Straits, and take their chance of the consequences. With a fleet like that, however, upwards of a third of it slow ships and manned by raw Spanish landsmen, the risk was enormous. They would almost certainly be caught half way, and annihilation must follow. "To leave Cadiz," said Villeneuve, "without being sure of passing the Straits within a few hours will mean the certainty of being brought to action by a superior enemy and the loss of everything. I cannot believe," he added, "that it is His Imperial Majesty's intention to expose so large a portion of his naval forces to such a risk, and one that does not offer any chance of acquiring glory." To make for the Straits along the coast was, all the same, the only plan for him to adopt. He had direct orders from the Emperor himself to go out without further delay, and go out he must and would.

He only waited now for the wind to change and render exit possible. As soon as the wind did change, Rear-Admiral Magon, with part of the French Third Squadron, would sally out, sweep back the English cruisers, and make a bold reconnaissance seaward to ascertain Nelson's exact strength. While that was being done, the remainder of the Combined Fleet would be working out of harbour, and he trusted that within twenty-four hours all would be able to get out and be fairly on their way. The wind must change soon. It had blown from the west for upwards of ten days without shifting once.

The wind began to show signs of change during the evening of the 17th. It backed and fell away fitfully to light and variable airs until the afternoon of the following day, when it seemed likely to freshen from the eastward, fair for leaving Cadiz. It was Admiral Villeneuve's wished-for opportunity, and, as things happened, he had had offered him that same morning, in addition, a new and powerful incentive for seizing it. An official message came up the coast from Tarifa and Algeçiras, signalled along the line of Spanish look-out posts, to the effect that six British men-of-war, apparently detached from the enemy's main fleet, had been sighted passing through the Straits for Gibraltar.[1] That meant, according to Villeneuve's

[1] The news was strangely belated. Admiral Louis's squadron had parted company with Nelson more than a fortnight before.

calculations, a temporary reduction of his opponent's strength by a fifth of what he believed it to be. He had, of course, no means of knowing that fresh ships to an equal number had recently joined Nelson from England. It afforded also a reason for leaving port exactly in accordance with the recommendations of the Council of War, and effectively met one of the principal Spanish objections to sailing, as raised at the Council. Villeneuve made up his mind to quit Cadiz forthwith.

He signalled to the Spanish flagship for Admiral Gravina, second-in-command of the Combined Fleet, to come on board the French flagship "Bucentaure" at once. The Spanish admiral came. In reply to Villeneuve, he expressed his readiness to sail that afternoon. He was prepared, Gravina said, to follow the movements of the Imperial Navy in everything. Those were his instructions from Madrid. That was all that passed, and it was enough. Gravina went down the side of the "Bucentaure" into his boat, and Villeneuve forthwith ran up the general signal, "Prepare to make sail." He intended to try to get out of harbour by sunset. But once more, at the last moment, the wind failed him. It dropped after four o'clock, and died away to almost a dead calm.

Disappointed as he was, Admiral Villeneuve determined to persevere. Orders were sent round for the whole fleet to be ready to weigh anchor and put to sea at daybreak next morning.

CHAPTER IV

ADMIRALS AND CAPTAINS OF THE COMBINED FLEET

THESE were some of the men who were to lead the Combined Fleet on the coming day of battle. There were many gallant and high-spirited officers on board both the French and Spanish ships, and some of them were men of reputation among their countrymen for daring and resource.

Concerning Admiral Villeneuve, apart from what has been already said, there are other interesting details of which some mention should be made. He was originally an officer of the Royal Navy of France, one of the few members of the *noblesse* in the sea-service who did not throw up their commissions and quit the country at the Revolution. As a young "garde de pavillon" he had served with the famous Bailli de Suffren in his "beaux combats de l'Inde," as the French Navy to this day calls the battles of De Suffren's heroically contested campaign during the years 1782 and 1783. The Revolution gave him his captaincy,

and he had hoisted his flag as rear-admiral in 1796, before he was thirty-three. Everybody looked on Rear-Admiral Villeneuve (he dropped the "de" before his name after 1793) as a very keen and able officer, of a studious turn, exceptionally well informed on all professional topics, and a versatile and clever tactician. Napoleon met him first at the siege of Toulon in 1793, and after that saw something more of him during the expedition to Egypt. Villeneuve was junior flag-officer in Brueys' fleet, and he was the only French admiral who got away after the battle of the Nile. That escape, early on the morning after the disaster—though it was hardly a feat of arms to take much pride in—Napoleon thought very highly of, and he long afterwards spoke of Villeneuve as "a lucky man." To Napoleon's belief in his "luck," indeed, Villeneuve owed his present command. Personally, Admiral Villeneuve was a gentleman in the best sense of the word; well

ARMS OF VILLENEUVE

[Gules: semée of escutcheons or. Six lances in saltire of the second. An inescutcheon azure, charged with a fleur de lis or.]

bred and courteous, very quiet and reserved in manner, of unblemished character as a man of honour, and devotedly attached to his home. His personal courage was above question. That was in his blood. His ancestry itself forbade the thought of anything else. The Villeneuves did not beget cowards. One Villeneuve fell, sword in hand, at the side of Roland in the pass of Roncesvalles. Another charged side by side with our own Cœur de Lion in Palestine, and left his bones out there. A descendant of the famous Villeneuve "Riche d'Honneur," leader of the Lances of Aragon, Bayard's friend and trusty comrade in arms, of Raymond de Villeneuve, hardly less renowned in arms, and of that grand old Romèe, the historic Seneschal de Provence, whom Dante met in Paradise—

> Luce la luce di Romeo di cui
> Fu l'opra grande e bella mal gradita.
>
> 'Shines Romeo's light, whose goodly deed and fair,
> Met ill acceptance.'

—a knight of Malta himself, the ninety-first Villeneuve (counting in Grand Master Hélion) that the family had sent into the Order, could hardly be a coward. *Poltron de tête*, in the words of Napoleon's bitter sneer, as the French leader may, in regard to the very exceptional circumstances of that campaign, have seemed in some degree, none, as the hour of battle drew on, could speak of Admiral Villeneuve as *Poltron de cœur*.

Admiral Villeneuve went forth to meet his fate at Trafalgar with a silent prayer on his lips to the good Sainte Roseleyne of his House, and a farewell thought at heart for that dear wife far away in their home among the pinewoods of Bargemon in Provence, whom he never more should see in life, braced up to meet his doom in a spirit in keeping with the traditions of his line.[1]

Of Rear-Admiral Dumanoir le Pelley, the second-in-command of the French Fleet, very little is on record. He was a young officer, only in his thirty-fifth year (eight years younger than Admiral Villeneuve). Dumanoir, like his chief, had worn the King's uniform in the navy of the *ancien régime*, which he first entered eighteen years before. He, too, had good blood in his veins. The family of Du Manoir le Pellé, as the young "garde de pavillon" wrote his name when he took up his first commission, was among the oldest and wealthiest among the *Seigneurie* of the Cotentin, owning large estates; and one that had already given two admirals to the navy of France. It was

[1] They hold Admiral Villeneuve's memory in very affectionate regard at Bargemon, and the visitor from England who is so fortunate as to be accorded the entrée to the ancestral home of the Villeneuves, will see there to-day a portrait in oils of the admiral, and round the walls of the schoolroom some cleverly executed water-colour sketches of ships he served in before he got his flag, done by him and sent home. At Trafalgar, Admiral Villeneuve had a young nephew, a midshipman, serving as one of his aides-de-camp on board the "Bucentaure." That officer's great-grandson is a lieutenant de vaisseau in the French Navy of our own time.

said that he owed his promotion to flag rank to Murat's private influence with Napoleon. Captain Dumanoir commanded the frigate in which Murat made his escape from Egypt, together with Marmont and Lannes, at the same time that Napoleon himself got safely away in another vessel. Very soon afterwards he hoisted his flag. Dumanoir had already had experience as second-in-command in battle, with Admiral Linois in the action of Algeçiras.

The third-in-command, Rear-Admiral Magon, was another sort of man. He was of the same age as Admiral Villeneuve, like whom he was of noble birth, and had had his early training as an officer of the Navy of the *ancien régime*. De Magon de Clos-Doré was his full name; his family belonging to the old Breton *noblesse*, to one of the junior branches of an illustrious twelfth-century house, the head of which was the Marquis de Gervaisais. As a young "garde de pavillon" on board the Comte d'Orvillier's flagship in his battle with Admiral Keppel off Ushant, Magon had had his baptism of fire as a boy of fourteen. After that he witnessed De Guichen's three drawn battles with Rodney in the West Indies in 1781. The ship he was in, the "Caton," was sent out of the fleet to repair damages, and so missed the great battle of the 12th of April, 1782, in which the Comte De Grasse experienced disaster, but a pursuing British squadron intercepted the "Caton"

on her way to port, and young Magon ended his first war as a prisoner in England. After that many things had happened, Magon, however, always showing himself a bold and resolute officer. In 1804 Napoleon had selected him to have charge of the advance guard of gunboats to lead the invasion-flotilla across to Deal; but circumstances had removed Magon thence and sent him to join Villeneuve in the West Indies. He returned with the Combined Fleet, and so found himself at Cadiz on the eve of great events.

Whether, indeed, Rear-Admiral Magon might not have proved a better man than his chief for Napoleon's purposes during the campaign before Trafalgar, is a question. "From my own knowledge of Magon, with whom I had been brought into relation in various missions," says De Ségur, Napoleon's aide-de-camp, "I believe with Lauriston, that had he been in Villeneuve's place, the orders of the Emperor would have been obeyed, the invasion probably effected, and the face of the world altered." Magon, continues De Ségur, was "a daring and impetuous fellow," and had been so angered over the result of the encounter with Admiral Calder (off Cape Finisterre in the previous July, which led to Villeneuve's retirement to Cadiz), that he quite forgot his position and gave, before everybody on his own quarter-deck, an amazing display of insubordination. "I have it from Lauriston, afterwards a marshal and peer of

France, then aide-de-camp to Napoleon, who was in Villeneuve's fleet," relates De Ségur further, "that on the day after this battle, Rear-Admiral Magon was a prey to such violent indignation when the first signal was given by the admiral to let the English Fleet go, that he stamped and foamed at the mouth, and that whilst he was furiously pacing his own ship, as that of the admiral passed in its retreat, he gave vent to furious exclamations, and flung at him in his rage whatever happened to be at hand, including his field-glass and even his wig, both of which fell into the sea; but Villeneuve was not only too far off for these missiles to reach him, but was entirely out of hearing." Magon had a touch of recklessness which Villeneuve's more placid temperament lacked, that possibly might have shaped things somewhat differently up to a certain point. What the ultimate issue would have been is quite another matter—with Nelson at large, and tough old Cornwallis ready for all comers off Ushant.

Of the French captains, "Va de Bon Cœur" Cosmao was as good a man as any in the French Navy. "Va de Bon Cœur" was his men's name for the cheery commander of the "Pluton," who, as the senior captain, led Admiral Villeneuve's main battle-squadron. A burly, sturdy Breton, "avec le physique de son emploi," and with seamanship in every detail at his finger-tips, was Cosmao-Kerjulien,' "l'habile et intrépide Cosmao." Begin-

COSMAO-KERJULIEN OF THE "PLUTON"

CAYETANO VALDEZ OF THE "NEPTUNO"

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ning life by running away to sea at the age of twelve, before he was twenty he had been in action, it was said, a dozen times. Cosmao it was who had carried out the attack on Diamond Rock, Martinique, in the previous May; and in the fight with Calder he had won credit for two brave efforts to rescue the Spanish ships that were lost, after which he did actually save a third ship, the French "Atlas," from sharing their fate. Another fine fellow, who knew his business, was Infernet, of the "Intrépide." He also had seen his first war service in the Old Navy of the Monarchy, and in one battle, as a boy "mousse" (powder monkey), had undergone the somewhat unusual experience of being blown up with his ship. Infernet was in the "César" in Rodney's battle. Dropping clear of the ring of sharks that beset the burning vessel,[1] the young

CAPTAIN: FRENCH NAVY, 1805

[1] See "Famous Fighters of the Fleet, 'Rodney's Ship on Rodney's Day,'" pp. 153–7.

Infernet was taken out of the water by an English boat, and so had lived to fight on another day. That is one account. According to a second, he swam off just as the ship blew up. A Provençal by birth, he was a near relative of the famous Marshal Masséna, "the spoilt child of victory," of whom in earlier years he had seen a good deal, and whom he was said to resemble in appearance and his rough-and-ready ways. Two other men that Admiral Villeneuve could rely on in an emergency, were Captains Gourrège of the "Aigle" and Maistral of the "Neptune." The former was a rough-and-ready old Breton mercantile skipper, one of those brought into the French Navy at the Revolution in place of *emigré* officers of the old *régime*, to command on the quarter-deck in the "National" marine. Maistral, on the other hand, like Villeneuve, Magon, and Cosmao, had been once a dashing young wearer of the *Bleu de Roi*, and like them also had been half a score of times under fire before he was out of his teens. Captain Lucas of the "Redoutable" was a painstaking and determined officer of humble origin, with a service experience that went back to the days of the Bailli de Suffren. Capable men, too, for fighting work were Hubert of the "Indomptable" and Baudoin of the "Fougueux."[1]

[1] A considerable number of the French officers who fought at Trafalgar are represented by direct descendants or collaterally in the French Navy of to-day. There are four Villeneuves, one of whom

This is what is on record about those to whom was entrusted the honour of the Spanish flag. In the Spanish Navy no officer's reputation stood higher than that of Don Federico Gravina, a courtly Caballero of Old Spain, a grandee of the First Class, with the right to put his hat on in the Presence Chamber of the Catholic King. He was a man of forty-nine, and had been a sailor since he was twelve. Gravina's experiences of war service went back to the days of the great siege of Gibraltar, where he had commanded one of the "invulnerable" battering ships in the final grand attack. The "San Christoval," however, like her consorts, proved unable to stand red-hot shot, and after the catastrophe Gravina was promoted from his burned-out vessel to the great "Santisima Trinidad," in which he was present at the fight between Lord Howe's "Grand Fleet" and the Franco-Spanish Armada off Cape Spartel in 1782. As second-in-command of the Spanish fleet that co-operated with Lord Hood's fleet in occupying Toulon in 1793, Gravina had received the special thanks of his sovereign, and throughout the war since then he had been in continuous employment in various capacities, mostly diplomatic. As a naval leader his reputation stood

was in the fleet that visited Portsmouth last summer and attended the Guildhall luncheon, on the way to which he paid a chivalrous salute to the Nelson monument. Among other officers there are three Dumanoirs, two Lucases, one Cosmao Kerjulien, one Hubert, one Infernet, all serving afloat at the present time.

very high indeed in official circles throughout France and Spain. He was said to have owed his present command to Napoleon's suggestion.

Vice-Admiral Alava, who held the post of Spanish second-in-command, had had thirty-nine years' service in the navy. He was in his fifty-second year. Like Gravina, he had seen service at the siege of Gibraltar, where he had command of a frigate, and his fame as a sea-officer stood among his countrymen second only to that of Gravina himself. The Spanish third-in-command, Rear-Admiral Don Baltazar Hidalgo Cisneros, an officer of thirty-five years' standing in the service, had commanded the "San Pablo" in the battle off Cape St. Vincent.

To support the flag were some of Spain's best captains; in particular, Churruca of the "San Juan Nepomuceno," a member of a noble family of Guipuscoa, and Galiano of the "Bahama," "inclito Galiano"; both high-spirited gentlemen of the best Spanish type, and highly trained officers. Don Cayetano Valdez, of a family that had for centuries given many gallant sons to the Spanish Marine, commanded the "Neptuno." He entered the navy as "guardia marina," at the age of thirteen, and had served afloat almost continuously ever since. Like "Va de Bon Cœur" Cosmao in the French Fleet, no officer was more personally popular on the Spanish side than Valdez; for one incident of his career in particular, which all Spain

had heard of. No Spaniard could forget how Valdez, in the battle off Cape St. Vincent, in his ship, the "Pelayo," had gone to the rescue of the great "Santisima Trinidad," when in extreme peril. "Salvemos al Trinidad ó perezcamos todos!" were the words with which Valdez addressed his men as the "Pelayo" headed round to succour the "Glory of Spain"; to which his brave fellows responded with a thundering shout of "Viva el Rey!"[1] Valdez was a young man for a captain—under thirty-five. Alcedo of the "Montanez" and Pareja of the "Argonauta," the last-named officer, like Valdez, belonging to one of the most distinguished naval families of Old Spain,[2] and the two flag-captains—Don Antonio Escano, Admiral Gravina's right-hand man in the "Principe de Asturias," and Don José Gardoqui of the "Santa Ana," Alava's flag-captain—were also highly trained men, of mark in the Spanish Navy for services rendered in action.

CAPTAIN: SPANISH NAVY, 1805

[1] A picture of the exploit was specially painted for the King of Spain. It is now in the naval gallery at Madrid.

[2] He was a descendant of Philip IV's admiral, Don Adrian Pulido Pareja, whose portrait by Velasquez is one of the glories of our National Gallery.

One of Gravina's captains was an Irishman, born in Ireland of Irish parents, Don Enrique (Henry) Macdonell, in command of the three-decker "Rayo." Leaving Ireland as a boy of sixteen, at the time of the European coalition against Great Britain during the American War, in order to take arms against England, Macdonell had first held a commission in the Regimiento de Hibernia, then at the siege of Gibraltar, a corps originally raised from Jacobite refugees to Spain three-quarters of a century before. Tiring of the barrack-square after the war, he got himself transferred to the Spanish Navy, from which he had retired as a captain some time previously. Hearing of Gravina's plight for officers, Commodore Macdonell volunteered his services, and so he came to be in command on board the "Rayo."

Among the officers of lower rank in the Spanish Trafalgar fleet were to be found representatives of many a family that, in the days when Spain was in her prime, had done something towards making history—a Bobadilla, a Castanos, a Francis Xavier de Ulloa, a Medina Sidonia, a Pedro Nunez, besides Calderons, and Sotomayers and Mendozas, and a Manuel Diaz.

CHAPTER V

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BATTLE

AT six on the morning of the 19th the "Bucentaure" ran up the signal, "Make sail and proceed."

The weather was perfect, brilliantly fine; but the wind was light, and having to move out in sailing-ship fashion, one vessel at a time, made the process of getting the whole fleet clear a lengthy one. Cadiz harbour was not an easy place to get out of, owing to the cross-currents, certain reefs, and the set of the tides. Not many years before it had taken a smarter French fleet than the present one, and comprising fewer ships, three whole days to get to sea. By midday, indeed, only nine of Villeneuve's ships were outside; and after that the wind died away to almost a dead calm. That in itself was not an auspicious opening for the Combined Fleet. They could see meanwhile the British look-out frigates, busily signalling the news along the chain of ships that stretched away across the horizon to the main British Fleet out of sight. The ships that got out

stood along the coast to northward for a short distance, and then dropped anchor to wait for the rest.

All could see what the British frigates were doing; and all were well aware of what it meant.

Within two hours of the opening move by the Combined Fleet on Saturday morning, it was known in Nelson's fleet, fifty miles away. At six that morning the ships at Cadiz were first observed hoisting topsails, and the British look-out ships closed in nearer. Then they were seen unmooring and beginning to drift down towards the open sea.[1] Blackwood, the captain of the "Euryalus," in command of the frigates, waited to assure himself that the move was general. That made clear, the signal-flags, which had been lying on deck, bent to the halyards, went swiftly up. They made "No. 390" in the signal-book: meaning—"The enemy's ships are coming out of port." The message was passed to the main fleet along the line of "repeating" ships which for the past three weeks had been cruising to windward, waiting for that moment. One beyond the other they stretched away across the horizon to westward, each ship

[1] "The morning of the 19th of October," says Midshipman Hercules Robinson of the "Euryalus," "saw us so close to Cadiz as to see the ripple of the beach and catch the morning fragrance which came out of the land, and then as the sun rose over the Trocadero with what joy we saw the fleet inside let fall and hoist their topsails and one after another slowly emerge from the harbour mouth."

keeping just within signalling distance—from masthead to masthead—of the next to her; all together linking Blackwood to Nelson as by a chain or line of telegraph posts. The message was sent off at twenty minutes past seven: it was received on board the "Victory" before half-past nine.

At eleven the "Euryalus" signalled to the fleet: "Nineteen under sail. All the rest have topyards hoisted except Spanish rear-admiral and one line-of-battle ship." Following on that the message was sent: "Little wind in harbour, two of the enemy are at anchor." At noon Blackwood signalled: "Notwithstanding little wind, Enemy persevere to get outward, the rest except one line ready yards hoisted." Just before two Blackwood signalled again, "Enemy persevering to work outward. Seven of line already without and two frigates."

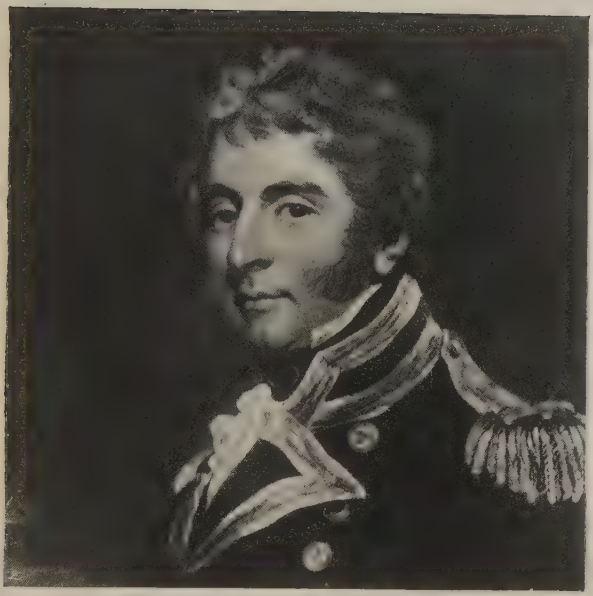
Captain Blackwood himself, during the forenoon, sat down in his cabin and wrote a letter to his wife, or, rather, began it, for he had not time then to pen more than the opening sentences

"What think you, my own dearest love? At this moment the enemy are coming out and as if determined to have a fair fight; all night they have been making signals, and morning showed them to be getting under sail. They have 34 sail of the Line, and five frigates. Lord Nelson has but 27 sail of the Line with him, the rest are at Gibraltar getting water. Not that he has not enough to bring them to close action, but I want

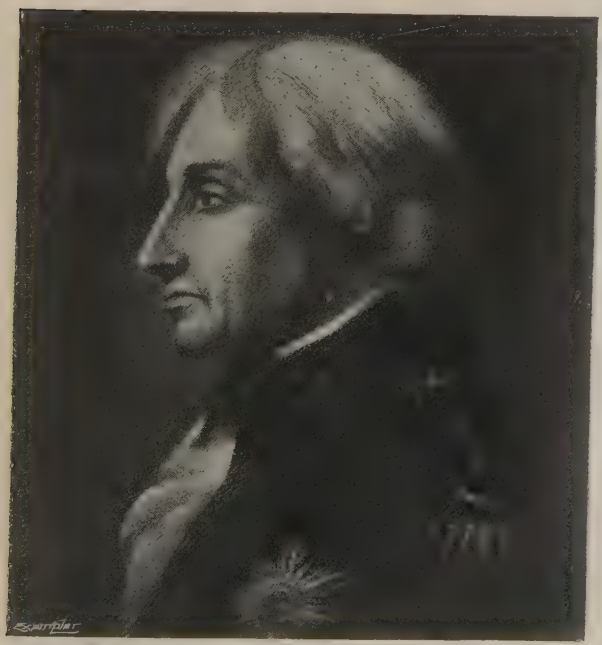
him to have so many as to make this the most decisive battle that was ever fought, and which may bring us lasting peace, and all its blessings. Within two hours, though our fleet was sixteen leagues off, I have let Lord Nelson know of their coming out, and have been enabled to send a vessel to Gibraltar, which will bring Admiral Louis and the ships there. At this moment (happy sight!) we are within four miles of the enemy, and talking to Lord Nelson by means of Sir H. Popham's signals, though so distant, but reached along by the rest of the frigates of the squadron. You see, dearest, I have time to write to you and to assure you that to the latest moment of my breath, I shall be as much attached to you as man can be. It is odd how I have been dreaming all night of carrying home despatches. God send me such good luck! The day is fine, and the sight magnificently beautiful. I expect before this hour to-morrow to carry General Decrès on board the Victory in my barge, which I have just painted nicely for him."[1]

Every effort was made during Saturday evening and the first part of the night to tow or warp as

[1] According to the London newspapers, brought by one of the last-joined ships, the Minister of Marine himself, who was well known to be a hard fighting officer, had superseded Admiral Villeneuve. So, too, apparently, Nelson thought. "I would give a good deal," he had said, a day or two before, "for a copy of the French Admiral's orders. Report says it is Decrès, as he fought the 'Guillaume Tell' well."



CAPTAIN BLACKWOOD OF THE "EURYALUS"



NELSON

[From the last portrait of him ever made—at Merton, September 5th, 1805, nine days before he left England]

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many as possible of the ships in Cadiz harbour down towards the sea, so as to catch the early morning breeze off the land when it came. In that they were successful. Towards morning on the 20th — Sunday — the breeze freshened, coming briskly from the south-east. Taking advantage of it, Admiral Villeneuve was able to work his entire fleet out, with the result that all were at sea and under sail by noon.

Crowds of people watched the departure; lining the walls of Cadiz at every point whence a view of the harbour might be obtained. Every church in the city was thronged all day with anxious worshippers, fathers and mothers and sisters, most of them in tears. At the Iglesia del Carmen, in particular, the old mariners' church of Cadiz, the crowds were so great that the people had to be admitted in relays. Archbishop Utrera himself, "Dignisimo Obispo de Cadiz y Alegeçiras" pleaded with Heaven all day for the safety of their dear ones on board ship, on his knees before the High Altar of the Oratorio de San Felipe Neri.

Fortune at the outset seemed to favour the Combined Fleet. Hardly had they got clear of the bay when the wind veered to the south-west, blowing right into the harbour, and the weather came on thick and squally, with drizzling rain. Admiral Villeneuve, being now fairly at sea, signalled for the fleet to tack to the southward and form in five columns, line ahead. Towards

four in the afternoon the weather cleared up and the wind veered again to the north-west. It was, however, very light, and the progress of the fleet was in consequence very slow. The Combined Fleet was now in the two separate divisions designated in Villeneuve's "Line of Battle." The larger division, consisting of twenty-one sail of the line, formed the *Corps de bataille* under Admiral Villeneuve's direct supervision. It was subdivided into three squadrons of seven ships each, of which the centre was led by Villeneuve himself, the van by Vice-Admiral Alava, and the rear by Rear-Admiral Dumanoir. The second division, the Squadron of Observation, or *Corps de réserve*, was in two squadrons of six ships each; the first under the orders of Admiral Gravina, the second under Rear-Admiral Magon.

As the Combined Fleet came out during Sunday forenoon, its composition and numbers were reported to Nelson by the watching frigates. Villeneuve, owing to circumstances, was not so well served.

Nothing was seen of the main British Fleet; nothing whatever, beyond two of those ever-present frigates on the horizon, the consorts of the "Euryalus"—Nelson's watch-dogs. They were chased, but they merely moved off elsewhere and maintained their watch as before. Admiral Villeneuve only got his first reliable news of the strength of the British Fleet about

eight o'clock on Sunday evening, when the "Argus," a brig, came alongside the "Bucentaure" with a message from Gravina that the "Achille" had just reported eighteen sail of the line away to the south-south-west. That was just as Villeneuve was sitting down in the cabin of the "Bucentaure" to finish a despatch to the Minister of Marine in Paris begun in the forenoon. "They have signalled to me," he wrote, "that eighteen of the enemy are in sight. . . . In leaving port I have only consulted my anxious desire to conform to the wishes of His Majesty, and to do everything in my power to remove that feeling of dissatisfaction with which he has regarded the events of my previous cruise." ["Je n'ai consulté dans ce départ, que le désir ardent de me conformer aux intentions de Sa Majesté et de faire tous mes efforts pour détruire les mécontentments dont elle a été pénétrée des événements de la dernière campagne."] He was just ending his despatch and other letters, to be sent into Cadiz that night, when, between eight and nine o'clock, one of his frigates, the "Thémis," brought in the report that, as far as could be made out, the enemy numbered twenty sail.

With nightfall, as it would seem, a general feeling of unrest and anxiety, almost, indeed, of nervousness, set in throughout the Combined Fleet. That they were being kept closely under observation, in spite of the darkness, all were but

too well aware. For the past two hours, ever since it became dark, they had both heard and seen signals, "we cannot understand," as Villeneuve put it. They were the signals of the British look-out ships. "Lights," says a French officer, "were continuously seen at various points of the horizon. They were the signals of the English Fleet and the look-out ships that felt the way for them. The reports of cannon, repeated from time to time, and blue lights casting a bright and sudden glare in the midst of profound darkness, were soon added to the earlier signals, and convinced Admiral Villeneuve that he would vainly attempt to conceal his course from his active foes."

Then came a sudden alarm. A little after nine o'clock Admiral Gravina, who, with the "Squadron of Observation," was ahead of the battle-squadron, suddenly flashed a signal that the enemy were "less than two miles off." It seemed impossible. Surely there was an error in signalling? Admiral Villeneuve could hardly credit it; but at the same time, Nelson's night attack at the Nile, his own "souvenir d'Aboukir," came to mind. To meet the emergency he made the general signal for the whole fleet to form in line of battle at once, without regard to the stations of individual ships. The two windward columns of the battle squadron were to drop to leeward and form on the third column. At the same time the Squadron of Observation would form up ahead of the line. A few seconds later the

signal lamps of the "Bucentaure" again flashed out. It was the order, "General Quarters!" or, "Clear for action!"—"Branle-bas-de-combat!" as the French Navy called it—replied to on board each ship by the drums striking up the sharp *rantan*

ON BOARD THE "REDOUTABLE: FRENCH 36-POUNDER ON THE LOWER DECK.

of the *Générale*, with its opening ruffle, "*Prend ton sac!—Prend ton sac!—Prend ton sac!*" as the French put words to the tune.

Forming line in the dark, however, was not an easy task, and it was not effected satisfactorily. As one French captain said, there was a good deal too much noise and hailing, while the ships groped about here and there, trying to keep clear of one another and find a berth for themselves.

An admirable personal narrative of Sunday's doings, with some incidents that passed in the Combined Fleet on the night before the battle, was sent to Admiral Decrès at the Ministry of Marine by one of the French captains, Lucas of the "Redoutable." "On the 28th Vendémiaire An XIV (20th October, 1805)[1] the Combined Fleet got under sail to leave Cadiz Bay. The wind was southerly; light at first, afterwards fresh. The fleet comprised thirty-three sail of the Line, of which eighteen were French, fifteen Spanish; with five frigates and two brigs, French. We were hardly outside when the wind shifted to the south-west and came on to blow strong. The admiral then ordered the fleet to reef sail, which was done, though some of the Spanish ships were so slow over it that they fell considerably to leeward. Some time was lost by that, but at length all worked back again, and then the fleet stood on, in no regular formation, heading to the west-north-west. The Redoutable was next astern to the Bucentaure, and a short distance off, when, towards noon, the flagship suddenly signalled 'Man overboard!' I brought to at once, lowered a boat, picked the man up, and regained my station.

"An hour after midday the wind shifted to the

[1] The last day of December, 1805 (10th Nivose An XIV), saw the last of the Revolution Calendar, invented by Fabre d'Eglantine and Gilbert Romme. By order of Napoleon the Gregorian Calendar was restored on and after the 1st of January, 1806.

west, and the fleet went about all together. As soon as that was done, the Bucentaure signalled for the battle-squadron to form in three columns on the starboard tack, flagships in the centre of their divisions. In this order of sailing the Redoutable, as leader (*chef de file*) of the first division, should have been at the head of her column, and I manœuvred the ship to take that post.[1] All the afternoon, however, was spent without the fleet being able to get into the formation designated, although the admiral kept signalling repeatedly to ships to take station.

"Towards seven in the evening the wind went down a little; but the sea was still rough, with a swell setting in from the south-west. The fleet was now steering to the south-south-west. I signalled at this time to the admiral that I could make out a fleet or squadron of the enemy to windward. They did not, to me, seem very far off. The ships of this squadron, as the evening went on, made a great many signals, showing for their purpose quite a remarkable display of coloured fires.

"About nine o'clock at night the flagship made

[1] According to the squadronal division of the French Fleet, the "Redoutable" belonged to Admiral Villeneuve's own group, which comprised the "Bucentaure," "Neptune," "Redoutable," "Indomptable," and "Héros." Dumanoir's group comprised the "Formidable," "Scipion," "Intrépide," "Duguay Trouin," and "Mont Blanc." Magon's group was formed of the "Algéçiras," "Achille," "Argonauta," "Aigle," and "Fougueux," the fastest of the French ships; with the "Pluton," "Swiftsure," and "Berwick" added.

the general signal to the fleet to form in the order of battle at once (*promptement*), without regard to the stations of individual ships. To carry out this evolution those ships most to leeward ought to have shown a light at each masthead, so as to mark their positions. Whether this was done I do not know: at any rate I was unable to see such lights. At that moment, indeed, we were all widely scattered. The ships of the battle squadron and those of the squadron of observation were all mixed up. Another cause of confusion was this. Nearly all the ships had answered the admiral's signals with flares, which made it impossible to tell which was the flagship. All I could do was to follow the motions of other ships near me which were closing on some to leeward.

"Towards eleven I discovered myself close to Admiral Gravina, who, with four or five ships, was beginning to form his own line of battle. I was challenged and our name demanded, whereupon the Spanish admiral ordered me to take post in his line. I asked leave to lead it and he assented, whereupon I stood into station. The wind was in direction and force as before, and we were all still on the starboard tack.

"The whole fleet was at this time cleared for action, in accordance with orders signalled from the Bucentaure earlier in the night. In the Redoutable we had, however, cleared for action immediately after leaving Cadiz, and everything

had been kept since in readiness to go to quarters instantly. With the certainty of a battle next day, I retained but few men on deck during the night. I sent the greater number of the officers and crew to lie down, so that they might be as fresh as possible for the approaching fight."

A report from Admiral Gravina's flagship also describes the doings of Sunday and Sunday night. "On the morning of the 19th some of the French and Spanish set sail in obedience to the signal made by Admiral Villeneuve. In consequence, however, of the wind shifting to the S.E., we could not all succeed in doing so until the 20th, when the wind got round again to the E.S.E. Scarcely was the Combined Fleet clear of the harbour mouth, when the wind came to S.S.E., blowing so strongly, and with such a threatening appearance, that one of the first signals made by the Bucentaur, the flagship of Admiral Villeneuve, was to set double-reefed topsails. This change of wind also necessarily caused a considerable dispersal of the fleet, until two o'clock in the afternoon. Then, fortunately, the wind veered to the S.E., and the horizon becoming clear and unobscured, signal was made to form five columns, and afterwards for all to close. An advanced frigate signalled eighteen sail of the enemy in sight, in consequence of which news we cleared for Action, and sailed in fighting order. At three we all tacked and stood for the Straits,

still preserving the same disposition of five Columns in which we had been before the last evolution. After having so done, we descried four of the Enemy's Frigates, to which, by order of Admiral Villeneuve, we gave chase. Signal was made, at the same time, from our ship, for the Achille, Algeçiras, and San Juan, attached to the 'Squadron of Observation,' to reinforce the ships sent in chase. They had orders to rejoin the main body of the Fleet before nightfall. At half-past six o'clock a French ship informed us that they had made out eighteen of the enemy, all in line of battle; and shortly afterwards we ourselves began to observe, at no great distance, gleams of light. They could only be from the enemy's frigates, which were stationed midway between the two fleets. At nine o'clock the English squadron made signals by firing guns, and, from the interval which elapsed between the flash and report, they must have been about two miles from us. We informed the French Admiral by signal-lanterns that it was expedient to lose no time in forming line of battle on the leeward ships, on which an order to that effect was immediately given by the Commander-in-Chief. In this situation we beheld the dawn of the 21st, with the Enemy in sight, consisting of twenty-eight Ships—eight of which were three-deckers—all to windward of us, and in Line of Battle on the opposite tack."

On the British side, all through that Sunday night, Blackwood in the "Euryalus," with Nelson's frigate squadron and two or three men-of-war from the main fleet, kept watch on the enemy hour after hour; sailing at about half-gunshot distance from them most of the time, and to windward. The task was one that the enemy's lights, showing "like a well lit up street" six miles long, rendered not difficult; although at times some of the British ships got rather close. This is from a British officer in one of the watching ships. "Our situation on board the 'Defence' during the whole night after the enemy had come without their harbour, was both critical and interesting. The absence of the moon, and the cloudy state of the weather, rendered it exceedingly dark, so that we came very near the Combined Fleet without their being able to discern us. While we concealed every light, they continued to exhibit such profusions of theirs, and to make night signals in such abundance, that we seemed at times in the jaws of a mighty host ready to swallow us up. We, however, felt no alarm, being confident that we could fight our way or fly, as occasion required. The former was certainly more congenial to all our feelings: yet, in the face of the enemy's whole fleet, we did not regret that our ship was a fast sailer."

On board the "Euryalus"[1] they had the con-

[1] There could hardly perhaps have been an apter name for Blackwood's dashing frigate on the present occasion than that she bore,

sciousness of duty well done. They had done all that was possible; they could leave the rest to the course of events. "For two days," said Midshipman Hercules Robinson, of the "Euryalus," "there was not a movement that we did not communicate, till I thought that Blackwood who gave the orders, and Bruce our signal mid, and Soper our signalman, who executed them, must have died of it; and when we had brought the two fleets fairly together, we took our place between the two lines of lights, as a cab might in Regent Street, the watch was called, and Blackwood turned in quietly to wait for the morning."

commemorating as it did the gallant "Dardan Boy" of the days of old King Priam and the ten years' war of Troy:—

> "To watch the movements of the Daunian host,
> With him "Euryalus" sustains the post:
> No lovelier mien adorn'd the ranks of Troy,
> And beardless bloom yet graced the gallant boy;
> Though few the seasons of his youthful life,
> As yet a novice in the martial strife,
> 'Twas his, with beauty, valour's gifts to share,
> A soul heroic as his form was fair."

The parallel may be pressed yet closer home. No smarter or more handsome British frigate, perhaps, ever sailed the seas than Captain Blackwood's "flyer," the "Euryalus," now, too, with her first fight in front of her; nor was it long since that bright June Monday morning when the pride of Buckler's Hard slid down the ways to the sound of cheering and merry music into the placid waters of the Beaulieu River, carrying with her the best workmanship that old Henry Adams' Hampshire "maties" could put into the beautiful craft.

CHAPTER VI

NELSON IN SIGHT—MONDAY MORNING

ON the side of the Combined Fleet, the morning opened with the warning signal from the frigate "Hermione" at half-past six: "The enemy in sight to windward." Admiral Villeneuve replied by ordering the frigates to reconnoitre and report the enemy's numbers.

At seven o'clock the French admiral repeated his signals of the previous night: to form line of battle on the starboard tack, and "Branle-bas-de-combat!"—"Clear for action!" On that, we are told, the drums again struck up the *rappel* and beat the *Générale* throughout the fleet; the captains on board most of the ships, when all had been reported clear, going round the decks and through the batteries, each attended by his first lieutenant and suite, and preceded by the drums and fifes, to be enthusiastically greeted with shouts and cheers of "Vive l'Empereur!" "Vive l'Armée!" "Vive le Commandant!" The sight of the enemy, indeed, it is related, had a marvellous effect on the spirits of everybody throughout the

Combined Fleet. All the dull depression that had hung like a nightmare so heavily over almost everybody since the battle with Admiral Calder, cleared off and vanished. A marked exaltation of spirits took its place, with universal activity and eagerness to come to close quarters with the enemy.

They were, we know, equally jubilant in the British Fleet. One officer writes how "the joyful acclamations of the watch on deck . . . announced that we were near the enemy, who were in line under easy sail a few miles to leeward." "As the day dawned," says another, "the horizon appeared covered with ships. The whole force of the enemy was discovered standing to the southward, distant about nine miles, between us and the coast near Trafalgar. I was awakened by the cheers of the crew and by their rushing up the hatchways to get a glimpse of the hostile fleet. The delight manifested exceeded anything I ever witnessed; surpassing even those gratulations when our native cliffs are descried after a long period of distant service."

Between ten minutes and a quarter past seven the "Hermione" made her second signal: "'The enemy number twenty-seven sail of the line."

That was followed, at twenty minutes past seven, by an order from Admiral Villeneuve for the fleet

to close up to a cable's interval between ships. The Squadron of Observation were making every effort to get in station. The leading ship of all was now Admiral Gravina's flagship, the "Principe de Asturias."

Then, once more, Admiral Villeneuve changed his plans. At eight o'clock he ran up a signal for the whole fleet to go about, ship by ship, each wearing in her station. This would bring them in line on the port tack. In the very light breeze it was plainly impossible to reach the Straits of Gibraltar without a battle; and, as a matter of prudence, whichever way things might go, with stormy weather also approaching, Villeneuve considered it advisable to have Cadiz harbour under the lee for ships crippled in action to find a ready shelter.

Reversing the order of the fleet, however, proved hard work. What with the light wind and strong ground swell, the unskilfulness of some of the officers and want of sea-training among the men, it took over two hours before anything in the nature of a line could be re-formed. It was long past ten o'clock, indeed, before an order of battle had been arrived at, and then the new line was very irregular. Here there were clumps of ships crowded together two or three deep, and more or less abreast of one another; there, wide gaps with one or two ships straggling across. The whole array sagged away to leeward in the centre, in a deep curve or crescent formation.

A number of ships were out of station; either ahead or abreast of the consorts they should have been sailing close astern of. Between the "Neptuno," which now led the van, and the "Héros," there were nine ships crowded together; although five would, with ordinary intervals, have been quite sufficient to fill the space. The "Héros," "Santisima Trinidad," and "Bucentaure," which followed, were in their proper places and kept good station. The two next ships in order, the "Neptune" (French) and "San Leandro," were out of their places and to leeward. Then came the "Redoutable," which at the last pushed up on her own account to "second" the "Bucentaure." Again there was a gap; the "San Justo" and "Indomptable" were out of their places and to leeward. From the "Santa Ana" to the "Argonauta," the next four kept a good line. Then again, the "Montanez" and the "Argonauta" were out of station and to leeward. The five ships astern of all, if somewhat to leeward of their proper places, kept a fair line; except the "Achille;" which had got crowded quite out and sailed nearly abreast of the "San Ildefonso." Admiral Gravina, in his flagship the "Principe de Asturias," was in rear of all.

Now it was that a serious false move on the enemy's side was made. "The squadron of Gravina, which, as a squadron of observation,

ought to have kept its station to the windward of the line, where it would have covered the centre. Instead it moved to the rear to prolong the line, without having been signalled to do so."[1] Apparently Gravina had independent authority in some degree, as he acted on his own initiative. Also, he paid no heed, later in the morning, to a signal from Admiral Villeneuve desiring him to get into his allotted station. Says Flag-Captain Prigny in his official report, "At 11.30, the breeze being light, a signal was made to the Squadron of Observation (Gravina), which was then in the rear, and was bearing away to take station in the wake of the fleet, to keep its luff, in order to be able to proceed to reinforce the centre of the line against the attack of the enemy who was bearing down on it in two columns."

Gravina's move upset the Commander-in-Chief's plan of action, in which the presence of a compact and powerful force to windward of the general line at the outset, had been an essential feature. To that end some of the smartest ships in the Combined Fleet had been placed under Gravina's orders. It deprived Villeneuve of the means he had provided for making a counter move which might have, at least, made success more costly to the victors.

[1] Report of the Court of Inquiry on Admiral Dumanoir.

The frigates were to leeward, distributed along the line to repeat signals: the "Hortense," abreast of the "Bucentaure"; the "Thémis," abreast of Gravina; the "Rhin," abreast of the "Santa Ana"; and the "Corneille" and "Hermione," abreast respectively of Rear-Admirals Dumanoir and Magon.

This, from all accounts, was the order that the Combined Fleet had assumed, and in which it found itself when firing began. Little was left now, as will be seen, of the original "Line of Battle" that Admiral Villeneuve elaborated before he quitted Cadiz.

Ships.	Nationality.	Guns.
1. Neptuno	Spanish	80
2. Scipion	French	74
3. Intrépide	„	74
4. Formidable	„	80
5. Rayo	Spanish	100
6. Duguay-Trouin	French	74
7. Mont Blanc	„	74
8. San Francisco de Asis	Spanish	74
9. San Agustino	„	74
10. Héros	French	74
11. Santisima Trinidad	Spanish	130
12. Bucentaure	French	80
13. Neptune	„	80
14. Redoutable	„	74
15. San Leandro	Spanish	64
16. San Justo	„	74
17. Indomptable	French	80
18. Santa Ana	Spanish	112

Ships.	Nationality.	Guns.
19. Fougueux	French	74
20. Monarca	Spanish	74
21. Pluton	French	74
22. Algéçiras	„	74
23. Bahama	Spanish	74
24. Aigle	French	74
25. Swiftsure	„	74
26. Argonaute	„	74
27. Montanez	Spanish	74
28. Argonauta	„	80
29. Berwick	French	74
30. San Juan Nepomuceno	Spanish	74
31. San Ildefonso	„	74
32. Achille	French	74
33. Principe de Asturias	Spanish	112

Throughout the morning both Villeneuve and Gravina kept signalling incessantly to various ships to get into station, and in the result at the actual moment of opening fire things had improved somewhat. The van, by carrying more sail, had taken open order, and the ships elsewhere had distributed themselves somewhat more evenly; but the line was still far from being regularly formed. In the centre, there remained to the last a wide gap astern of the "Bucentaure"; some five of the ships that should have been between the flagship and the "Santa Ana" were out of station and to leeward.[1]

[1] An officer of one of Nelson's ships, the "Conqueror," gives us incidentally a clear view of the tactical disposition of the enemy's

Admiral Villeneuve, for his part, fully realized what Nelson's advance in two columns meant to a

fleet, as it appeared to lookers-on from the British side; suggesting at the same time how it came about.

"The Combined Fleet, after veering from the starboard to the larboard tack, gradually fell into the form of an irregular crescent, in which they remained to the moment of attack. Many have considered that the French Admiral intended this formation of the line of battle; but from the information I obtained after the action, connected with some documents found on board the 'Bucentaure,' I believe it was the intention to have formed a line ahead, consisting of twenty-one sail, the supposed force of the British Fleet; and a squadron of observation, composed of twelve sail of the line, under Admiral Gravina, intended to act according to circumstances after the British Fleet were engaged. By waring together, the enemy's line became inverted, and the light squadron, which had been advanced in the van on the starboard tack, was left in the rear after waring, and the ships were subsequently mingled with the rear of the main body. The wind being light, with a heavy swell, and the fleet lying with their main topsails to the mast, it was impossible for the ships to preserve their exact stations in the line, consequently scarce any ship was immediately ahead or astern of her second. The fleet had then the appearance, generally, of having formed in two lines, thus:—

so that the ships to leeward seemed to be opposite the space left between two in the weather-line. In the rear the line was in some places trebled. . . . All these positions I believe to have been merely accidental, and to accident alone I attribute the concave circle of the fleet, or crescent line of battle. The wind shifted to the westward as the morning advanced; and, of course, the enemy's ships came up with the wind, forming a bow-and-quarter line. The ships were therefore obliged to edge away to keep in the wake of their leaders, and this manœuvre, from the lightness of the wind, the unmanageable state of the ships in a heavy swell, and, we may add, the inexperience of the enemy, not being performed with facility and dexterity, undesignedly threw the combined fleets into a position perhaps the best that could have been planned had it been supported by the skilful manœuvring of individual ships and with efficient practice in gunnery."

fleet situated and arranged as his: but in the circumstances he could do little beyond awaiting attack. The French admiral, when a prisoner on board the "Euryalus" three or four days after the battle, said, in conversation with Captain Blackwood, "he never saw anything like the irresistible line of our ships. That of the 'Victory,' supported by the 'Neptune' and 'Téméraire,' was what he could not have formed any judgment of."[1]

The British Fleet came on, approximately in this order: advancing in two separate divisions, or columns, about a mile apart. They were heading: Nelson's column for about the tenth or twelfth ship from the van of the Combined Fleet; Collingwood's column almost directly for the centre.

WEATHER DIVISION.

Ships.	Guns.	Commanders.
Victory . . .	100	Vice-Admiral Lord Viscount Nelson. Captain T. M. Hardy.
Téméraire . .	98	Eliab Harvey.
Neptune[2] . .	98	T. F. Fremantle.
Leviathan . .	74	H. W. Bayntun.

[1] The French have ever since paid to Nelson's mode of attack at Trafalgar the highest tribute. "On y lit la défaite presque inévitable de toute flotte qui n'opposera a cette attaque d'un genre nouveau que les moyens de défense ordinaires. En considérant l'état de la science navale à cette époque, on ne peut guère s'empêcher de penser, avec les Anglais, que cette attaque était irrésistible."

[2] There were three "Neptunes" at Trafalgar: a British 98-gun ship, a French 80, and a Spanish 74, and their several fates exemplified the fortune of the day. The last was taken, the second fled, the first remained among the victors of the "stricken field"; bearing out, moreover, the point of the lines from Virgil that the master carver of Deptford Dockyard—so an old newspaper paragraph relates—

Names.	Guns.	Commanders.
Conqueror	74	Israel Pellew.
Britannia	100	Rear-Admiral the Earl of Northesk. Capt. Chas. Bullen.
Agamemnon	64	Sir Edward Berry.
Ajax	74	Lieut. J. Pilfold (acting).
Orion	74	Edw. Codrington.
Minotaur	74	C. J. M. Mansfield.
Spartiate	74	Sir F. Laforey, Bart.
Africa	64	Henry Digby.

LEE DIVISION.

Royal Sovereign	100	Vice-Admiral Collingwood. Capt. E. Rotherham.
Belleisle	74	William Hargood.
Mars	74	George Duff.
Tonnant	80	Charles Tyler.
Bellerophon	74	John Cooke.
Colossus	74	J. N. Morris.
Achille	74	Richard King.
Dreadnought	98	J. Conn.
Polyphemus	64	Robert Redmill.
Revenge	74	R. Moorsom.
Swiftsure	74	W. G. Rutherford.
Defiance	74	P. C. Durham.
Thunderer	74	Lieut. J. Stockham (acting).
Defence	74	George Hope.
Prince	98	R. Grindall.

cut beneath the effigy of the God of the Sea which the British "Neptune" at Trafalgar bore for figure-head :—

Non illi imperium pelagi, sævumque tridentem,
Sed mihi sorte datum.

The fate of the three "Neptunes" is also recorded in this verse from a letter written home after the battle by a sailor on board one of the British men-of-war :—

The British "Neptune," as of yore,
Proved master of the day ;
The Spanish "Neptune" is no more,
The French one ran away.

There were also two "Swiftsures" and two "Achilles" in the battle.

Position of the British Fleet at Daylight on the 21st of Oct.r 1805
2nd Position at 9 o'Clock.
3rd Position at 11 o'Clock at Noon
Defiance
Thunderer
Defence
Prince
Dreadnought
Swiftsure
Revenge
Polyphemus
Achille
Bellerophon
Tonnant
Hermione Frigate
Mars
Colossus
Bellisle
Victory of 104 Guns
Vice Ad.l Lord Nelson
Royal Sovereign
Vice Ad.l Collingwood
Euryalus Frigate
Sirius Frigate
Naiad Frigate
Africa
Public Schooners
Neptune
Temeraire
Leviathan
Britannia
A.J. Ad.l Northesk
Conqueror
Ajax
Agamemnon
Orion
Spartiate
Minotaur
Entreprenante Cutter
Phoebe Frigate
Swan
Sharpshooter
Argonaute
St Juan
Berwick
Lightning R.d Majestic
Achille
Bahama
Thunderer Frigate
Principe de Asturias Ad.l Gravina
Argus Brig
Commanded by Ad.l Gravina
Neptuno
Monarca
Indomitable
L'Aigle
Pluton Frigate
Mercure
Argonaute
Swiftsure
Intrepide
Scipion
Formidable
Indefatigable
Santa Ana
Bucentaure Ad.l Villeneuve
Neptune
Redoutable
Heros
Leander
Indomptable
Algeciras
Ecureuil
Observateur
Aigle
Hermione
Victoire
Fougueux
Monarca
Swan
St Ambrosio
Formidable
Ad.l Dumanoir
Neptuno
Santa Ana
Argonaute
Berwick
Bahama
Swallow
Pickle
Entreprenante
Conflict
Thunderer
Dispatch
Pylades
Redoubtable
Intrepide
Scipion
Fougueux
Victoire
Indefatigable
Mercure
Pluton
Indomptable
Algeciras
Ecureuil
Observateur
Aigle
Hermione

Ranged along the two lines, to repeat signals and assist crippled ships, were the British frigates and small craft.

Ships.	Guns.	Commanders.
Euryalus . .	36	Hon. H. Blackwood.
Sirius . . .	36	William Prowse.
Phœbe . .	36	Hon. T. B. Capel.
Naiad . .	38	T. Dundas.
Pickle . .	8	Lieut. J. R. Lapenotière.
Entreprenante .	12	Lieut. R. B. Young.

The van of Lord Nelson's line was the stronger of the two. It comprised the three three-deckers, "Victory," "Téméraire," and "Neptune"; with the old "Britannia," a first-rate, coming up a little astern of them. Collingwood, leading in the "Royal Sovereign," had only two-deckers at hand to support him; although the three first of these, the "Belleisle," "Mars," and "Tonnant" were exceptionally powerful ships. There were two three-deckers in the British lee column, the "Dreadnought" and the "Prince," both 98's; but both were some way back. The "Prince," indeed, was last ship of the whole fleet; at the extreme rear of Collingwood's line.

Nelson had designedly concentrated his heavier ships in the van of his own line, the better to assist Collingwood by threatening and holding the enemy's van in check and preventing it, when the British main attack was delivered by the lee line, from doubling back to reinforce the centre and rear.

A British officer, Midshipman Badcock, of the British "Neptune," afterwards wrote down his recollection of the scene as the fleets neared. "It was a beautiful sight," he says, "when their line was completed, their broadsides turned towards us, showing their iron teeth, and now and then trying the range of a shot to ascertain the distance, that they might, the moment we came within point blank (about six hundred yards), open their fire upon our van ships,—no doubt with the hope of dismasting some of our leading vessels before they could close and break their line. Some of the enemy's ships were painted like ourselves,—with double yellow sides, some with a broad single red or yellow streak, others all black, and the noble 'Santissima Trinidada' (138) with four distinct lines of red, with a white ribbon between them, made her seem to be a superb man-of-war, which, indeed, she was. Her appearance was imposing, her head splendidly ornamented with a colossal group of figures, painted white, representing the Holy Trinity from which she took her name." Vice-Admiral Alava's flagship, the three-decker "Santa Ana," had an immense effigy of the mother of the Virgin, garbed in red, for her figure-head. As a badge of her nationality, every French ship bore on her stern a lozenge-shaped escutcheon, painted in three horizontal bands of blue, white, and red. As in the British Fleet, so in the Combined Fleet, several of the

captains went into battle with extra colours lashed in the rigging, in addition to ship's ensign at the gaff. "Va de Bon Cœur" Cosmao of the "Pluton," and Valdez of the "Neptuno," had each, we are told, three colours flying.

Here is Admiral Villeneuve's account of events on that morning [*Compte Rendu:* Appendix B]:—

"We sighted the enemy, as soon as it was daylight, to the west, to the number of thirty-three sail in all, and about two leagues and a half off. Cape Trafalgar was made at the same time: —to the east-south-east, about four leagues off. I signalled to the frigates to reconnoitre the enemy and to the fleet to form line of battle on the starboard tack, officers in command leading their divisions. Admiral Gravina simultaneously signalled to the Squadron of Observation to take post in line at the head of the Combined Fleet. The wind was very light from the west, with a heavy swell on.

"The enemy's fleet, which was counted as twenty-seven ships of the line, seemed to be heading *en masse* for my rear squadron; with the double object, apparently, of engaging in greatly superior force and on cutting the Combined Fleet off from Cadiz. I therefore signalled for the fleet to wear all together, and form line of battle in the reverse order. My main idea was to secure the rear squadron from being overpowered by the enemy's

attack in force. Through this new disposition the third squadron, under Rear-Admiral Dumanoir, became the advance guard, with the Neptune, commanded by Don Gaetano Valdez, as squadron leader. I myself was in the centre of the fleet, in the Bucentaure, and Vice-Admiral Alava followed me with the second squadron. The Squadron of Observation, under the orders of Admiral Gravina, formed the rear guard, with, as second-in-command, Rear-Admiral Magon in the Algéçiras.

"The enemy continued to steer for us under all sail, and at nine o'clock I was able to make out that their fleet was formed in two columns, of which one was heading directly for my flagship and the other towards the rear of the Combined Fleet. The wind was very light, the sea with a swell on, owing to which our formation in line was rendered very difficult to effect; but in the circumstances, considering the nature of the attack that I foresaw the enemy were about to make, the irregularity of our order did not seem a disadvantage, if each ship could have continued to keep to the wind, and close upon the ship next ahead. ["Notre formation s'effectuait avec beaucoup de peine; mais dans le genre d'attaque que je prévoyais que l'ennemi allait nous faire, cette irrégularité même dans notre ligne ne me paraissait pas un inconvénient."]

"I made a signal to the leading ships to keep as close as possible to the wind and to make all

sail possible. At eleven o'clock I signalled to the rear squadron to keep closer to the wind and support the centre, which appeared to be the point on which the enemy now appeared to be directing his main attack. The enemy meanwhile came steadily on, though the wind was very light. They had their most powerful ships at the head of the columns. That to the north had four three-deckers."

We have also this from the report on the doings of his ship at Trafalgar forwarded by Captain Lucas of the "Redoutable" to the Ministry of Marine:—

"On the 29th Vendémiaire, at daybreak, the enemy were sighted to windward; that is to the west-south-west or south-west. The wind was very light and there was still a heavy sea running. The Combined Fleet was spread out from south-east to north-west; the ships being much scattered, and not forming any apparent order. The enemy also were not in any order, but their ships were fast manœuvring to close. Their force was now reconnoitred and reported exactly. It comprised twenty-seven sail of the line, of which seven were three-deckers, besides four frigates and a schooner.

"About seven in the morning the admiral again signalled for the whole fleet to form in line of battle 'dans l'ordre naturel'; flag-officers at the head of their divisions, on the starboard tack. I

After the painting by T. Whitcombe]

Nelson

Collingwood

OPENING OF THE ATTACK AT TRAFALGAR

To face p. 112

then left the place I had been in for the latter part of the night and put about to rejoin the chief and take post in the station assigned me in the line of battle. I was, though, some distance from it, and it was half-past eight before I succeeded in placing my ship in her station.

"By nine o'clock the enemy had formed up in two columns (*pelotons*). They were under all sail—they even had studding sails out—and heading directly for our fleet, before a light breeze from the west-south-west. Admiral Villeneuve, being of the opinion, apparently, that they were intending to make an attack on our rear, tacked the fleet all together. In this new order the Redoutable's place was third ship astern of the flagship Bucentaure. I at once made every effort to take station in the wake of the flagship, leaving between her and myself the space necessary for my two immediate leaders. One of them was not very far out of its station, but the other showed no signs of trying to take post. That ship was at some distance to leeward of the line, which was now beginning to form ahead of the admiral.

"Towards eleven o'clock the two columns of the enemy were drawing near us. One was led by a three-decker, the Royal Sovereign, and headed towards our present rear squadron. The other, led by the Victory and the Téméraire, was manœuvring as if to attack our centre, the *Corps de bataille*."

CHAPTER VII

THE EAGLE OF THE "BUCENTAURE"

AT half-past eleven Admiral Villeneuve ran up the general signal, "No. 242:—Open Fire!" Three-quarters of an hour later, the "Bucentaure" hoisted at the fore yet another signal, reiterating, in effect, what Villeneuve had enjoined on his captains at Cadiz:—"Tout capitaine qui n'est pas dans le feu n'est pas à son poste!"

As the first shot went off—it was fired by the "Fougueux" (next astern of the "Santa Ana") and aimed at the "Royal Sovereign," then a little more than a quarter of a mile distant, the Combined Fleet hoisted their colours in unison—"the drums and fifes playing and the soldiers presenting arms." Every Spanish ship, in addition, showed a large wooden cross, swung from the boom-end over the taffrail. The crosses had been solemnly blessed by the various *padres*, or chaplains, on board ship, and were meant as "fetiças" to ward off disaster from the vessels.

"At a quarter past eleven," says the captain of the Redoutable (whose watch seems to have

been slow), "the ships of our rear division began firing on the Royal Sovereign. That ship in reply fired at us also, but from too far off, and I did not fire back. I was all the time following in the wake of the commander-in-chief, but there was still a wide gap between him and myself which had not been filled by the two ships that ought to have been ahead of me. One of the two was now too far to leeward to be able to take her post. The other, which, I have already said, was not far off and was coming up, turned aside to fire at the Royal Sovereign, which had come nearly within half gun-shot range of her. The column led by Admiral Nelson was nearing our *Corps de bataille*, and the two three-deckers that headed the British were manœuvring with the evident intention of isolating and doubling on the French admiral's flagship.

"One of the two was making to pass close astern of the Bucentaure. I soon saw that, and being now convinced that my two immediate leaders were not going to take up their allotted posts, I pushed on ahead and closed on the flagship, so as, in effect, to keep the Redoutable's bowsprit almost touching the taffrail of the Bucentaure. I made up my mind to sacrifice my ship, if necessary, in defence of the flagship. So also I told my officers and men, who answered me with shouts and cheers, repeated over and over again. 'Vive l'Empereur!' 'Vive l'Amiral!' 'Vive le Commandant!' Preceded by the drums and fifes, I then

went, accompanied by the officers of my personal suite, round the decks and batteries throughout the ship. Everywhere I found my brave fellows burning with impatience to begin. Many, as I passed along called out to me: 'Commandant, n'oubliez pas l'abordage!' ('Captain, don't forget to board!')"

A French admiral (Jurien de la Gravière) is responsible for the following extraordinary story of Admiral Villeneuve on board the "Bucentaure" at the outset of the battle. Describing the grouping of the French and Spanish ships round the admiral at the moment that Nelson was nearing the line, he says—

"The Redoutable's bowsprit had touched several times the taffrail of the Bucentaure, so close was she. The Santisima Trinidad was almost lying to, just ahead of the Bucentaure. The Neptune was closed up near by to leeward, A collision (with the Victory as she came on) appeared inevitable. At that moment Villeneuve seized the eagle of his ship[1] and displayed it to the sailors who surrounded him. 'My friends,' he called out, 'I am going to throw this on board the English ship. We will go and fetch it back or die!'

[1] "Tous les vaisseaux," says M. Brun in his "Guerres Maritimes de France," "étaient gratifiés d'une aigle et d'un drapeau à leur nom, donnés par l'Empereur à son couronnement, ou avaient assisté et prête serment des deputations du port et de l'armée navale : chaque vaisseau avait envoyé sa deputation, composée de trois officiers, trois officiers mariniers et quatre gabiers ou matelots." Although what became of

('Mes amis, je vais la jeter à bord du vaisseau anglais. Nous irons la reprendre ou mourir!') Our seamen responded to these noble words by their acclamations.

"Full of hope for the issue of a combat fought hand to hand, Villeneuve, before the smoke of battle blotted out the Bucentaure from the view of the fleet, made a last signal to his ships. 'Every ship,' he signalled, 'which is not in action is not at its post, and must take station to bring herself as speedily as possible under fire.' ('Tout vaisseau qui ne combat point, n'est pas a son poste, et doit prendre une position quelconque le reporte le plus promptement au feu.') His *rôle* of admiral was finished. It only remained for him to show himself personally the bravest of his captains."

the Eagle of the "Bucentaure" is unknown, and no eagle belonging to a ship of war was ever taken by us, one is still in existence. It is in the Museo Naval at Madrid, and belonged to the "Atlas," a French 74 left by Villeneuve at Ferrol. It was captured in 1808 when Spain rose against Napoleon and seized all the French men-of-war then sheltering in Spanish ports.

CHAPTER VIII

HOW THE BATTLE SHAPED ITSELF

THE general course of events at Trafalgar makes up a tale that is common knowledge. There is no need to do more than outline here how things shaped themselves.

The long straggling array of the Combined Fleet—extending, when the battle opened, over five miles of sea from end to end—broke up, before the close of the first hour's fighting, into three separate clusters or groups of ships.

The largest group of the three comprised the flagship "Santa Ana" and most of the ships astern of the point at which Collingwood broke through, away to Gravina in the "Principe," the rearmost ship of all. They were attacked at several points almost simultaneously; the ships of Collingwood's division for the most part heading for them *en échelon*, or slantwise, "in line of bearing." Gravina's blunder earlier in the day in quitting his station to windward and tailing on the Squadron of Observation in wake of the battle squadron, made things easier for some of Colling-

wood's ships than perhaps they might have been. As has been said, it deprived Admiral Villeneuve of the mobile division that he had proposed to keep as an emergency force, or for a counter stroke.

A considerable gap separated the "Santa Ana" from the centre group to northward, the ships next ahead of Alava. There, a small body of ships were fighting at bay, outnumbered and isolated from the rest of the Combined Fleet. The "Bucentaure" herself, and the "Santisima Trinidad," were among them, with the "Redoutable," the French "Neptune," and the "Fougueux," which moved up from the rear group to join them some little time after the battle had begun. Cut off from their consorts on either hand, and roughly handled by the leading ships of Nelson's column, as these, coming up close astern of one another, attacked them in succession, the fate of the centre group was only a question of time. The van squadron, meanwhile, had made no sign at all of coming round to the rescue of their sorely pressed admiral.

The ten ships of Admiral Dumanoir's division were still standing stolidly ahead, having as yet hardly fired a shot. Nearly three-quarters of a mile of clear sea separated the rearmost ship of these, the "Héros," from the stubbornly resisting "Santisima Trinidad" and "Bucentaure." Heading slowly northward, Admiral Dumanoir's group

drew away farther and farther, and increased the gap, ignoring the signal to turn back that the "Bucentaure" made as the battle was opening, and the frigate "Hermione" repeated on Admiral Villeneuve's behalf.

What that inaction meant, and its result, has been set forth with admirable lucidity by a French officer of the present time, the most distinguished French naval historian of our day.

"At 12.10 p.m.," says Captain Chevalier "the Royal Sovereign passed through the line astern of the Santa Ana. A little later the Bucentaure and the Santisima Trinidad opened fire on the Victory. At that time it was impossible to be under any misapprehension concerning the mode of attack adopted by the enemy. At 12.30, just as the Victory passed astern of the Bucentaure, Admiral Villeneuve ordered every ship which was not engaged to get into action. It must be supposed that Admiral Dumanoir Le Pelley did not consider this signal to be addressed to the ships he commanded, as he made no movement in response. Admiral Villeneuve, however, took no notice of his inaction. By not making a fresh signal, directing the van to get into action instantly, Admiral Villeneuve appeared to approve of the conduct of his subordinate. At the same time the rear-admiral, by intimating at one o'clock that the van had no opponents to engage, plainly showed that

he had no intention of taking the initiative in any step that might alter the original disposition of the fleet. Instead of acting on his own account, he asked for orders. Vice-Admiral Villeneuve did not give him any: or rather, he gave them too late. It was not until 1.50 that the Bucentaure signalled to the van to go about and get into action.[1] By that time the centre was no longer able to offer any serious resistance to the enemy. It was, therefore, quite too late.

"This, of course, does not exculpate Admiral Dumanoir. On the contrary, one has to look the more closely into the nature of the responsibility which rested on him. What, in fact, is to be said of the behaviour of the leader of the van who, when the fate of the action was hanging in the balance, waited so long for orders to do what he knew was a matter of urgency? Those orders also he himself asked for. Rear-Admiral Dumanoir, undoubtedly, committed a serious error in not leading the division he commanded, on his own responsibility, to the assistance of the Bucentaure, as soon as that ship was seen to be surrounded.

"It would seem as if a fatality clung to the movements of our van. When, after having been

[1] "L'armée navale Française, combattant au vent ou sous le vent, ordre aux vaisseaux, qui, par leur position actuelle ne combattent pas, d'en prendre une quelconque, qui les reporte le plus promptement au feu."

too long inactive, it did turn towards the scene of the fighting, it split up. As a compact force, it might have done something; as a divided one, it actually invited the blows of the foe. If Rear-Admiral Dumanoir had been followed by the whole of the van squadron, it is quite conceivable that he might have fallen upon the ships which surrounded the Bucentaure and the Santisima Trinidad. Ten ships which had as yet been scarcely engaged, suddenly coming on the scene at the centre of action, if they could not, perhaps, have changed the issue of the day, must certainly have inflicted severe losses on the enemy; yet, as a fact, we lost the San Agustin, the Neptuno, and the Intrépide, as one result of the move. Also, these three ships were captured separately. The two last-named covered themselves with glory, no doubt, but it is to be regretted all the more that gallant officers like Captains Valdez and Infernet did not understand the necessity for the ships of the van to keep together. Such a result could only have been secured by following Rear-Admiral Dumanoir.

"'I had good right,' wrote the commander of the van division, 'to complain in my despatch of having been followed in the Formidable by three ships only. The Intrépide, while putting about in answer to the signal, fell on board the Mont Blanc, and tore out that ship's foremast. She then, together with four other ships, kept away, running

with the wind on the quarter to join the vessels of the Combined Fleet to leeward; but, as she sailed very badly, it was not long before she was overhauled by the enemy, after which she made that splendid defence of which Captain Infernet is entitled to feel proud. As for the Neptuno, Captain Valdez, she was the leading ship of the fleet, and was to windward. After having put about, she remained to windward; kept away; came to the wind again; manœuvring throughout with the greatest lack of decision. Finally, but very late in the day, she made up her mind to follow me. I was well past the Admiral (the Bucentaure) when she fell into my wake. Up to that moment she had kept her luff, having never drawn as close to the enemy as we did.' With only four ships," says Captain Chevalier, "Dumanoir did not dare to bear up towards the foe."

He turned away and stood off to the westward, between four and five in the afternoon; about the same time that Gravina, having rallied what other ships were left fighting here and there, eleven in all, also quitted the scene of battle, making for Cadiz.

Once battle was joined, every British ship as she came up closed the first of the enemy she came across and engaged yard-arm to yard-arm, to fight it out "entouré de feu et de fumée." The ships of Nelson's own column, for the most part follow-

ing in the track of the "Victory" at the outset, found their work to hand in dealing with the "Bucentaure" and "Santisima Trinidad" and certain other ships in that quarter. After that they moved northward and brought to action the ships of the van division of the Combined Fleet which first turned back into the battle. Collingwood's ships, attacking more or less in a slantwise formation, broke through the straggling centre and rear divisions of the Combined Fleet, to all intents simultaneously. [See the Captain of the Bucentaure's plan of the attack: Appendix C.] The majority attacked the first of the enemy that they came alongside, and after a brisk set-to, ship to ship, passed on, leaving consorts near by or astern to continue the fighting. In this way most of the ships of the Combined Fleet found themselves either beset by an overpowering force from the first, or faced in rapid succession by a series of antagonists, with equally disastrous results.

"The mode of attack adopted with such success in the Trafalgar action," wrote a British officer who saw the battle from the quarter-deck of the "Conqueror," "appears to me to have succeeded from the enthusiasm inspired throughout the British Fleet; from their being commanded by their beloved Nelson; from the gallant conduct of the leaders of the two divisions; from the individual exertions of each ship after the attack commenced, and the superior practice of the guns in

the English Fleet. It was successful also from the consternation spread through the combined fleet on finding the British so much stronger than was expected; from the astonishing and rapid destruction which followed the attack of the leaders, witnessed by the whole of the hostile fleets, inspiring the one and dispiriting the other, and from the loss of the Admiral's ship early in the action."

Said a Spanish letter from the Combined Fleet

SPANISH PLANS OF THE OPENING ATTACK AT TRAFALGAR AND AFTER-DEVELOPMENT OF THE BATTLE

From a contemporary MS. official report, among the Egerton Papers at the British Museum

as to the trend of events after the opening attacks by the "Royal Sovereign" and the "Victory": "The other Ships of both the Enemy's Columns kept deploying upon the Combined Fleet, whose line was broken by the dismasting of some Vessels, the flight and the shipwreck of others; so that the Action was no longer a general one, but a succession of single fights."[1]

[1] Egerton MSS. 382, f. 23. Translated in Sir N. H. Nicolas' "Despatches and Letters of Lord Nelson," vol. VII, p. 288.

This time-table shows approximately how the fortune of the day went from hour to hour on the side of the Combined Fleet. As will be seen, the battle had been practically decided by a little after three o'clock.

12.10. "Fougueux" fired first shot.
12.20. Collingwood broke the enemy's line.
12.40. Nelson broke through.
1.20. Nelson wounded.
1.30. "Redoutable" surrendered.
1.50. "Fougueux" boarded and taken.

Between 2 and 3 o'clock the following ships struck their colours;—

"Bucentaure" (Admiral Villeneuve's flagship).
"Santa Ana" (Admiral Alava's flagship).
"Santisima Trinidad" (Rear-Admiral Cisneros).
"Algéçiras" (Rear-Admiral Magon's flagship—boarded and taken).
"San Juan Nepomuceno" (Commodore Churruca).
"Bahama" (Commodore Galiano).
"Monarca."
"Aigle."
Fr. "Swiftsure."

Thus within three hours of Collingwood's opening of the attack, eleven of the enemy out of thirty-three had surrendered—a third of the Combined Fleet.

Between 3.15 and 4.30 these surrendered :—

" Argonauta."
" San Agustin."
" San Ildefonso."
" Berwick."
" Achille " was on fire and had ceased resistance.

Before 4.30, when Nelson died, eleven of the enemy had run out of the battle and were in full flight for Cadiz under Admiral Gravina. Four others, under Rear-Admiral Dumanoir, were out of range and standing to westward to escape.

At five o'clock, or a few minutes afterwards, the last two of the enemy to make a stand, surrendered.

" Intrépide " (Captain Infernet).
" Neptuno " (Commodore Valdez).

What happened on board individual ships on the enemy's side, as related by some of those who went through the day at Trafalgar ; how most of them faced their fate gallantly for the honour of their flag, and yielded only when further resistance was hopeless : is now to be told.

CHAPTER IX

VILLENEUVE'S TRAFALGAR DESPATCH

ADMIRAL VILLENEUVE'S Trafalgar despatch to the Minister of Marine in Paris was written while the French Commander-in-Chief was a prisoner of war on board the British frigate "Euryalus," on the 15th of November. It was forwarded after his arrival in England.

An expression of extreme regret at the position in which the French admiral found himself opens the narrative. Then, after outlining the events of Sunday the 30th of October, after the Combined Fleet was at sea, and the earlier events of Monday morning, it proceeds to relate what happened during the battle within Admiral Villeneuve's personal knowledge. [The text of Villeneuve's "*Compte Rendu*" forms Appendix B.]

"At midday I signalled to the fleet to begin firing as soon as the enemy was within range and at a quarter past twelve the opening shots were fired by the Fougueux and the Santa Ana—at the Royal Sovereign, which led the enemy's starboard column, with the flag of Admiral Collingwood. The firing broke off for a brief interval,

after which it reopened fiercely from all the ships within range. It could not, however, prevent the enemy from breaking the line astern of the Santa Ana.

"The port column, led by the Victory, with the flag of Admiral Nelson, came on in much the same way. She appeared as if she was aiming to break the line between the Santisima Trinidad and the bows of the Bucentaure. Whether, however, they found our line too well closed up at that point, or from some other reason, when they were almost within half pistol-shot—while we, for our part, prepared to board and had our grappling-irons ready for throwing—they swung off to starboard and passed astern of the Bucentaure. The Redoutable had the station of the Neptune, which had fallen to leeward, and she heroically fulfilled the duties of the second astern to the flagship. She ran on board the Victory, but the lightness of the wind had not prevented the Victory passing close under the stern of the Bucentaure and firing into us as she passed several treble-shotted broadsides, with effects that were murderous and destructive.[1] At that moment I made the signal, 'All ships not engaged owing to their stations, are to get into action as soon as possible!' It was

[1] "It was Lord Nelson's intention," says a letter from the British Fleet, "to have begun the action by passing ahead of the Bucentaure (Villeneuve's ship), that the Victory might be ahead of her and astern of the Santissima Trinidada. But the Bucentaure shooting ahead, his lordship was obliged to go under her stern, raked her, and luffed up

impossible for me to see how things were going in the centre and rear of the fleet because of the dense smoke which enveloped us.

"To the Victory succeeded two others of the enemy, three-deckers, and several seventy-fours. These one after the other came up and filed by, slowly past the stern of the Bucentaure. I had just made the signal to the van to put about when the main and mizen masts both came down. The English ships which had passed through astern of us were attacking us from leeward, but, unfortunately, without suffering any serious loss in return from our batteries. The greater part of our guns were already dismounted and others were disabled or masked by the fall of the masts and rigging. Now, for one moment, the smoke-fog cleared and I saw that all the centre and rear had given way. I found, also, that my flagship was the most to windward of all. Our foremast was still standing, however. It offered a means for our making sail to get to leeward to join a group of ships at a little distance which did not seem much damaged: but immediately afterwards the foremast came down like the others. I had had my barge kept ready, so that in the event of the Bucentaure being dismasted, I might be able to

on her starboard side. The Bucentaure fired four broadsides at the Victory before his lordship ordered the ports to be opened, when the whole broadside, which was double-shotted, was fired into her, and the discharge made such a tremendous crash that the Bucentaure was seen to heel."

go on board some other ship, and rehoist my flag there. When the mainmast came down I gave orders for it to be cleared for launching, but it was found to be unserviceable, damaged irreparably, either from shot or crushed in the fall of the masts.[1] Then I had the Santisima Trinidad hailed—she was just ahead of us—and asked them either to send a boat or take us in tow. But there was no answer to the hail. The Trinidad at that moment was hotly engaged. A three-decker was attacking her on the quarter astern, and another enemy was on the beam to leeward. Being now without any means of repelling my antagonists, the whole of the upper deck and the twenty-four-pounder batteries on the main deck having had to be abandoned, heaped up with dead and wounded, with the ship isolated in the midst of the enemy and unable to move, I had to yield to my destiny. It remained only to stop further bloodshed. That, already immense, could only have been in vain.[2]

[1] "The admiral," said Flag-Captain Prigny, in his official report to Decrès, "on being told that the boat he had had prepared to take him in case of emergency to another ship, had been crushed under the wreckage, complained bitterly that Fate had spared his life; that amid the slaughter all round there seemed not to be one bullet for him." Says a British naval officer of the day: "Villeneuve's conduct in this action . . . has been acknowledged by all present to have been that of a distinguished sea officer; and the state of the 'Bucentaure' showed that he had no consideration for his own person." (Captain Brenton: "Naval History," vol. II, p. 73.)

[2] Captain Magendie of the "Bucentaure" states, in an official report to the Minister of Marine, that all the men at the upper-deck guns were either killed or wounded; the 24-pounder battery was

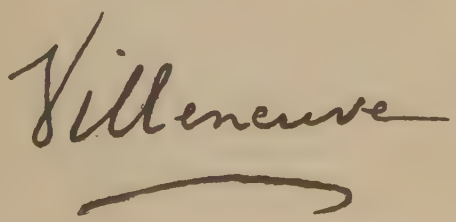
"All the fleet astern of the Bucentaure was, as I have said, broken up. Many ships were dismasted; others were still fighting, in retreat towards a body of ships to the east. Some of Rear-Admiral Dumanoir's squadron attempted to rally on the vessels to leeward, while five others kept to windward and exchanged shots with the enemy in passing, but only at long range. The rearmost of the five, I believe the Neptuno, a Spanish ship, which was a little to leeward of the others, had to surrender.

"From the nature of the attack that the enemy delivered there could not help resulting a *pêle-mêle* battle, and the series of ship-to-ship actions that ensued were fought out with the most noble devotion. The enemy had the advantage of us, owing to his powerful ships, seven of which were three-deckers, the smallest mounting 114 guns (*sic*), in weight of metal of his heavy guns and carronades; and in the smartness with which his ships were handled, due to three years' experience at sea—a form of training which, of course, had been impossible for the Combined Fleet. The courage and the devotion to France and the Emperor, shown by the officers and men, could not be surpassed. It had evinced itself on our first putting to sea,

"entirely dismounted and heaped up with dead and wounded." The whole starboard side of the ship on the upper deck was, he said, "blocked with wreckage from aloft so that it was impossible to fire again." Surrender, Magendie said, was imperative, to avoid the useless sacrifice of the survivors. [Report to Decrès 5e Brum. An 14.]

and also in preparing for battle, by the cheers and shouts of 'Vive l'Empereur!' with which the flagship's signals were received. I did not see a single man blench at the sight of the enemy's formidable column of attack, headed by four three-deckers, which came down on the Bucentaure.

"I have no doubt, Monseigneur, that you have already received accounts of the instances of valour and devotion that were displayed elsewhere, from other officers who have found themselves in a position to forward them. So much courage and devotion merited a better fate, but the moment has not yet come for France to celebrate successes on sea as she has been able to do with regard to her victories on the Continent. As for myself, Monseigneur, overwhelmed by the extent of my misfortune and the responsibility for so great a disaster, I desire only, and as soon as possible, to offer at the feet of His Majesty either the justification of my conduct, or a victim to be sacrificed, not to the honour of the flag, which I venture to affirm has remained intact, but to the shades of those who may have perished through my imprudence, want of caution, or forgetfulness of certain of my duties."



Admiral Villeneuve added in a postscript that he, with Captain Magendie, Adjutant-Commandant Contamine, a lieutenant and a midshipman A.D.C., were the officers on board the "Euryalus." Captain Magendie, Chef d'Etat-Major (Flag-Captain) Prigny, and two lieutenants of the "Bucentaure," he added, were wounded. Almost every officer and man, indeed, on the quarter-deck of the "Bucentaure," said Villeneuve, had been either killed or wounded.

It may be noted that Admiral Villeneuve did not mention the fact that he himself had been wounded. It was not serious, but he said nothing about it, and it is not noted in the "Bucentaure's" official list of casualties. The flagship's total casualty list was two hundred and nine of all ranks and ratings *hors de combat* (a hundred and thirty-eight killed), a heavier loss than any of the British ships experienced.[1]

Major-General de Contamine, "Commandant en Chef par interim," as he describes himself, adds these details, in the course of his military report to Napoleon, as to the soldiers on board the fleet:—

"It was impossible to meet the Victory as she came on with our broadside, because the Santisima Trinidad, which in the light breeze would not answer her helm, was to leeward of us, almost

[1] For the position of the "Bucentaure" at various stages of the battle up to the moment of surrender, see Captain Magendie's four plans (Appendix C).

touching us. Indeed we received several broadsides from the enemy without power of reply.

"The Victory, Téméraire, and Neptune, three-deckers, took post, one on our quarter, and the other two astern. They fired into us for nearly two hours at half pistol-shot. By 3 o'clock the Bucentaure had received the fire of 11 English ships, most of which passed by and raked us ahead and astern. The ship was dismasted, 'ras comme un ponton,' and the masts and sails fell over to starboard, blocking up the batteries and rendering it impossible to fire at a single point. Indeed it was impossible to move. The 24-pounder battery was left without a man at the guns; only nine men were left on the forecastle and the poop. With about 400 killed and wounded, beyond reach of assistance or rescue, surrounded by the enemy, the admiral had to order the flag to be lowered."

General De Contamine concludes his report with these words: "Je crois pouvoir dire que le combat du cap Trafalgar doit être regardé comme celui qui (abstraction faite des malheurs purement accidentels qui en sont résultés) fait le plus d'honneur à la marine Française et Espagnole, et montre ce que la première fera un jour."[1]

[1] An interesting report of the doings and fate of the "Bucentaure," dated Cadiz, 24th November, 1805, by Lieutenant de vaisseau Fournier of the "Bucentaure" (an ancestor of the present Admiral-in-Chief of the French Navy), is in existence among the archives of the Ministry of Marine in Paris. [Vol. BB^4 237, fol. 12.]

CHAPTER X

FINAL SCENES ON BOARD THE "BUCENTAURE"

AN officer on board the "Bucentaure" describes how Admiral Villeneuve tried to get away and failed, and then had to order his flag to be hauled down in surrender.

"By now the upper decks and gangways of the Bucentaure, heaped with dead and the wreckage from overhead, presented an appalling spectacle. All this time, amid all this scene of disaster, Admiral Villeneuve, who from the first had displayed the calmest courage, continued tranquilly pacing up and down the quarter-deck. At length he saw his ship totally dismasted, and no hope of succour coming from any quarter. With bitter sorrow he exclaimed, 'The Bucentaure has played her part; mine is not yet over.'" ['Le Bucentaure a rempli sa tâche; la mienne n'est pas encore achevée.'] He gave orders for his boat to be got ready at once to take him with his flag on board one of the ships of the van squadron. He still cherished the hope that he might be able, with the ten fresh ships of the van, to make a supreme effort, and even yet snatch victory from the enemy.

But the unfortunate admiral's illusion did not last long. Word was soon brought him that his barge, which before the battle had been got ready against this very possibility, had early in the action had several holes made in it by the enemy's shot; and, as a *finale*, had been crushed to pieces under a mass of fallen spars and rigging. Every single one of the ship's other boats had also been destroyed. On that they hailed from the Bucentaure across to the Santisima Trinidad for them to send a boat, but no reply was made and no boat was sent. Bitterly did Admiral Villeneuve realize his desperate position, and the hard fate that was in store for him! He saw himself imprisoned on board a ship that was unable to defend herself, and this too, while great part of his fleet was in action and fighting hard. He cursed the destiny that had spared him in the midst of all the slaughter round about. Compelled by force of circumstances to think no more about his fleet, he had now only to think of the ship he was in. All he could do now was to see after the lives of the handful of brave men left fighting with him. Humanity forbade him to allow them to be shot down without means of defending themselves. Villeneuve looked away and allowed the captain of the Bucentaure to lower the colours."

No attempt was made by the "Bucentaure's" "repeating frigate," whose duty it was to assist the flagship in case of need, to go to the rescue

of her chief and at least attempt to take the "Bucentaure" in tow. "Now it was for one or other of the French frigates to have risked the perils of the battle and stood in to carry a tow rope to the Bucentaure, in pursuance of the honourable duty that the admiral expected of his frigates. In particular was this the duty of the captain of the frigate Hortense, the flag-ship's own 'repeating frigate.' It is hard to think that the captain of the Hortense—although he had already shown an excessive prudence—had not the courage to attempt the relief of his admiral: one must look for some other motive. The Hortense, with the other frigates, had committed the blunder of posting themselves too far off from the fighting line, and it may have been that seeing it was practically impossible, in the very light breeze, for the Hortense to get up with the admiral, the captain of the Hortense did not attempt to do so. Impossible, however, if the task was, the captain of the Hortense should at least have tried."

So one of the officers on board the "Bucentaure" said. On the other hand, the frigates were away to leeward, and all the smoke from the firing line rolled heavily down on them, blotting out all view of the battle. "A une heure," reported Captain Jugan, of the "Hermione," "le combat étant devenu général, j'ai perdu de vue dans la fumée tout ce qui s'y est passé." And, as he adds, he never got

another clear view of the battle to the end; only an occasional glimpse in a rift in the smoke of one or two ships here and there.

The French flagship hauled down her colours to a British 74, named, by something of a coincidence, the "Conqueror." According to an account from that ship, the "Bucentaure" had then her masts standing. A young officer of that ship, Midshipman William Hicks, describing in a letter home the incidents of the closing scene, as witnessed from the "Conqueror's" quarter-deck, adds these details. He was one of Captain Pellew's aides-de-camp, and presumably in an excellent position to observe what passed. "We engaged her single-handed for an hour, and she struck to us; after her colours were hauled down two guns from her starboard quarter began to play on us. Sir Israel Pellew, thinking that they were disposed to renew the fight, ordered the guns which could bear on her foremast to knock it away, and her masts were cut away successfully in a few minutes. The officers of the French ship waving their handkerchiefs in sign of surrender, we sent a cutter and took possession of the Bucentaure. Then we moved on."

The "Conqueror's" log records the surrender in these words: "At 2, shot away the Bucentaure's main and mizen masts. . . . Shot away the Bucentaure's foremast. At 2.5, the Bucentaure struck. Sent a boat on board her to take possession."

An officer of the "Britannia" (Second Lieutenant L. B. Halloran, Royal Marines) also claims for his ship the credit of having made the "Bucentaure" surrender. "In passing we poured a most destructive fire (the guns being double-shotted) into the Bucentaur, which ship had already received the first fire of the Victory and Neptune. Her masts were at once swept away, and her galleries and stern broken to pieces; her colours being shot away, someone waved a white handkerchief from the remains of the larboard gallery in token of surrender."

The "Conqueror's" right to the honour of the capture is, however, beyond dispute, and her cutter was sent off to take possession of the prize, and did so. The officer deputed by Captain Pellew to receive the surrender, carried out his instructions in circumstances that proved intensely dramatic.

At the moment of the "Bucentaure's" submission, Captain Pellew, as it happened, was unable to spare Lieutenant Couch, his first lieutenant, to whom, in ordinary circumstances, the duty of boarding the prize would have fallen. Being unaware, owing to the absence of Villeneuve's flag from the "Bucentaure's" masthead, that the enemy's Commander-in-Chief had surrendered to him, he told off Captain James Atcherley, of the "Conqueror's" marines, to go in the first lieutenant's place and take possession of the vessel, whose name also, it would seem, they did not

know. Captain Atcherley went off with two seamen and a corporal and two marines. He was pulled alongside and clambered on board the big two-decker, little dreaming whom he was going to meet, and the reception in store for him. This is what then took place.

As Atcherley gained the "Bucentaure's" upper deck and the British officer's red coat showed itself on the quarter-deck of the French flagship, four French officers of rank stepped forward, all bowing and presenting their swords. One was a tall, thin man of about forty-two, in a French admiral's full dress. It was Villeneuve himself. The second was a French captain—Captain Magendie, in command of the "Bucentaure." The third was Flag-Captain Prigny, Villeneuve's right-hand man. The fourth was a soldier, in the brilliant uniform—somewhat begrimed by powder-smoke—of a brigadier of the Grand Army, General de Contamine, the officer in charge of the four thousand troops serving on board the French Fleet that day.

"To whom," asked Admiral Villeneuve, in good English, "have I the honour of surrendering?"

"To Captain Pellew of the Conqueror."

"I am glad to have struck to the fortunate Sir Edward Pellew."

"It is his brother, sir," said Captain Atcherley.

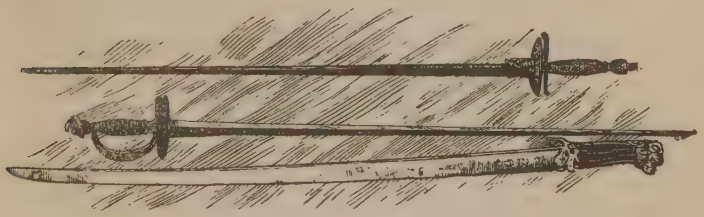
"His brother! What! are there two of them? Hélas!"

"Fortune de la guerre," said Captain Magendie with a shrug of his wide shoulders as he became a prisoner of war to the British Navy for the third time in his life. Prigny and de Contamine said nothing, as far as we know.

Captain Atcherley politely suggested that the swords of such high officers had better be handed to an officer of superior rank to himself—to Captain Pellew. He then went below to secure the magazines, passing between decks amid an awful scene of carnage and destruction. "The dead, thrown back as they fell, lay along the middle of the decks in heaps, and the shot, passing through these, had frightfully mangled the bodies. . . . More than four hundred had been killed and wounded, of whom an extraordinary proportion had lost their heads. A raking shot, which entered in the lower deck, had glanced along the beams and through the thickest of the people, and a French officer declared that this shot alone had killed or disabled nearly forty men."

Atcherley locked up the magazines and put the keys in his pocket, posted his two marines as sentries at the doors of the admiral's and flag-captain's cabins, and then, returning on deck, he conducted Villeneuve, Magendie, and Flag-Captain Prigny down the side into his little boat, which rowed off in search of the "Conqueror." That ship, however, had ranged ahead to engage another enemy, and as her whereabouts could not be dis-

covered in the smoke, the prisoners were temporarily placed on board the nearest British ship, which happened to be the "Mars." There Admiral Villeneuve's sword was received by Lieutenant Hennah, the senior surviving officer of the ship (the gallant captain of the "Mars," George Duff, had fallen a short time before), who sent it after the battle to Collingwood.



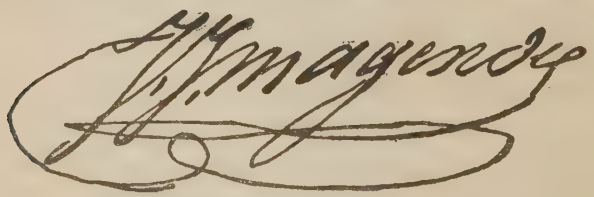
THE TRAFALGAR TROPHY SWORDS

The uppermost sword is that of Vice-Admiral Villeneuve. That in the centre is the sword of Rear-Admiral Cisneros of the "Santisima Trinidad." The third sword is that delivered personally to Collingwood by Don Francisco Riquelme of the "Santa Ana" on behalf of Vice-Admiral Alava. Admiral Villeneuve's sword is now on view at the Royal United Service Institution Museum in Whitehall, to which it has been loaned by its present possessor, together with the sword of Rear-Admiral Cisneros. The two swords were in the possession of the Collingwood family down to July, 1899, when they came under the hammer at Christie's, together with the sword of the Spanish officer who notified the surrender of the "Santa Ana."

Collingwood met Villeneuve three days after the battle, when the storm had moderated sufficiently to permit of his being transhipped to the surviving British Commander-in-Chief's temporary flagship, the frigate "Euryalus." This is what Collingwood thought of him and wrote home: "Admiral Villeneuve is a well-bred man, and I believe a very good officer: he has nothing in his manner of the offensive vapouring and boasting which we, perhaps too often, attribute to Frenchmen."

Says Hercules Robinson of the "Euryalus":—"How well I remember our receiving Villeneuve on board the Euryalus, and the Captain of the Fleet, Majendie, to convey them to England. Villeneuve was a thinnish, tall man, a very tranquil, placid, English-looking Frenchman; he wore a long-tailed uniform coat, high and flat collar, corduroy pantaloons of a greenish colour, with stripes two inches wide, half-boots with sharp toes, and a watch-chain with long gold links. Majendie was a short fat jocular sailor, who found a cure for all ills in the Frenchman's philosophy, 'Fortune de guerre' (though this was the third time the goddess had brought him to England as prisoner)."

Captain Magendie was exchanged in the following January. He returned to France with a warm recommendation from Villeneuve to Decrès, in



SIGNATURE OF CAPTAIN MAGENDIE

regard to his "intelligence and capacity." He was appointed A.D.C. to the Minister of Marine, and held the post until the fall of the Empire. Two reports on Trafalgar by Magendie are now among the archives of the Ministry of Marine in Paris; also two plans of the battle prepared by him for Decrès. [See Appendix C.]

CHAPTER XI

HOW THE "REDOUTABLE" FOUGHT TO A FINISH

NO more brilliant defence, no nobler fight in battle, perhaps, was ever made by the French, on sea or land, than that by the "Redoutable" at Trafalgar. One "crack" regiment of the Line in the French Army of to-day commemorates the bravest deed in its annals by the legend on its colours: "Rosny, 1814:—Un contre Huit!" Another, similarly, recalls the finest feat of arms in its history, by the legend: "Un contre Dix:—Grätz, 1809!" But the feat achieved in either of these cases can hardly compare with the determined and enduring valour of the stand that the two-decker "Redoutable" made at Trafalgar, single-handed, against the two British three-deckers "Victory" and "Téméraire." "Le Redoutable," to use the words of a distinguished Frenchman, "ne s'était rendu qu'après le combat peut être le plus sanglant et le plus opiniâtre de tous ceux qui ont honoré le valeur des Français."

Also, the personal heroism displayed by Captain Lucas, the captain of the ship, deserves to

rank with the classic instances of the gallantry of D'Assas, captain in the famous regiment "d'Auvergne," of the army of the old *régime*, whose magnificent act of self-sacrifice on the battlefield, the modern French cruiser "D'Assas" exists to recall to-day; or the grand display of the "First Grenadier of France,—dead on the field of honour"; with even the dauntlessness of the "bravest of the brave," Marshal Ney himself.

The chances of the day at Trafalgar, in one sense, no doubt, favoured the "Redoutable." Comparatively small ship as she was,—a 74 of the smallest class in the French Navy,—she was one of the most efficiently officered and manned vessels of all under Admiral Villeneuve's orders. Also, as things turned out, her crew for months past had been trained by their captain with unremitting care for exactly the kind of fighting that fell to their lot at Trafalgar. So Captain Lucas himself has left on record:—

"After the Redoutable was commissioned," he described to Admiral Decrès, "nothing was omitted on board to instruct the ship's company in every kind of exercise. My thoughts ever turned on boarding my enemy in any action I fought, and I so counted on finding my opportunity that I made that form of attack part of our daily exercises, so as to ensure success when the hour arrived. I had canvas cartridge-cases made for

each of the captains of the guns, to hold two grenades apiece; with, attached to the shoulder-belts of the cartridge-cases in each case, a tube of tin holding a piece of quick-match. At all our drills on board ship I practised the men at flinging dummy hand-grenades made of pasteboard, to ensure rapidity and expertness, and while at Toulon also I often landed parties to practise with iron grenades. By that means, in the end, they had so acquired the art of flinging the grenades that on the day of battle my topmen were able to fling two grenades at a time. I had a hundred muskets, fitted with long bayonets, sent on board also. The picked men to whom these were served out were specially trained at musketry and stationed in the shrouds. All the men with cutlasses and pistols were regularly trained at sword exercise, and the pistol became with them a very familiar weapon. My men also learnt to throw grappling irons with such skill that we could count on being able to grapple an enemy's ship before her sides had actually touched ours. On the drums beating *branle-bas de combat* before Trafalgar, every man went to his post fully accoutred, and with his weapon loaded, and they placed them at hand by their guns, in racks between the gun ports. My ship's company, indeed, had themselves learned to have such confidence in the mode of fighting that I proposed for the Redoutable that they, several times before the battle, asked me, of their own

accord, to lay the ship alongside of the first enemy we met."

STATEMENT BY THE SURVIVING OFFICERS OF THE SHIP

Two official statements detailing what passed on board the "Redoutable" at Trafalgar are extant among the archives of the Ministry of Marine in Paris. The earlier one was drawn up immediately after the surrender of the ship, while Captain Lucas and his surviving officers were prisoners on board the British "Swiftsure," and still off Cadiz. It is entitled: "Procès verbal de la perte du vaisseau de S. M. I. et R. Le Redoutable, Commandé par M. Lucas, Capitaine de Vaisseau, Officier de la Légion d'Honneur.

"This day, 1ère de Brumaire, An XIV (the 23rd of October), we, the undersigned, E. Lucas, Captain and Officer of the Legion of Honour,

The following is a transcript of the original first-draft of the Procès Verbal, as committed to paper and signed on board the "Swiftsure." The original document is now in the possession of Mme. Mérienne Lucas Jobard, of Passy. A copy of it, made by M. Destrem, the Conservateur, was recently presented to the Musée de la Marine at the Louvre, on the walls of which it is now exhibited. There is also the fair-written document, actually presented to Decrès, that is in the archives of the Ministry of Marine.

"Procès verbal de la perte du V. de S. M. I. & R. le Redoutable, commandé par M. Lucas, cape de V. officier de la Leg. d'honneur.

having the command of His Majesty's ship Le Redoutable, together with the officers of the *Etat Major* (commissioned officers), under-officers, etc., finding ourselves brought together on board the English ship Swiftsure, and having survived the loss of our own ship, have drawn up the following report, containing the reasons and circumstances which occasioned the loss of the Redoutable.

"On the 21st of October (29th Vendémiaire), at half-past eleven, the Combined Fleet found itself to windward of the enemy, forming in line of battle. The Redoutable, according to the order of seniority, was third ship astern of the admiral's flagship, the Bucentaure. The two intermediate ships, in the course of an evolution, owing to want of wind, were out of station

"Aujourd'hui 1er brumaire an 14, Nous, Cape de V. off. de la Legion d'honneur, commandt le V. S. M. I. R. le Redoutable, officiers composant l'état major, aspirants et premiers maîtres, qui avons survécu à la perte du dit V. nous trouvant réunis à bord du V. anglais le Swift-Sure, avons dressé le présent procès verbal, pour constater les causes et circonstances qui ont occasionné la perte du V. qui nous était confié.

"Le 29 Vendémiaire, an 14, à $11^{h}\frac{1}{2}$ du matin, l'armée combinée se trouvant sous le vent de l'ennemi, cherchait à se former en bataille, les amures à bâbord ; le vent était faible : cependant les vaisseaux pouvaient manœuvrer et gouvernaient bien. Le Redoutable, d'après l'ordre signalé, devait se trouver le 3me V. dans les eaux du V. amiral le Bucentaure ; mais les 2 V. qui nous précédaient ayant arrivé sous le vent et la ligne qui commençait à se former, laissaient par cette

and left the admiral's ship exposed just at the moment when the enemy had made his dispositions for attacking our centre. The Victory, of 110 guns, under Admiral Nelson, and the Téméraire, of the same rate, were at the head of the division which bore down upon the admiral's ship to cut it off and surround it. Captain Lucas, soon perceiving the enemy's design, immediately took measures to take post close up in wake of the Bucentaure, in which he happily succeeded. Although the flag-captain from on board that ship hailed us several times to shorten sail, we kept close astern. We had all unanimously determined rather to lose our own ship than witness the capture of our admiral.

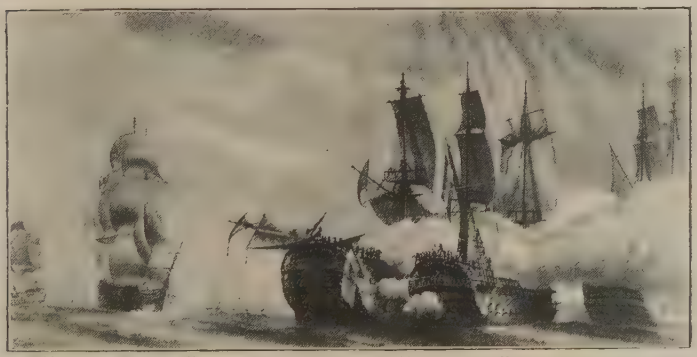
"At a quarter before twelve firing opened on

manœuvre le V. amiral entièrement à découvert, à l'instant surtout où l'un des deux pelotons sur lesquels était formée l'armée ennemie manœuvrait ostensiblement pour attaquer notre corps de bataille. Les vaisseaux Le Victory de 110 canons, monté par l'amiral Nelson, et le Téméraire, aussi de 110 canons, qui précédaient le dit peloton, gouvernaient sur le V. amiral qui était en panne, pour l'envelopper; l'un d'eux cherchait à lui passer à poupe: le Cap. Lucas ayant jugé l'intention de l'ennemi manœuvra sur le champ pour mettre le beaupré du Redoutable sur la poupe du Bucentaure. Nous y parvinmes tellement que le commandant de ce vaisseau nous *hellá*" [sic] "plusieurs fois que nous allions l'aborder. Nous étions tous décidés à nous ensevelir sous les débris de notre V. plutôt que de laisser enlever celui de l'amiral.

"A $11^{h}\frac{3}{4}$ les vaisseaux des deux armées, qui se sont trouvés

THE "BUCENTAURE" AND "REDOUTABLE" FIRING ON THE "VICTORY" AT THE OPENING OF THE BATTLE

[Collingwood is shown in the centre of the picture (in the background) making his attack]



THE "REDOUTABLE" GRAPPLED BY THE "VICTORY": JUST BEFORE THE "TÉMÉRAIRE" CLOSED ALONGSIDE

THE "REDOUTABLE" ON THE EVENING BEFORE SHE WENT DOWN

[The original drawings here shown were made by an officer of the "Redoutable" for Captain Lucas. They are now in possession of Captain Lucas's granddaughter, who allowed copies to be made for the *Musée de la Marine* at the Louvre, whence these are reproduced]

both sides between the ships that were within gunshot. The enemy's two three-deckers directed all their efforts to forcing in our line in wake of the Bucentaure, and to drive the Redoutable foul of her, so as to make our admiral's ship cease firing. They were, however, unable to move us. We determined to range ourselves alongside the enemy's admiral, and in that situation we gave and received a number of broadsides. The enemy, however, could not prevent us from lashing ourselves fast to the Victory. Our captain then gave orders to board, whereupon our brave crew, with their officers at their head, instantly made ready for the onset. The conflict was begun with small arms, and upwards of two hundred hand grenades were flung on board the Victory.

à portée ont commencés le feu ; les deux V. ennemis, à 3 ponts, persistant audacieusement de passer à poupe du Bucentaure menaçaient d'aborder le Redoutable pour le forcer d'arriver et faciliter leur passage ; mais n'ayant pas réussir à nous faire ployer, l'amiral Nelson nous a abordés par bâbord et nous nous sommes réciproquement tiré plusieurs bordées à bout touchant ; le carnage qui en est resulté ne nous a point empêchés de lancer nos grappins à bord du Victory, et le commandant a, sur le champ, ordonné l'abordage. Aussitot les braves composant l'équipage, avec une intrépidité au dessus de tout éloge, conduits par leurs officiers, se sont précipités sur les bastinguages et dans les haubans pour sauter à bord de l'ennemi. Alors s'est engagé un combat de mousqueterie. Plus de 200 grenades ont été jetteis" [*sic*] "à bord du Victory : l'amiral Nelson combattait à la tête de son équipage. Notre feu était tellement supérieur qu'en

Admiral Nelson fought at the head of his crew (l'amiral Nelson combattait à la tête de son équipage), but still, as our fire was much more vigorous than that of the English, we silenced them in about a quarter of an hour. The deck of the Victory was strewn with dead, and Admiral Nelson was killed by a musket shot (l'amiral Nelson fut tué d'un coup de fusil). It proved, however, unexpectedly difficult to board the Victory; her upper deck stood so much higher than that of the Redoutable. Ensign Yon, however, and four seamen, climbing up by an anchor, succeeded. They would have been followed by the rest of their brave comrades, but, at that moment, the English ship Téméraire, perceiving that the fire of her admiral's flagship had ceased, and that she must inevitably be taken (Le Téméraire qui s'etait aperçu sans doute que l'amiral anglais ne combattait pas et allait infailliblement être pris), immediately fell upon us on our star-

moins d'un quart d'heure nous faire taire celui de l'ennemi: ses gaillards étaient jonchés de morts et l'amiral Nelson tué d'un coup de fusil. Il était difficile de passer à bord du Victory à cause de la superiorité de l'élévation de sa 3e batterie: l'aspirant Yon et le matelots y parvinrent par le moyen d'une de les ancres, mais à l'instant ou ils allaient être suivis par tous nos braves qui couvraient les bastinguages et les haubans de bâbord, le V. à 3 ponts le Téméraire, qui s'était aperçu sans doute que l'amiral anglais ne combattait plus et allait infailliblement être pris, est venu nous aborder par tribord, et nous cribler, à bout touchant, du feu de toute

board side, after first raking us with a heavy fire. The slaughter that ensued is indescribable. More than two hundred of our men were killed. The captain now ordered the remainder to go below and fire at the Téméraire with what guns were not disabled. Immediately after that there came up astern another of the enemy's ships, within pistol-shot of us; in which station she remained till we had to strike our colours.

"That calamity took place about half-past two p.m., for the following reasons:—

"1. Because, out of a crew consisting of six hundred and forty-three men, five hundred and twenty-two were no longer in a situation to continue the fight. Three hundred had been killed, and two hundred and twenty-two were badly wounded. Among the latter were the whole of the Etat Major and ten junior officers.

son artillerie: rien ne peut exprimer le carnage qui en est résulté; plus de 200 hommes furent mis hors de combat; le commandant alors ordonna au reste de l'equipage de se porter dans les batteries et de décharger sur le Téméraire les canons de tribord qui n'avaient pas été démontés par l'abordage de se V.

"Au même instant un autre V. ennemi, s'étant placé par notre poupe à portée de pistolet nous a canonnés jusqu'à ce que le pavillon ait été amené (évènement qui a en lieu à $2^{hs}\frac{1}{2}$ après midi), d'après l'avis des soussignés et les considérations suivantes:—

"1° que sur 643 h. d'équipage 522, étaient hors de combat, dont 300 tués et 222 grièvement blessés, du nombre desquels se trouvait en totalité l'état major et dix aspirants sur 12.

"2. Because the ship was dismasted: the main and mizen masts had gone by the board (dematés au raz du pont). The former fell on the Téméraire, and the yards of that ship fell on board the Redoutable.

"3. Because the tiller and helm and rudder gear and the stern-post itself had been entirely destroyed.

"4. Because nearly all our guns were dismounted (la presque totalité de l'artillerie était entièrement démontée) partly in our coming into collision with two three-deckers, partly by their shot, and several of the guns dismounted, and in consequence of the bursting of an eighteen-pounder gun on the lower deck, and a thirty-six-pounder carronade on the forecastle.

"5. Because the poop had been entirely smashed in (la poupe était entièrement crevée) and the counter timbers and deck beams shattered and wrecked so that the whole of the after part of the

"2° que le V. était dématé au ras du pont de son g^{d}mât et de celui d'artimon ; le 1er était tombé à bord du Téméraire, et les deux mats d'hune de ce V. étaient tombé à bord du Redoutable.

"3° que la tamisaille, la barre la mèche du gouvernail et même l'etambot étaient entièrement coupés.

"4° que la presque totalité de l'artillerie était démontée : une partie par les abordages des deux V. à 3 ponts, une autre par les boulets de l'ennemi ; enfin parce qu'un canon de 18 de la 2^{e} batterie et une caronade de 36 du gaillard d'avant avaient crevé.

"5° que la poupe était entièrement crevée, que les barres d'arquasse et d'hourdi, les jambettes de voute étaient telle-

ship formed practically a gaping cavity (tellement hachées que toute partie ne formait qu'un large sabord).

"6. Because almost all the port lids had been smashed and the ports destroyed by the fire of the Victory and Téméraire.

"7. Because both sides of the ship and the decks were shot through and riddled in such a manner that numbers of the wounded below on the orlop, and as they lay in the cockpit, were being killed helplessly.

"8. Because the ship was on fire astern.

"9. Because, finally, the ship was leaking in many places, and had several feet of water in the hold, and nearly all the pumps had been destroyed by shot. We had cause to fear that she might go down under our feet.

"Throughout the whole of the battle, the

ment hachées que toute cette partie ne formait qu'un large sabord.

"6° que tous nos mantelets de sabord avaient été brisés par nos abordages, et que tous nos ponts étaient percés par les boulets des 3me batteries des deux V. Victory et Téméraire.

"7° que les deux côtés du V. étaient entièrement percés à jour et que les boulets qui pénétraient dans notre faux pont nous avaient déja tué plusieurs de nos blessés.

"8° parce que le feu avait déja pris dans la braye de notre gouvernail.

"9° Enfin, parce que le V. avait plusieurs voies d'eau, que presque toutes les pompes étaient brisées et que nous avions acquis la certitude que le V. ne tarderait pas à couler au fond.

"Dans ce combat les V: le Victory et le Téméraire ont constammant combattu le V. le Redoutable et nous ne nous

Victory and Téméraire never ceased their attacks upon the Redoutable; nor did we separate from each other for some time after the battle had ceased between the rest of the fleets. The Victory lost her mizen-mast, her rigging was nearly cut to pieces, and a great part of her crew were disabled. Admiral Nelson was killed by a musket shot during the attempt to board.

"At seven in the evening the Swiftsure took us in tow, and next morning sent a party on board to take charge and remove Captain Lucas, Lieutenant Dupotet, and M. Ducrest. By noon the leaks had increased so much, that the prize-master signalled for assistance. The Swiftsure sent her boats to save the remainder of our crew, but they had only the time to remove one hundred and nineteen Frenchmen. About seven that evening the whole

sommes séparés tous trois que plusieurs heures après que les armées ne combattaient plus. Le V. Victory a perdu son mât d'artimon, son petit mât d'hune, son grand mât de perroquet, presque toutes ses vergues; sa barre de gouvernail à été coupée; il a en beaucoup de monde hors de combat et particulièrement l'amiral Nelson, tué à l'abordage par le feu de notre mousqueterie.

"Vers les 7 hs du soir, le V. angl. le Swift-Sure est venu nous prendre à la remorque. Le 30, au matin, il a envoyé un canot à bord du Redoutable chercher le Commandant Lucas, le lieut[t] en pied Dupotet et l'enseigne de V. Ducrest. Vers les midi le mât de misaine du Redoutable est venu à bas; à 5 h. du soir le cap. de prise à fait un signal pour demander du secours. Le V. le Swift-Sure a envoyé des embarcations pour sauver le monde; on a en que le temps d'en retirer 119 français et à 7 hs du soir la poupe du

of the stern being under water, the Redoutable went down with all the wounded on board. On the 23rd (1ère Brumaire) the captain of the Swiftsure seeing some people at a distance on a wreck, caused them to be brought in, to the number of fifty, but, including sixty-four of the wounded, who were taken out, not more than one hundred and sixty-nine were saved out of four hundred and sixty-three.

"On board the Swiftsure.

"Signed by the Officers of the quarter-deck and confirmed by "Captain Lucas."

Redoutable s'étant entièrement écroulée, il a coulé à fond avec les malheureux blessés qui étaient restés à bord.

"Le 1er brumaire au matin le cap. du V. angl. Swift-Sure ayant aperçu de loin plusieurs hommes sur des dromes, les a envoyé chercher, au nombre de 50 : la totalité des hommes sauvés est de 169 h. sur le nombre desquels 70 sont blessés.

"En foi de quoi nous avons dressé le présent procès verbal à bord du V. angl. le Swift-Sure les jour, mois et an, que ci dessus, et avons signé :—

"Guillaume : cap. au 79e	Bohan : off. de Santé chef
"Dupotet : (lieut en pied) et en second	Hosteau : asp. de 1re cl.
	Chauvin : lieut. au 79e
"Laity : enseigne de Vaiss'	Maubrat : asp. de 2o cl.
"Maïol : enseigne	Lemesle : do
"Sergent : do	Le Férec : aspirant
"Ducrest : do	La Fortelle : do
"Auroche : cap. 6e dépot colonial	Patin : maître charpentier
"Péan : ayent comptable	Goumaud : commis au vivres
"Blondel : cap. d'artillerie	Ricaud : maître calfat

"Vu par le Cape de V. commandant,

"Lucas."

CAPTAIN LUCAS'S PERSONAL NARRATIVE

The second statement is much fuller. It practically forms an eyewitness's narrative of the doings of the ship and of what went on on board during the battle. The document is, as will be seen, a clear and vivid narrative of events. The original report, dated Reading, 6th January, 1806, is in the archives of the Ministry of Marine: Vol. B.B.[4] 237. "Batailles de Trafalgar et du Cap Ortegal"; No. 28. It was apparently conveyed to France by Captain Magendie on his release on parole during January, 1806. Captain Lucas heads his account as follows:—

"REPORT

"*Made to his Excellency the Minister of Marine and of the Colonies, by M. Lucas, naval captain, officer of the Legion of Honour, on the sea battle of Trafalgar between the combined fleet of France and Spain under the orders of Admirals Villeneuve and Gravina and the English fleet commanded by Admiral Nelson; and particularly on the combat between the Victory of 110 guns with the flag of Admiral Nelson, the Téméraire of the same force and another ship, a two-decker, and the Redoutable, of which His Majesty had entrusted me with the command.*"

He then proceeds:—

"Monseigneur,

"Although the loss of the Redoutable forms a part of the defeat undergone by the Combined Fleets of France and Spain in the sanguinary battle off Cape Trafalgar, the part taken by this particular ship, all the same, deserves a distinguished place by itself in the annals of the French Navy. In consequence I owe it to the memory of the brave men who fell in the terrible fight, or went down in the remains of the Redoutable when she sank, I owe it also to the glory of the small band of those who survived that inexpressible slaughter, to bring under the notice of your Excellency a picture of their exploits, the efforts of their valour, and above all the expressions of their love for, and attachment to, His Imperial and Royal Majesty, whose name, repeated a thousand times with the utmost enthusiasm, seemed to render them invincible. Nothing could equal the ardour of such heroes at the moment that I announced to them that we were going to board the English flagship; and not even the intrepid Nelson himself could have died more nobly than in combating enemies so worthy of his courage and of his grand reputation.

"I will not undertake here to explain the movements of the two fleets during the whole of the action. Surrounded myself with fire and smoke, I

was only able at intervals to discern the ships in my immediate neighbourhood. . . . But I will enter into all the details of what took place on board the Redoutable during the contest that my ship went through at the cannon's mouth and broadside to broadside with a ship of a hundred and ten guns, the Téméraire of the same force, and a third ship, a two-decker, of which I do not know the name."

Captain Lucas next gives his account of the events of the morning up to the moment of opening fire, which has been already quoted. He then goes on as follows:—

"At eleven the fleet hoisted its colours. The ensign of the Redoutable went up in a very impressive manner; the drums beat 'Aux Drapeaux'; the soldiers presented arms. Then the flag was saluted by officers and men with cheers, seven times repeated, 'Vive l'Empereur!'

"The enemy's column, which was directed against our centre, was at eleven o'clock on the port side, and the flagship Bucentaure began firing. I ordered a number of the captains of the guns to go up on the forecastle and observe why it was some of our ships fired badly. They found that all their shots carried too low and fell short. I then gave orders to aim for dismasting, and above all to aim straight. At a quarter to twelve the Redoutable opened fire with a shot from the first

gun division. It cut through the foretopsail yard of the Victory, whereupon cheers and shouts resounded all over the ship. Our firing was well kept up, and in less than ten minutes the British flagship had lost her mizen-mast, foretopsail, and main topgallant mast. Meanwhile I always kept so close to the Bucentaure that several times they called to me from their stern gallery that I should run them down; indeed, the bowsprit of the Redoutable touched the crown of the flagship's taffrail; but I assured them they had nothing to be anxious about.

"The damage done to the Victory did not affect the daring manœuvre of Admiral Nelson. He repeatedly persisted in trying to break the line in front of the Redoutable, and threatening to run us down if we opposed. But the proximity of the British flagship, though closely followed by the Téméraire, instead of intimidating my intrepid crew, only increased their ardour; and to show the English admiral that we did not fear his fouling us, I had grappling irons made fast at all the yardarms.

"The Victory having now succeeded in passing astern of the French admiral, ran foul of us, dropping alongside and sheering off aft in such a way that our poop lay alongside her quarter-deck. From this position the grappling irons were thrown on board her. Those at the stern parted, but those forward held on; and at the same time our

broadside was discharged, resulting in a terrible slaughter. We continued to fire for some time, although there was some delay at the guns. We had to use rope rammers in several cases, and fire with the guns run in, being unable to bowse them, as the ports were masked by the sides of the Victory. At the same time, elsewhere, by means of muskets fired through the ports into those of the Victory, we prevented the enemy from loading their guns, and before long they stopped firing on us altogether. What a day of glory for the Redoutable if she had had to fight only with the Victory! The English batteries, not being able to resist us longer, ceased firing (les batteries du Victoire ne pouvaient plus nous riposter).[1] Then I became aware that the crew of the enemy were about to attempt to board us. At once I had the trumpets sounded, giving the divisional call for boarding. All hastened up from below instantly, in fine style; the officers and midshipmen sprang to the head of their men, as though at a parade. In less than a minute our decks swarmed with armed men, who spread themselves with rapidity on the poop and in the nettings and the shrouds.

[1] "The Redoutable commenced a heavy fire of musketry from the tops, which was continued for a considerable time with destructive effect to the Victory's crew; her great guns, however, being silent, it was supposed at different times that she had surrendered; and, in consequence of this opinion, the Victory twice ceased firing upon her by Orders transmitted from the Quarter deck."—Dr. Beatty's "Authentic Narrative of the Death of Lord Nelson."

It would be impossible to say who was the foremost.

"Then a heavy fire of musketry opened, in which Admiral Nelson fought at the head of his crew. Our firing, though, became so rapid, and was so much superior to his, that in less than a quarter of an hour we had silenced that of the Victory altogether. More than two hundred grenades were flung on board her, with the utmost success; her decks were strewn with the dead and wounded. Admiral Nelson was killed by the firing of our musketry.

MIDSHIPMAN, FRENCH NAVY
1805

"Immediately after this, the upper deck of the Victory became deserted, and she again ceased firing, but it proved difficult to board her because of the motion of the two vessels, and the height of the Victory's upper tier and battery. On that I gave the order to cut the supports of the main-yard so that it might serve as a bridge. At the same time Midshipman Yon and four seamen sprang on board the Victory by means of her anchor, and we then knew that there was nobody left in the batteries. At that

moment, when my brave fellows were hastening to follow, the three-decker Téméraire, which had seen that the Victory fought no longer and must without fail be taken (allait infailliblement être pris), came down, full sail, on our starboard side. We were immediately under the full fire of her artillery, discharged almost with muzzles touching.

"It is impossible to describe the carnage produced by the murderous broadside of this ship. More than two hundred of our brave men were killed or wounded by it. I was wounded also at the same time, but not so seriously as to make me abandon my post. Not being able to undertake anything on the side of the Victory, I now ordered the rest of the crew to man the batteries on the other side and fire at the Téméraire with what guns the collision when she came alongside had not dismounted.

"The order was carried out; but by this time we had been so weakened, and had so few guns left available, that the Téméraire replied to us with great advantage. A short time afterwards another ship, a two-decker, whose name I cannot recall, placed herself across the stern of the Redoutable and fired on us within pistol-shot. In less than half an hour our ship had been so fearfully mauled that she looked like little more than a heap of débris. Judging by appearances, no doubt, the Téméraire now hailed us to surrender and not

prolong a useless resistance. My reply was instantly to order some soldiers who were near me to fire back; which they did with great alacrity. At the same moment almost, the mainmast of the Redoutable fell on board the English ship. The two topmasts of the Téméraire then came down, falling on board of us. Our whole poop was stove in, helm, rudder, and stern post all shattered to splinters, all the stern frame, and the decks shot through. All our own guns were either smashed or dismounted by the broadsides of the Victory and Téméraire. In addition, an 18-pounder gun on the lower deck, and a 32-pounder carronade on the forecastle had burst, killing and wounding a great many men. The hull itself was riddled, shot through from side to side; deck beams were shattered; port-lids torn away or knocked to pieces. Four of our six pumps were so damaged as to be useless. The quarter-deck ladders were broken, which rendered communication with the rest of the ship very difficult. Everywhere the decks were strewn with dead men, lying beneath the débris. Out of a crew of 634 men we had 522 *hors de combat;* of whom 300 were killed and 222 wounded—nearly all the officers among them. A number of the wounded were killed on the orlop deck below the water-line. Of the remaining 121, a large number were employed in the storerooms and magazines. The batteries and

upper decks were practically abandoned—bare of men, and we were unable longer to offer any resistance. No one who had not seen the state of the Redoutable could ever form an idea of her awful condition. Really I know of nothing on board that had not been hit by shot.[1] In the midst of this horrible carnage and devastation my splendid fellows who had not been killed, and even, too, the wounded below on the orlop, kept cheering 'Long live the Emperor! We are not taken yet! Is the Captain still alive?' ('Vive l'Empereur! Nous ne sommes pas encore pris! Le Commandant, vit il encore?') Some tarred canvas at the stern took fire about this time, but happily the

[1] Here, by way of a comparison with the effects of modern gun fire on a modern ship of war, is an account by a newspaper correspondent of the damage done to the Russian battleship "Orel," Admiral Togo's great prize from the battle of the Sea of Japan: "I was permitted yesterday to visit and inspect the captured Russian battleship Orel at Maizuru. The Orel received a terrible battering. The hull shows forty gaping holes pierced by large shells and many smaller hits, while the superstructure, upper works, and upper decks were riddled by shell, steel fragments, and splinters. The starboard forward 12-inch gun was smashed ten feet from the muzzle, either by a shell or by an explosion. A fragment of the gun went over the bridge, smashing the rail, and carrying away the breech of a 12-pounder, finally burying itself in the signal locker. From the main deck upwards the condition of the vessel was terrible. The steel partitions were smashed, the gangway was broken, the stanchions were wrecked, and gear of various kinds littered the decks and alley ways. The ship was on fire several times, and the marks of the flames increased the appearance of the desolation. The main armour belt was intact, and the turret armour generally withstood Japanese shell, although two six-inch turrets were rendered unserviceable by shots, which struck close to the base. Several smaller guns were dismounted and smashed."

flames were held in check, and we succeeded before long in extinguishing them.[1]

"The Victory by this time fought no longer. She busied herself only with getting clear of the Redoutable. We, however, meanwhile were being cut to pieces by the cross fire from the Téméraire, with whom we still fought, and from the other ship, which was still firing into us at the stern. Unable to meet that fire, and not seeing any chance of rescue, the rest of our ships being all too far to leeward to be able to come to our assistance, I hesitated no longer about surrendering. The leaks were sufficiently serious to ensure the ship going to the bottom, so that the enemy would not keep her. When I satisfied myself finally about this, I gave orders to lower the colours. The flag, however, came down by itself with the fall of the mizen-mast.[2] We were then left by the ship which had been firing into us astern, but the Téméraire continued to fire on us. She did not give over

[1] A party from the "Victory," consisting of two midshipmen and eight or ten marines, was sent on board the "Redoutable" to lend a hand. As the only way of getting across they got down through a stern port into one of the "Victory's" boats towing astern, rowed to the "Redoutable," and clambered on board through the stern ports. They were, we are told, "well received."

[2] Several pictures of the "Defence of the Redoutable at Trafalgar" have been exhibited at the Salon. A very interesting set of sketches in Indian ink, showing the movements of the "Redoutable" and details of the battle in her neighbourhood, was made at Captain Lucas's instance. Copies are in the Musée de la Marine at the Louvre, which by permission of Captain Lucas's family, and the Conservateur of the Musée de la Marine, are reproduced in this book.

until her men were obliged to do so by having to work at extinguishing a fire which had broken out on board their own ship. It was then half-past two in the afternoon.

"The Victory, the Redoutable, with the Téméraire and the Mercure [*sic*],[1] were all the time joined together, owing to their masts having fallen across from one ship to the other. Unable to use their helms, they formed one mass, which drifted at the mercy of the wind. In that way they came foul of the Fougueux, which, having fought against several of the enemy's ships, had been left by them without having lowered her flag. She was dismasted and unrigged, and floating an unmanageable hulk. On fouling the group of ships she was boarded by the Téméraire. The Fougueux was, however, beyond making serious resistance. Her brave captain, Baudouin, though, even then made an effort, but in vain. He was killed at the outset, and his second in command was wounded at the same moment; whereupon some men of the Téméraire sprang on board and took possession."

[1] There was no ship of this name at Trafalgar on either side. As a fact, also, the "Victory" had already got clear of the group before the "Redoutable" surrendered. The capture of the "Fougueux," here referred to by Captain Lucas, also took place before the "Redoutable's" colours came down, and, according to English accounts, under somewhat different circumstances—as the result of an attempt to rescue the "Redoutable" by boarding the "Téméraire."

Captain Lucas then describes what followed the surrender.

"The enemy took no steps to take possession of the Redoutable, in which the leaks were so considerable that I feared the ship would sink before they would be able to get the wounded out. I represented the state of things to the Téméraire, and warned them that unless they took steps at once to send men on board with gear for the pumps and give us immediate succour, I would have to set fire to the ship, which would involve the Téméraire and the Victory. Immediately after that two officers and some seamen and marines came on board and took possession of the ship. One of the English marines, who entered on the lower deck through a port, was attacked by one of our wounded sailors armed with a musket and bayonet. He fell on the Englishman with fury, shouting, 'I must kill one more of them!' He bayoneted the marine through the thigh, and the man fell between the two vessels. In spite of this incident, however, I was able to induce the English party to remain on board. They wanted to return to their own ship and leave us.

"Towards three o'clock some of the ships of our van squadron which were to windward on the starboard tack and apparently about to draw off from the battle, without having been perceptibly damaged, fired several shots at our group, but from a long range. Several of their cannon balls fell

on board the Redoutable, and one of the English officers had his thigh shattered and died in a few moments.

"At half-past three, the Victory separated herself from the Redoutable, but she was in so dismantled a state as to be *hors de combat*.[1] It was not until seven in the evening that they were able to get the Redoutable clear of the Téméraire, which still, however, remained foul of the Fougueux. We had not yet been formally taken possession of, but the English Swiftsure now arrived and took us in tow.

"We spent the whole of that night at the two pumps which were all that remained workable, without, however, being able to keep the water under. The few Frenchmen who were able to do duty joined with the English party on board in pumping, stopped several leaks, blocked up the port holes and boarded in the poop of the ship, which was ready to cave in. Indeed, no toil was too hard for them. In the middle of all the turmoil and horrible disorder on board, just keeping the ship above water, with the 'tween-decks and batteries encumbered with dead, I noticed some of my brave fellows, particularly the young midshipmen, of whom several were wounded, picking up arms which they hid on the lower deck, with the intention, as they said, of retaking the

[1] The "Victory" got clear, according to English accounts, before two o'clock.

ship. Never were so many traits of intrepidity, of valour and daring, displayed on board a single ship; the whole history of our navy can show nothing like them.

"Next morning the captain of the Swiftsure sent a boat to take me on board, together with Lieutenant Dupotet and Midshipman Ducrest, and we were duly conducted there. At noon the Redoutable lost her foremast, the only mast she had left. At five in the evening the water continued so to gain on the pumps that the prize-master made signals of distress, and all the boats of the Swiftsure were lowered to rescue the crew. It was blowing very hard at the time, and the sea ran very high, which made the getting out of the wounded very difficult. These poor fellows, on its being seen that the ship was going down, were nearly all brought up and laid on the quarter-deck. They were able to save several of them. At seven in the evening the poop was entirely submerged. The Redoutable sank with a large number of the wounded still on board. They met their death with courage worthy of a better fate. A hundred and sixty-nine men, forming the remainder of the brave crew of the Redoutable, found themselves together on board the English ship. Seventy of the number were badly wounded and sixty-four of the rest had less serious wounds. All the wounded were sent into Cadiz under a flag of truce, and in the end only thirty-five men from

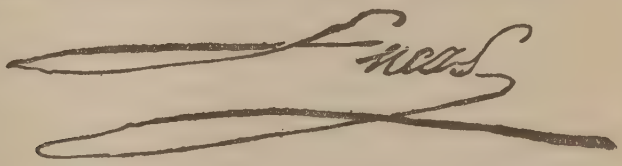
the Redoutable were taken to England as prisoners of war.

"The results of the battle as regarded the Redoutable were these: the loss of the ship and destruction of three-quarters of her crew. On the other hand, single-handed, she had throughout the battle engaged the attention of two three-deckers, the Victory and Téméraire; and in this way had fully occupied Admiral Nelson himself, who, taken up with this one encounter, could only free himself by excessive daring. England has lost the hero of her navy, who fell before the brave men of the Redoutable. More than three hundred men, several of them superior officers, were put *hors de combat* on board the enemy's ships. The Victory lost her mizen topmast in the action and main topgallant mast; and in general all her yards were badly damaged and also the wheel. The Téméraire lost two of her topmasts; two lower yards, and her helm and rudder were destroyed by the guns of our upper deck. Both ships had to return to England to undergo large repairs.

"I add to this report a return of the ship's company of the Redoutable, both before and after the battle. It will show you the loss of men of each class. I also add a list of the officers by name, both of the *Etat Major* and the midshipmen. The praise and commendation due from me to one and all are beyond expression. No one who did not see the valour of the officers and young

midshipmen told off to lead our boarding parties can form an idea of their ebullient ardour, their splendid audacity—especially when, at the head of the brave men that each commanded, they stood in front of the boarding-nettings, armed some with pistols and cutlasses, others with carbines, all directing the fire of the musketry and the flinging of the grenades. In this, the officers of infantry and those of the ship, the sailors and soldiers alike, all displayed unsurpassable courage, and in presenting my list of them it is impossible to name which were the most meritorious.

"Monseigneur, I have the honour to be your Excellency's most humble and obedient servant.



"Captain Commandant of the Redoutable."

Of the 645 officers and men mustered on board the "Redoutable" a day or two before Captain Lucas left Cadiz, 300, according to the official returns, were killed and 222 wounded. Terrible as these figures are, their significance is intensified if one goes through, by itself, the official return of the officers placed *hors de combat*. It is compiled from documents among the archives of the Ministry of Marine in Paris; which also account for practically every officer on board all the ships

of the fleet present at the battle. This is the "Redoutable's" return, giving a nominal roll of all the officers, both those of the ship herself and of the soldiers, on board :—

ETAT MAJOR DU "REDOUTABLE":

Lucas (Jean Jaques Etienne) capitaine de vaisseau commandant. Blessé.

Dupotet (Henri Joseph) lieutenant en pied. Blessé.

Briamant (Élie François) lieutenant de vaisseau, provisoire. Tué.

Pouloin (François Louis) id. Tué.

Maïol (Jean François) enseigne de vaisseau, faisant fonctions de lieutenant de vaisseau. Blessé.

Sergent (Pierre) id. Blessé.

Ducrest (Alexandre) id.

Laity (Jean François) enseigne de vaisseau. Blessé.

Tresse (Claude Joseph) lieutenant d'artillerie de marine. Tué.

Péan (Jean Louis) agent comtable.

Bohan (Allain) officier de santé en chef.

Guillaume (Louis) Capitaine du 79e régiment. Blessé très grièvement.

Chauvin (Pierre) lieutenant du 79e régiment.

Medeau (Jean) sous lieutenant du 79e régiment. Tué.

Auroche (Louis) capitaine au 6e depôt colonial. Blessé.

Neury (Charles) lieutenant du 6e depôt colonial. Tué.

Blondel (Quentin Henri-Auguste) capitaine d'artillerie de marine.

Chafange (Charles) capitaine de 16e régiment. Tué.

Savignac, sous lieutenant du 16e régiment. Tué.

Hosteau (Louis Charles) aspirant de 1re classe, faisant fonctions d'enseigne de vaisseau. Blessé.

Laferrière (Philippe Gautier) id. Tué.

Lepeltier (François) id. Tué.

Yon (Jaques) id. Tué.

Daubré (Joseph) aspirant de 2e classe. Tué.

Perrin (François) id. Tué.

Maubrat (Séraphin) id.
La Fortelle (Henri) id. Blessé.
Lemesle, id.
Le Férec (Theodore) id. Blessé.

The awful loss among the officers comes out even more strongly when the foregoing list is analyzed in detail. Out of twenty-nine officers of all ranks, twelve were killed and ten (including Captain Lucas) were wounded. Seven only escaped unhurt; and these included the surgeon and the purser, who were stationed in comparative safety below. Of six lieutenants and acting lieutenants, two were killed and three wounded. Of eleven sub-lieutenants and midshipmen, five were killed and four were wounded. Of eight officers of the troops on board, four were killed and three were wounded.

When Captain Lucas, after a brief detention in England at Bishop's Waltham and at Reading, as prisoner of war, was exchanged by special *cartel* and had returned to France, Napoleon sent for him, and at St. Cloud, in the presence of the *Etat Major de l'Empereur*, glittering with the honours of Austerlitz, pinned on the breast of the ex-captain of the "Redoutable," with his own hand, the Gold Cross of the Legion of Honour, and promoted him to rear-admiral. "Had all my officers," said Napoleon to Lucas, "behaved as you did, the battle would have been a very different

story!"[1] Admiral Villeneuve also, writing to Captain Lucas to congratulate him on the Emperor's encomium, said the same thing:—"Had all the captains acted in like manner to you, the battle would not have been indecisive for an instant; and no one knows this better than myself!" "Si tous les capitaines de vaisseau s'étaient conduits comme vous à Trafalgar," were Villeneuve's words, "la victoire n'eut pas été un instant indecisée. Certainement personne ne le sait aussi bien que moi."

With the sanction of the British Admiralty, according to a French account,[2] as a mark of distinction in connexion with his fine defence of the "Redoutable," Captain Lucas's sword was returned to him a little time after his arrival in England. It was, we are told, ceremoniously handed back to him at a supper party in London given for the occasion by Lady Warren, the wife of Admiral Sir John Borlase Warren. Whether this was really so or not, the sword has since disappeared. The

[1] Napoleon used this language, according to the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1806: Abstract of Foreign Occurrences—Paris, May 3. His Majesty said to Captain Lucas and Infernet:—"Had all my ships behaved like yours, victory would not have been doubtful. I know there are several who did not follow your example. I have ordered enquiries to be made into their behaviour. But as for you, I have no need of information: I have nominated you Commanders in the Legion of Honour. Those captains who, instead of boarding the enemy's vessels, kept themselves aloof and out of cannon shot, shall be prosecuted, and if convicted a signal example shall be made of them."

[2] H. Moulin, "Les Marins de la République," p. 132.

CAPTAIN LUCAS OF THE "REDOUTABLE"

REAR-ADMIRAL MAGON

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descendants of Captain Lucas do not possess it, and have no idea of its whereabouts, although they treasure with devoted pride other Trafalgar relics of their ancestor.

For the fourteen years that Lucas lived after Trafalgar the heroic officer was everywhere known throughout the French Navy by the eponym "le Redoutable Lucas." To the last, we are told further, he never failed to remember those who had fought with him for France at Trafalgar. Lucas also had a special seal made, bearing the device of a ship going down with colours flying, and with the words engraved, "Aux braves du Redoutable: Nelson mort—le 21 Octobre, 1805," which he used solely for sealing their certificates of service.[1] Rear-Admiral Lucas lies buried in the cemetery at Brest. He died in 1819, broken-hearted, it is said, at being passed over for promotion by the new Royalist authorities.[2]

LUCAS'S SEAL

[1] The seal is now in the possession of Captain Lucas's grandson, M. Cléree, of Auteuil, a member of the French Bar.

[2] The last French survivor of Trafalgar, Louis André Manuel Cartigny, of Hyères, died in 1892, at the age of a hundred and one. He was a "mousse," or powder-monkey, on board the "Redoutable" in the battle, where he was slightly wounded. Cartigny was brought to England, and remained a captive on board the hulks at Plymouth, at Dartmoor, and in the war-prison at Stapledon, near Bristol, for some years. Later he was exchanged, and, returning to France, was attached to the "Seamen of the Guard," with whom he was present at Fontainebleau on the memorable occasion in 1814 when the Emperor

Under the Second Empire the name "Redoutable" was given to one of the first men-of-war added to the navy of France by Napoleon III, a magnificent 90-gun ship, and there is a battleship "Redoutable" in the French Fleet at the present hour.

made his pathetic adieu to the Grand Army. Cartigny received the St. Helena pension of 250 francs, and was decorated by Napoleon the Third with the Legion of Honour. He was present at Chislehurst on the occasion of the Prince Imperial's funeral, as one of the "St. Helena Medallists." He died at Hyères, where he had spent the later years of his life as landlord of the *Grand Café des Quatre Saisons*, on the *Cours de Strasbourg*. As it happened, the funeral of France's last Trafalgar veteran occurred just as Queen Victoria was arriving at Hyères for some weeks' stay in the neighbourhood, and as soon as she heard of it Her Majesty sent a wreath to be placed on the veteran's grave, with a sympathetic message to his surviving daughter and an expression of regret that she had not known before of the death or she would have been represented by an equerry at the graveside.

CHAPTER XII

"THE MAN WHO SHOT NELSON"

UPWARDS of a quarter of a century after Trafalgar there appeared in France the following narrative, purporting to have been written by a soldier on board the "Redoutable," and stationed in the mizentop, one Sergeant Robert Guillemard. Its authenticity has, however, been doubted, and the authorship is attributed to a collaboration by two clever writers of the day, C. O. Barbaroux (son of the famous Girondin), and A. J. Lardier, who published it as a chapter in a book of adventures in the Napoleonic wars. Whatever the real facts may be, the tale told is an exciting one, and certain of its details may well have come from somebody on board the "Redoutable" at Trafalgar.

Here is an extract from the story, as Sergeant Guillemard relates it :—

"All our top-men had been killed, when two sailors and four soldiers (of whom I was one) were ordered to occupy their post in the tops. While we were going aloft, the balls and grape-shot showered around us, struck the masts and yards, knocked large splinters from them, and cut the rigging in pieces. One of my companions was

wounded beside me, and fell from a height of thirty feet upon the deck, where he broke his neck.

"When I reached the top, my first action was to take a view of the scene presented by the hostile fleets. For more than a league extended a thick cloud of smoke, above which were discernible a forest of masts and rigging, and the flags, the pendants, and the fire of the three nations. Thousands of flashes more or less near continually penetrated this cloud, and a rolling noise very similar to the sound of continued thunder, but much stronger, arose from its bosom. The sea was calm, the wind light, and not very favourable to the execution of manœuvres.

"When the English top-men, who were only a few yards distant from us, saw us appear, they directed a sharp fire upon us, which we returned.[1] A soldier of my company and a sailor were killed quite close to me; two others, who were wounded, were able to go below by the shrouds. Our opponents were, it seems, still worse handled than we, for I soon saw the English tops deserted, and none sent to supply the place of those who must have been killed or wounded by our balls. I then looked at the English vessel and our own. The smoke enveloping them was dissipated for a moment but returned thicker at each broadside. The two decks were covered with dead bodies,

[1] As a fact, there were none. Nelson objected to having musketry in the tops, owing to the danger from fire, and other reasons.

which they had not time to throw overboard. I perceived Captain Lucas motionless at his post and several wounded officers still giving orders. On the poop of the English vessel was an officer covered with orders and with only one arm. From what I had heard of Nelson, I had no doubt that it was he. He was surrounded by several officers, to whom he seemed to be giving orders. At the moment I first perceived him, several of his sailors were wounded beside him by the fire of the Redoutable. As I had received no orders to go down, and saw myself forgotten in the tops, I thought it my duty to fire on the poop of the English vessel, which I saw quite exposed and close to me. I could even have taken aim at the men I saw, but I fired at hazard among the groups I saw of sailors and officers. All at once I saw great confusion on board the Victory: the men crowded round the officer whom I had taken for Nelson. He had just fallen, and was taken below, covered with a cloak. The agitation shown at this moment left me no doubt that I had judged rightly, and that it really was the English admiral. An instant afterwards the Victory ceased firing; the deck was abandoned by all those who occupied it, and I presumed that the consternation produced by the admiral's fall was the cause of this sudden change. I hurried below to inform the captain of what I had seen of the enemy's situation."

This, on the other hand, is our version of the Frenchman's fate after the shot. According to the account on our side, the man who shot Nelson did not escape to tell the tale. It was impossible in the smoke to mark him down, but one of the "Victory's" midshipmen made it his business to see that not one of those in the mizentop of the "Redoutable" left there alive. The story came out many years afterwards, in a rather roundabout way. A letter in the "Times" in 1863 raised a controversy as to the identity of the British officer in question, it being asserted that Midshipman Collingwood of the "Victory," an officer who had been dead some years, was entitled to the credit of the performance. Incidentally the correspondence brought out the fact that the "Avenger of Nelson" was alive. More than that, indeed, it drew from him a personal statement of what he did. He was then a retired captain, John Pollard by name. The correspondence caught his eye by accident in the "Kentish and Surrey Mercury," into which it had been copied from the "Times." Writing to the Editor of the "Mercury," Captain Pollard thus told his story:—

"I was on the poop of the Victory from the time the men were beat to quarters before the action till late in the evening. I was the first struck, as a splinter hit my right arm, and I was the only officer left alive of all who had been originally stationed on the poop. It is true my old friend

Collingwood (who has now been dead some years) came on the poop after I had for some time discovered the men in the top of the Redoutable; they were in a crouching position, and rose breast-high to fire. I pointed them out to Collingwood as I made my aim; he took up a musket, fired once, and then left the poop, I concluded to return to the quarter-deck, which was his station during the battle. I remained firing at the top till not a man was to be seen; the last one I discovered coming down the mizen rigging, and from my fire he fell also. King, a quarter-master, was killed while in the act of handing me a parcel of ball cartridge long after Collingwood had left the poop. I remained there till after the action was over, and assisted in superintending the rigging of the jury mast. Then I was ushered into the ward-room where Sir Thomas Hardy and other officers were assembled, and complimented by them on avenging Lord Nelson's death, which fact afterwards appeared in the *Gazette*. I did not go on board the Redoutable with Mr. Collingwood at all, therefore could not have discovered the man 'lying in the mizentop, with one ball in his head, and another in his breast.' At the time of the action I was nineteen years of age."

CHAPTER XIII

ADMIRAL MAGON AND HIS FATE

THIS, according to French accounts, is how things fared with Rear-Admiral Magon, Villeneuve's junior admiral, and his flagship the "Algéçiras":—

The "Algéçiras" had already exchanged fire with several vessels, when she fell in with the "Tonnant." The British ship crossed her bows and got entangled with her bowsprit. Then, holding her antagonist fast, the "Tonnant" began firing broadsides into the "Algéçiras" that raked the French ship from end to end, and to which she could only reply with a few of her foremost guns. The position for the Algéçiras was that of a pugilist held fast "in chancery." Admiral Magon, as the only thing to do, gave orders to board. He would, he shouted, lead the boarders himself.

The next moment, one bullet carried Magon's hat and wig away; a second struck him in the right arm; immediately after that a third bullet struck him in the shoulder. Magon, however, flatly refused to leave the quarter-deck. He stood at his post, rallying the men, and shouting:

"The first man that boards that ship with me shall have the Cross!" It was in vain. The idea was hopeless. A few seconds later, a cannon ball struck the admiral down. It cut him nearly in two, and flung him down on deck on his back, dead. So a letter from the ship relates.

A second account says that Magon gave in to the repeated solicitations of his officers and allowed two of them to support him off the deck. Before they had gone many steps, however, a grape-shot struck the admiral in the stomach and he dropped dead then and there.

According to a third account Rear-Admiral Magon was struck down, as he was in the act of heading his men, a tomahawk in his hand, in an effort to repel a British boarding party from the "Tonnant." He fell with the words on his lips, "Sauvez, Sauvez, l'honneur du Pavillon!"[1]

Immediately afterwards other British ships came up and fired into the "Algéçiras," decimating her crew. Then the French ship's foremast came down, and her main and mizen masts followed, one after the other. Captain Letourneur now fell dangerously wounded, and the first and second lieutenants, Verdreau and Plassan. The charge of the ship devolved on a young officer, Lieutenant

[1] Among the officers on board was the Comte d'Houdetot, who began his career as a midshipman in the "Algéçiras," and was wounded at Trafalgar. Being transferred later on to the cavalry, he finally, we are told, "covered himself with glory in the heroic charges at the battle of the Moskowa."

de la Bretonnière. It was hopeless, though, at that stage, even to try to make a further stand. Dismasted and nearly knocked to pieces, on fire below, with 216 officers and men *hors de combat*, the "Algéçiras" had to haul her colours down. She had borne herself, as De la Gravière says, in a manner "digne de sa haute réputation."[1]

To complete the story, we have an eyewitness's account from a lieutenant of the "Tonnant":—

"A French ship of eighty guns," he says, "with an admiral's flag came up, and poured a raking broadside into our stern which killed and wounded forty petty officers and men, nearly cut the rudder in two, and shattered the whole of the stern with the quarter galleries. She then, in the most gallant manner, locked her bowsprit in our starboard main shrouds and attempted to board us with the greater part of her officers and ship's company. She had riflemen in her tops, who did great execution. Our poop was soon cleared and our gallant captain shot through the left thigh and obliged to be carried below. During this time we were not idle. We gave it to her most gloriously with the starboard and main deckers, and turned the forecastle gun, loaded with grape, on the gentleman who wished to give us a fraternal hug. The marines kept up a warm destructive fire on the boarders. Only one man made good his foot-

[1] There are five letters from officers of the "Algéçiras" among the archives of the Ministry of Marine in Paris; one of them was dictated by Captain Letourneur, and two are from de la Bretonnière.

ing on our quarter-deck, when he was pinned through the calf of his right leg by one of the crew with his half-pike, whilst another was going to cut him down, which I prevented, and desired him to be taken to the cockpit. . . . Our severe contest with the French admiral lasted more than half an hour, our sides grinding so much against each other that we were obliged to fire the lower-deck guns without running them out.

"At length both ships caught fire before the chess trees, and our firemen, with all the coolness and courage so inherent in British seamen, got the engine and played on both ships, and finally extinguished the flames, although two of them were severely wounded in doing so. At length we had the satisfaction of seeing her three lower masts go by the board, ripping the partners up in their fall, as they had been shot through below the deck, and carrying with them all their sharpshooters to look sharper in the next world; for as all our boats were shot through we could not save one of them in this. The crew were then ordered with the second lieutenant to board her. They cheered, and in a short time carried her. They found the gallant French Admiral Magon killed at the foot of the poop ladder, and the captain dangerously wounded. Out of eight lieutenants, five were killed with three hundred petty officers and seamen and about one hundred wounded. We left the second lieutenant and sixty men in charge of

her and took some of the prisoners on board when she swung clear of us. We had pummelled her so handsomely that fourteen of her lower-deck guns were dismounted and her larboard bow exhibited a mass of splinters."[1]

[1] The late Admiral of the Fleet Sir George Sartorius, who died in 1885, one of our two last survivors of Trafalgar, was a midshipman in the "Tonnant." He attributed his ship's success over the "Algéçiras" entirely to superior gunnery.

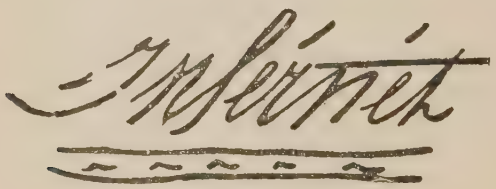
"She (the Tonnant)," he says, "was one of the very few, perhaps one of the four or five, that had been constantly exercised at her guns. At the battle of Trafalgar a line-of-battle ship ran alongside us, her yard got entangled with our main rigging, and in the course of six-and-thirty minutes, from the extreme rapidity of our firing we managed to knock away all her masts, and to kill and wound 436 of her men. Had we not been well exercised at our guns, I think the Frenchman would have got the advantage of us. We had actually our engine playing on her broadside to put out the fire caused by the flame of our guns."

CHAPTER XIV

HOW THE "INTREPIDE" TURNED BACK TO SAVE THE ADMIRAL

EQUALLY fine was the display made by the "Intrépide," Captain Louis Antoine Cyprian Infernet, to give an heroic officer his full name. How he turned back from the van into the fiercest of the fighting, in a forlorn-hope effort to rescue his admiral and save the fortune of the day; and after that, foiled by fate, fought his ship against tremendous odds until the "Intrépide," was left the last resisting French ship at Trafalgar, is the story of a feat of arms the memory of which, from that day to this, has ever been one of the glories of the French Navy; one of whose ships, the present-day cruiser "Infernet," in her name, commemorates it officially. Even at the last, when further resistance was hopeless, with every mast shot away and most of his guns disabled, with eight feet of water in the hold in spite of the pumps, with 306 officers and men killed and wounded, 45 per cent of the total on board—even then, though, Captain Infernet would not surrender, and his surviving officers had to hold him down while the colours were being lowered.

"Ah, que dira l'Empereur," the brave fellow exclaimed, with tears in his eyes, "que dira l'Empereur, moi qui l'avais assuré que je pouvais encore soutenir dix combats . . . et je me rends au premier."[1] "I have to ask you to be my interpreter to His Imperial Majesty," wrote Infernet on the day after Trafalgar to the Minister of Marine, "in expressing to him my deep sorrow at having lost the ship that was entrusted to me by him, which I had sworn to defend to the death.



CAPTAIN INFERNET'S SIGNATURE

Assure His Majesty above all things of my great desire that I may yet have an opportunity of avenging the honour of the flag—in any other post he may judge fit to place me." On his return to France, six months after Trafalgar, Napoleon specially sent for Infernet to St. Cloud and decorated him with the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour in the presence of the Imperial Court, on the same day that he decorated Lucas of the "Redoutable"; and popular acclaim, exactly as in

[1] Quoted, in a letter dated March, 1847, from Captain the Marquis Gicquel des Touches to the Minister of Marine in Paris. The marquis was an enseigne de vaisseau (sub-lieutenant) in the "Intrépide" at Trafalgar.

the case of Captain Lucas, transformed the name of the ship into an epithet of distinction for her captain. "L'Intrépide Infernet" all France called him during the rest of his life.

This is what took place on board the "Intrépide" at Trafalgar, as related in detail by the Marquis Gicquel des Touches:—[1]

"Their fleet, divided into two columns, approached us before the wind, a breeze from the west, and led by the two vice-admirals, Nelson and Collingwood, whose flags flew at the head of each line in the three-deckers Victory and Royal Sovereign.

"This method of engaging battle was contrary to ordinary prudence, for the British ships, reaching us one by one and at a very slow speed, seemed bound to be overpowered in detail by our superior forces; but Nelson knew his own fleet—and ours.

* * * * * *

"At the same moment that the Victory came into action with the Bucentaure and the Santisima Trinidad, the column of Admiral Collingwood engaged our rear division and the entire fleet disappeared from our sight, blotted out by the smoke,

"The leading division, however, although not a single British ship threatened it, remained inactive.

[1] "Revue des Deux Mondes," July, 1905. "Souvenirs d'un Marin de la République."

Our captain, Infernet, with his eyes fixed on the Formidable, expected Admiral Dumanoir every moment to make the signal to go about and take part in the battle. But no signal went up. Time passed, and the van division slowly drew off from where the fighting was going on: it became soon but too plain that its chief was keeping out of the battle. Admiral Villeneuve, meanwhile, while he still had a mast standing on which to hoist a signal, was ordering our ships to put about and come into action. Undoubtedly, owing to the lightness of the wind and the swell, the evolution was a slow and difficult one; but it might at least have been attempted. I have to admit, to the shame of the van division, that no effort was made by them to obey Admiral Villeneuve's signals. And I saw the Mont Blanc, the Duguay Trouin, and the Scipion, following in the wake of the Formidable and drawing off slowly without having received a single shot.

"Happily Captain Infernet took another view of his duty, and his honour. Although we were immediately under the orders of M. Dumanoir, we had already made several unsuccessful attempts to put about; but the wind had been entirely stilled by the cannonading and the very heavy ground swell, presage of an approaching storm, made it difficult for the ship to answer the helm. In the end, though, after incessant efforts and by the aid of the only boat we had available, we were able to

wear round, whereupon the captain called out in a resounding voice, 'Lou capo sur lou Bucentaure!' (Lay her head for the Bucentaure.) It was now the hottest moment of the battle.

"We could hardly make out, in the midst of the smoke and confusion of the battle, the situation of our flagship, surrounded as she was by the enemy, and having near her only the Redoutable, a small 74, crushed by the overpowering mass of the Victory, but still resisting with such heroism that they even tried to carry by boarding Nelson's own ship. At all points the British had the advantage of numbers over us. Not one of them was idle, and the advantage of an attack from windward permitted them to place themselves wherever their presence was necessary—paying no heed to our ships to leeward. These could not take part in the battle except from afar and must of necessity succumb in detail and ineffectively. And more than that. The enemy's superiority in gunnery was so great that, in a very short time, our crews were decimated, whilst on the British side the losses were comparatively trivial.

"When at length we drew near where the Bucentaure and the Redoutable lay, their masts had fallen, their fire was almost silenced; yet the heroism of those on board kept up an unequal and hopeless struggle, fighting against ships that were practically undamaged, from the ports of which

broadside after broadside flashed incessantly. It was into the thick of this fray that our Captain Infernet led us. He wanted, he said, to rescue Admiral Villeneuve and take him on board, and then to rally round ourselves the ships that were still in a fit state to fight. It was a reckless and forlorn hope, a mad enterprise; and he himself could not doubt it. It was the pretext Infernet gave for continuing the fight. He would not have it said that the Intrépide had quitted the battle while she still could fight a gun or hoist a sail. It was noble madness, but, though we knew it, we all supported him with joyful alacrity:—and would that others had imitated his example!

"We had soon the honour of drawing on us a number of the enemy:—the Leviathan, the Africa, the Agamemnon, the Orion, the Téméraire (? the Britannia) of 100 guns. They all set on us fiercely, and when, after five in the evening, we had to lower our colours, the only flag on our side that still flew, the Intrépide had not a lower mast left standing. She had lost two-thirds of her men and was lying riddled with shot-holes; the port-lids torn away; and with water pouring in below everywhere. Our honour, however, was saved; our work had been done, our duty fulfilled to the uttermost.

"I passed the whole time of the battle on the forecastle, where I had charge of the head sails

and of the musketry and the boarders. To lead my boarders was throughout my most ardent desire, which unhappily I could not realize. What took much of my attention was to prevent the masts and yards from coming down, and I was able to keep the foremast standing for a considerable time, by means of which we were able to manœuvre the ship to some extent. While the fighting was very hot, the British Orion crossed our bows in order to pour in a raking fire. I got my men ready to board, and pointing out to a midshipman her position and what I wanted to do, I sent him to the captain with a request to have the ship laid on board the Orion. I saw to the rest, and seeing the ardour of my men, I already imagined myself master of the British seventy-four and taking her into Cadiz with her colours under ours! With keen anxiety I waited; but there was no change in the Intrépide's course. Then I dashed off for the quarter-deck myself. On my way I found my midshipman lying flat on the deck, terrified at the sight of the Téméraire (? Britannia), which ship had come abreast of us within pistol-shot and was thundering into us from her lofty batteries. I treated my emissary as he deserved — I gave him a hearty kick — and then I hurried aft to explain my project personally to the captain. It was then, though, too late. The Orion swept forward across our bows, letting fly a

murderous broadside—and no second chance presented itself.

"At the moment I reached the poop the brave Infernet was brandishing a small curved sabre which struck off one of the pieces of wooden ornamental work by the rail. The sword-blade went quite close to my face, and I said laughingly, 'Do you want to cut my head off, Captain?' 'No, certainly not you, my friend,' was the reply, 'but that's what I mean to do to the first man who speaks to me of surrender.' Near by was a gallant colonel of infantry, who had distinguished himself at Marengo. He was terribly perturbed at the broadside from the Téméraire (? Britannia). In vain he tried to dodge and shelter behind the stalwart form of the captain, who at length saw what he was doing. 'Ah, Colonel,' called out the captain, 'do you think I am sheathed in metal then?' In spite of the gravity of the moment we could not keep from laughing.

"But by now, indeed, the decks had been almost swept clear; our guns were disabled, and the batteries heaped up with dead and dying. It was impossible to keep up a resistance which meant the doom of what remained of our brave ship's company, and ourselves, without the means of striking back and inflicting harm on the enemy. Our flag was hauled down. It had been for some time the last flag to fly in our part of the battle,

and I believe after us no other French or Spanish ship maintained resistance."[1]

This is an extract from Captain Infernet's own report to Admiral Villeneuve, drawn up in England and forwarded later to the Minister of Marine in Paris :—

"Je fus coupé par deux vaisseaux ennemis, qui commencèrent à me cannoner. Je les approchais et à 2 heures je commençai à les combattre de très près. Demi-heure après je fus combattu par trois et de très près ; à 3 heures par quatre ; à un quart par cinq. Je faisais feu des deux bords et même des canons de retraite, le combat était des plus

[1] Lieutenant Gicquel des Touches describes also how he was sent to England and interned with Admiral Dumanoir and a number of the French Trafalgar officers at Tiverton in Devonshire—"une petite ville, assez plaisante mais qui me parut singulièrement monotone." He says everybody was kind and hospitable to them, and some even offered to help them to escape. In particular he mentions a young Tiverton lady, "une jeune et jolie mees," who offered to escape with him if he would marry her on getting to France. He refused the tempting offer with difficulty, he says, and waited six years till he was regularly exchanged through the good offices of Lord Northesk of the "Britannia" at Trafalgar. The house where Admiral Dumanoir lodged at Tiverton used to be pointed out, as well as the walk in the neighbourhood, "Frenchman's mile," where the admiral and his brother officers interned with him at Tiverton were accustomed to take their daily "constitutional." Ordinarily the only restrictions on their liberty in this regard were that they had to be within the turnpike gates by 8 p.m. in the summer time and four in the winter, when the warning bell was rung from St. George's Church. It was from Tiverton that Admiral Dumanoir took the peculiar step, for a prisoner of war, of writing a letter to the "Times" to protest against certain reflections on his conduct in the battle that had appeared in the papers, and gave his own version of the part he had played at Trafalgar, quoted on another page.

opiniâtres. . . . Plus tard, je fus entouré par sept vaisseaux, qui tous me faisaient feu dessus."[1]

"I cannot give too high praise," wrote Admiral Villeneuve from England to the Minister of Marine, "to the courage that the officers and crew of the Intrépide displayed in so unequal a contest, and above all to the perseverance of the captain, who, undoubtedly foreseeing for some time the issue of the battle, still held out until his ship was reduced to the very last extremity."

The story of the "Intrépide's" doings at Trafalgar grew as time went on, until there had come into existence quite a legend about the ship, almost as touching in its way as that of Barrère's story of the last moments of the "Vengeur" and "its glorious suicidal sinking." Infernet, it was popularly reported in France, after firing until his ship was plainly on the point of going down under the feet of the men at the guns, heroically sent off all the wounded in the boats, and then, when he could do no more, as the ship was actually foundering, he saved himself by swimming on board an English ship, with his son, a boy, seated on his shoulders. The "Intrépide," as a fact, was one of the prizes disposed of during the storm after the battle. She was set on fire and destroyed by Collingwood's order, a week after the battle.

[1] Archives de la Marine. BB⁴, 237:—Rapport du Capᵉ Infernet; 3 Brum. An 14.

A British officer in the "Conqueror" (Lieutenant Humphrey Le Fleming Senhouse), in a letter home, thus testifies to the stubborn way in which the "Intrépide" was fought: "Her captain surrendered after one of the most gallant defences I ever witnessed. The Frenchman's name was Infernet, a member of the Legion of Honour, and it deserves to be recorded in the memory of those who admire true heroism. The Intrépide was the last ship that struck her colours, about half-past five (*sic*)."

Captain Infernet, with his son, a midshipman ten years old, was taken on board the "Orion," where every kindness and courtesy possible, and the due of so brave and gallant an officer, was shown him. This is what Captain Codrington said of him, writing home to his wife, whom he specially asked to go and see Infernet on his reaching England, and do all she could for him while a prisoner of war (which she did, also having Infernet over to stay as an honoured guest at her husband's house):—

"He is much like us in his open manner, is a good sailor, and I have no doubt a good officer, has more delicacy in his conduct, although, perhaps, boisterous in his manner, than any Frenchman I have before met with: and endeavours to

make himself agreeable to all in the ship. He fought most stoutly, and had I not had the advantage over him of position and a ready fire whilst he was engaged with others, we should not have escaped as well as we did."

Captain Infernet came on board the "Orion" with only the clothes he stood in. All else was lost in the subsequent destruction of the "Intrépide." Codrington advanced him £100 on leaving the "Orion"; and at the same time another British captain, Ben Hallowell, of the "Tigre," did the same, sending Infernet the money as a personal gift, together with a trunk full of shirts and clothing "in acknowledgement of the great courtesy and kindness that he himself had received from Admiral Gantheaume and his officers, when a prisoner."

This was the more chivalrous, as Hallowell was one of the squadron that Nelson had sent to Gibraltar before Trafalgar, causing them just to miss the battle, to their life-long regret.

Wrote Mrs. Codrington of Captain Hallowell's action to a friend: "I think nothing of Captain C's having given him an order to the same amount, because he was his own conquered opponent; but I *do* think it *very fine* in a man not even present in the action."

Like so many others of the better men of the

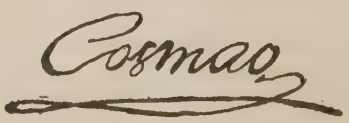
Napoleonic navy, Infernet was shelved without promotion and pensioned off in 1814, on the restoration of the Bourbon *régime* in France.[1]

[1] A personal note about the captain of the "Intrépide" may, in conclusion, be added to what has been already said of "l'Intrépide Infernet." Just as Lucas of the "Redoutable," with his slight figure and four feet nine inches of height, was the smallest man in the *Etat Major* of the French Fleet, so Infernet was about the biggest. One who knew him described him as "grand comme un tambour-major et gros comme un ci-devant prieur des Benedictines." He stood five feet ten in his socks. A Provençal by birth—he was born near Toulon—and of very humble parentage, he began his naval life as a cabin boy, and powder-monkey when wanted. He was rough and quite uneducated, resembling in that his cousin Masséna and most of the other chiefs of the day. His speech was the broadest Provençal: "Infernet parle mal, mais il se bât très bien," a brother officer once said of him.

CHAPTER XV

OTHERS THAT DESERVED WELL OF FRANCE

"VA de Bon Cœur" Cosmao's smart "Pluton" did well at Trafalgar and had better luck than most of her consorts. The "Pluton" lost 280 men out of 600, and by three o'clock was so full of shot-holes between wind and water, that, with all her pumps going, she made upwards of four feet of water an hour. Cosmao Kerjulien, in spite of that, fought his ship unflinchingly, He held his own and helped to rescue Admiral Gravina's flag-ship when threatened by the approach of a number of British ships; after which he made his way, with the eleven ships that got off in that direction, safely to Cadiz.



CAPTAIN COSMAO'S SIGNATURE

At the outset, according to the French official account of the battle, Cosmao beat back a British 80-gun ship (apparently the "Mars"), which was trying to break the line at that point. Then, as

the British vessel moved on to make a passage between the "Monarca" and the "Fougueux," where there was a wide gap, Cosmao also pushed the "Pluton" ahead. Getting there first, he again faced the "Mars," and prevented her from getting through. Coming now into close action with that ship, for upwards of three-quarters of an hour the "Pluton" had a hot fight with the "Mars," until a second British ship, believed to be the three-decker "Prince," came on the scene. For some time after that Cosmao held his own, and then a third British vessel, the 80-gun ship "Tonnant," joined in. The "Mars" on that moved off, with her fore and main topmasts shot away, and soon afterwards the three-decker passed on, as did also the "Tonnant." The "Pluton" next drifted slowly along the firing line, having desultory encounters with various British ships, until after three o'clock. Cosmao then, seeing that the day had been lost, and that Gravina was doing his best to rally what ships were at hand for a retreat towards Cadiz, as senior French captain in that quarter, hoisted the signal for all French ships that could do so, to disengage and follow his movements.

The "Pluton" accompanied Gravina out of the battle, and two days later headed the forlorn-hope sortie that was attempted with the idea of recovering some of the prizes. For his day's work at Trafalgar, and on the 23rd, Napoleon promoted Cosmao specially to rear-admiral, a promotion

well won. The King of Spain at the same time nominated him a Grandee of the First Class.

* * * * * *

"L'Aigle" went into action with 620 men at quarters. She came out dismasted and a British prize, with barely enough men left to man the pumps. The casualties included Captain Gourrège, mortally wounded; and Second-Captain Tempie and three lieutenants killed. Out of ten junior officers, nine were killed.

The "Aigle's" fight at Trafalgar was one of the finest on the side of the Combined Fleet, and she only gave in when further defence on her part was hopeless, and the fortune of the day had declared itself against her consorts all round. First of all, at the outset, after a sharp exchange of broadsides with the "Belleisle," the "Aigle" came to close quarters with the "Bellerophon"—the famous "Billy Ruff'n" of song and story—as tough an antagonist, perhaps, as she could have found that day. The "Bellerophon's" men went in action at Trafalgar, as one of her officers relates, with "Victory or Death" chalked on their guns, and it was of them that another officer wrote home on the night before the battle: "No man can be a coward aboard the Billy Ruff'n." Running alongside the "Bellerophon" in the smoke, the "Aigle's" mainyard locked fast with the foreyard of the "Bellerophon" on the starboard side. The fight was

desperately severe, although the "Bellerophon's" better gunnery before long asserted itself, and got the better of that of the Frenchmen. This was in spite of the fact that the "Bellerophon," on her other side, on the port bow and quarter, was all the time keeping up a brisk cannonade with three ships of the enemy. Then the "Aigle's" captain turned his thoughts to a desperate attempt with boarding-pikes and hand-grenades. Captain Gourrège, finding his gunnery mastered, shut down his ports, and crammed his upper deck, bulwarks, and the lower shrouds, with the soldiers on board and his seamen musketeers. "L'Aigle," described a midshipman of the "Bellerophon," "twice attempted to board us, and hove several hand-grenades into our lower deck, which burst and wounded several of our people most dreadfully.[1] She likewise set fire to our fore chains. Our fire was so hot, that we soon drove them from the lower deck, after which our people took the coins out, and elevated their guns so as to tear her decks and sides to pieces. . . . Her starboard quarter was entirely beaten in."

[1] "One of these grenades," says the "Bellerophon's" first lieutenant, "in its explosion had blown off the scuttle of the gunner's storeroom, setting fire to the storeroom, and forcing open the door into the magazine passage. *Most providentially* this door was so placed . . . . that the same blast that *blew open* the storeroom door, *shut to* the door of the magazine; otherwise we must all in both ships inevitably have been blown up together." The gunner, with a few hands from the lower deck, was fortunately able to get the fire under before it had spread far.

Breaking away from the "Bellerophon," under a terrific raking fire from that ship, and very seriously damaged, the "Aigle" had a short passing fight with the "Revenge." It was the outcome of a gallant attempt by Captain Gourrège to bar the way between the "Revenge" and Admiral Gravina's flagship. The "Revenge" ran into the "Aigle," being entangled with her for a short space, and then, with two tremendous broadsides in rapid succession, shook herself clear, and passed on elsewhere. The "Aigle" was by now practically drifting; her crippled state prevented her from making sail.

A third opponent then came up, the "Defiance." "L'Aigle," says a memoir of Sir Philip Durham, the captain of the "Defiance," "appeared to have been severely handled by some other ship. She was, however, quite ready for action, and defended herself most gallantly for some time."

"At about 3 p.m.," says James,[1] "the Defiance ran alongside of the Aigle, lashed the latter to herself, boarded her with little resistance, got possession of the poop and quarter-deck, hauled down the French colours, and hoisted the English in their stead; when suddenly, so destructive a fire of musketry was opened upon the boarders from the forecastle, waist, and tops of the Aigle, that the British, before they had been well five minutes in possession of their prize, were glad to quit her

[1] "Naval History," vol. III, p. 440.

Defiance L'Aigle

H.M.S. "DEFIANCE" DEALING THE FRENCH 74 "L'AIGLE" HER COUP-DE-GRACE

[After the painting by J. C. Schetky, in the possession of Major-General Sir James Wolfe Murray, K.C.B. ; reproduced by permission of the owner of the picture from the "United Service Gazette" Trafalgar Centenary Number]

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and escape back to their ship. As soon as the lashings were cut loose, the Defiance sheered off to half pistol-shot distance, and there kept up so well-maintained a cannonade, that in less than twenty-five minutes the Aigle, the fire from whose great guns had been nobly maintained, was presently taken quiet possession of.[1] . . . Her hull was pierced in every direction. . . . Her loss amounted to about 270 in killed and wounded, including several of her officers. According to the official return, Captain Gourrège and another officer were mortally wounded, and four officers were killed. Three officers were wounded."

In the course of the fight a fine display of chivalrous feeling was shown by those in the French ship, as related in a memoir of Sir John Franklin, the Arctic explorer, who was signal midshipman in the "Bellerophon." "Of some forty persons stationed with Mr. Franklin on the poop, not more than eight escaped unhurt. Among the

[1] In reply to a paragraph in a London newspaper, that "Captain Blackwood of the Euryalus had delivered to the Lords of the Admiralty the Jack, etc., of the French ship l'Aigle," an officer of the "Defiance" wrote to the "Hampshire Telegraph" on the 16th of December, 1806, as follows:—

"I beg to inform you that l'Aigle struck to the Defiance: that Lieutenant Simons most gallantly boarded her, hauled down her colours which he brought, partly lashed round his body, into this ship, and then returned to l'Aigle in aid of the boarders, and was unfortunately shot on her poop. . . . The Ensign, Jack, and Pendant of l'Aigle were sent to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty by Captain Durham."

fortunate few was a veteran sailor, named Christopher Beaty, yeoman of the signals. Seeing the ensign shot away a third time, he mounted the mizen-rigging with the largest Union Jack he could lay his hands upon, deliberately stopped the four corners of it with as much spread as possible to the shrouds, and regained the deck unhurt. The French riflemen in the tops and on the poop of l'Aigle, seeing what he was about, and seemingly in admiration of such daring conduct, suspended their fire for the few seconds that he remained aloft; this forbearance on the part of the enemy being the more noble, as they had previously picked off every man that appeared before the Bellerophon's mizen-mast." On our side, it may be said that the "V.C." has been given for less than what Christopher Beaty did at Trafalgar.

* * * * * *

The French "Swiftsure," when she surrendered, was unmanageable, had five feet of water in the hold, and two of her three masts were down. Two hundred and fifty-five officers and men were *hors de combat.*

* * * * * *

The "Berwick," in like manner, lost over two hundred and fifty of her company — including the captain, killed on his quarter-deck—before her colours came down. On her being taken possession of, the British officer sent on board "counted

upon her decks and in her cockpit and tiers 51 dead bodies, including that of her gallant captain, M. Camas; and the wounded of the Berwick, according to the report of her few surviving officers, amounted to nearly 200: her loss in officers was very severe, the quarter-deck having been thrice cleared."

* * * * * *

This story is taken from a memoir of Captain Israel Pellew, the captain of H.M.S. "Conqueror," though the French ship of whose surrender it is recorded has not been identified.

"The remains of the most splendid and powerful fleet ever drawn up in a line of battle were now making their escape to Cadiz, and the Conqueror hauled across the course of one of them which had only her foresail set. Her captain stood upon the poop, holding the lower corner of a small French jack, while he pinned the upper with his sword to the stump of the mizen-mast. She fired two or three guns, probably to provoke a return, which might spare the discredit of a tame surrender. The Conqueror's broadside was ready; but Captain Pellew exclaimed, 'Don't hurt the brave fellow; fire a single shot across his bow.' Her captain immediately lowered his sword, thus dropping the colours, and, taking off his hat, bowed his surrender."

Another officer of the "Conqueror" seems to refer to the same French ship, dealing apparently with an incident just before the act of surrender. It is equally creditable to both sides. "On the stump of the mainmast of one of the enemy's ships which she (the Conqueror) had engaged and dismasted, a man was seen most fearlessly occupied in placing the tricoloured flag. Lieutenant Toole had three times raised a musquet to his shoulder and levelled it, but a compassionate and generous feeling forbade him to execute his threat, and the gallant fellow was suffered to live, to share the fate of his, soon after, captured companions."

[Three reports by Captain Cosmao Kerjulien on the proceedings of the "Pluton" at Trafalgar are extant in the archives of the Ministry of Marine in Paris, besides one by Captain Villemadrin of the French "Swiftsure," and one on the surrender of the "Aigle" by the senior surviving officer of that ship, Lieutenant Asmus Classen. There are also extant reports it has not been necessary to utilize from other officers, including one from Captain Maistral of the "Neptune," and three from Captain Epron of the "Argonaute," enclosing a rather curious "Declaration" by the midshipmen of his ship.]

CHAPTER XVI

A MASTER-AT-ARMS' EXPERIENCES

ANOTHER very interesting account of Trafalgar from the French side was found not very long ago among some manuscript memoirs left by an old officer of Napoleon's navy, Captain Pierre Servaux, of the Marine Artillery. He was at Trafalgar as master-at-arms of the "Fougueux," the ship that fired the first shot in the battle. The "Fougueux" had her station just astern of the point at which Collingwood broke through. By something of a coincidence, this was a corresponding position to that the "Redoutable" occupied at the point where Nelson made his attack. Also, as things turned out, both the "Fougueux" and the "Redoutable" surrendered to, and were taken possession of by, the British "Téméraire."

Here is Captain Servaux's story—a straightforward enough one:—

"Daybreak on October 21st found the French Fleet in almost the same situation that it had been in on the evening before. Several of our ships, however, had meanwhile drifted off to leeward,

among others a Spanish line-of-battle which had got almost a league out of her proper station. The admiral signalled now to form line of battle on that ship; but even then we did not in the end obtain a much better result. The English Fleet, on the other hand, who were favoured by a light breeze, worked together in much better order. They had, too, the advantage of being to windward. With the greatest ease they formed themselves into two columns, the one having at its head the line-of-battle ship Victory, of 110 guns, on board which was Admiral Nelson; the other following the lead of the Royal Sovereign (*Prince Souverain* the writer calls the ship), also of 110 guns, on board which was Admiral Collingwood. Then the English Fleet came on before the wind and headed to break the line which had been formed in so irregular a manner by the French and Spanish ships. We for our part, mostly, left too great intervals between each ship and its leader in the column.

"The Fougueux, on board which I was master-at-arms, had for her immediate leader (*chef de file*) the Spanish man-of-war Santa Ana, of 110 guns. By bad handling that ship left a gap of at least a cable across, between herself and the next astern, ourselves; thus offering the enemy an easy passage through. It was just on this point that Admiral Collingwood directed his attack, as he advanced to break the line. It necessarily resulted that he

crossed right in front of our bows, and so our first antagonist was Admiral Collingwood.[1]

"At a quarter past twelve o'clock the Fougueux, a man-of-war of seventy-four guns, fired the first gun in the fleet. As she did so she hoisted her colours. She continued her cannonade, firing on the English flagship, which was a greatly superior vessel in size, height, guns and the number of the crew. Her main-deck and upper-deck guns, in fact, could fire right down on to our decks, and in that way all our upper-deck men employed in working the ship, and the infantry marksmen posted on the gangways, were without cover and entirely exposed. We had also, according to our bad habit in the French Navy, fired away over a hundred rounds from our big guns at long range before the English ship had practically snapped a gun lock. It was, indeed, not until we found ourselves side by side and yardarm to yardarm with the English flagship that she fired at all. Then she gave us a broadside from five and fifty guns and carronades, hurtling forth a storm of cannon balls, big and small, and musket-shot.

[1] "The Fougueux, the ship astern of the Santa Ana, had closed up, with the intention of preventing the Royal Sovereign from going through the line, and when Admiral Collingwood observed it, he desired Captain Rotheram to steer immediately for the Frenchman and carry away his bowsprit. To avoid this, the Fougueux backed her main topsail, and suffered the Royal Sovereign to pass, at the same time beginning her fire, when the admiral ordered a gun to be occasionally fired at her, to cover his ship with smoke."—"Correspondence and Memoirs of Lord Collingwood," G. L. Newnham Collingwood, p. 126.

"I thought the Fougueux was shattered to pieces—pulverized. The storm of projectiles that hurled themselves against and through the hull on the port side made the ship heel to starboard. Most of the sails and the rigging were cut to pieces, while the upper deck was swept clear of the greater number of the seamen working there, and of the soldier sharpshooters. Our gun-decks below had, however, suffered less severely. There, not more than thirty men in all were put *hors de combat*. This preliminary greeting, rough and brutal as it was, did not dishearten our men. A well-maintained fire showed the Englishmen that we too had guns and could use them.

"The English ship having come up to us, made to break the line between us and the Santa Ana. The Spanish ship, in fact, during our action with the English leader, had not fired a single shot. She had stolidly kept on and continued her course without shortening sail, thus giving an easy passage through to the enemy. After that, however, by the smart handling of our captain, we managed to come within our proper distance of her; as a fact, indeed, almost with our bowsprit over his poop. By this manœuvre we had the enemy's ship on the port quarter in such a way that whilst we could only receive a few shots from their stern guns, they were exposed to our whole broadside, raking the enemy, end-on, along all his decks. We soon saw the English vessel's

THE LAST HOURS OF THE "SANTISIMA TRINIDAD"

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mizen-mast go by the board, and then her rudder and steering gear were damaged, making the ship unmanageable. Her sails flapped loose in the wind, and her sheets and running rigging were cut to pieces by our hail of shot. For some time she ceased firing. We, for our part, now redoubled our efforts and we next saw her main-topmast come down. At that moment the English ship hoisted two signal flags at the foremast. It made us think that she was calling for help. And we were not wrong. After a very little time two fresh English men-of-war came up and began to attack us; the one on the starboard quarter, the other at the stern. Under their fire, we held out for more than an hour, but they almost overpowered us with their terrible storm of round shot and a fusillade of bullets which carried death among our men.

FRENCH MAN-OF-WAR'S MAN
1805

"Our mizen-mast was now shot by the board, while our spars were shot from the masts and were

lying in wreckage along the sides of the ship. Then, too, fire broke out in the stern walk and the poop. We tried our best, in spite of the hail of shot, to put the fire out, and with hatchets to cut adrift the mass of wrecked top-hamper from the fallen masts and yards and cordage. It lay along the ship's sides by the gun-tiers and was endangering the ship and exposing her to the most imminent risk of destruction by fire. At this moment the captain ordered me to climb outboard and see if the wreckage of the mainsail was not in danger of being set on fire from the main-deck guns. I obeyed; but as I clambered from the gangway into the chains one of the enemy fired her whole starboard broadside. The din and concussion were fearful; so tremendous that I almost fell headlong into the sea. Blood gushed from my nose and ears, but it did not prevent my carrying out my duty. Then our mainmast fell. Happily it was shot through some ten or twelve feet above the deck and fell over to port. At once we cut away the shrouds to starboard; but it was with great difficulty that in the end we were able to clear ourselves.

"Our fire was well maintained all this time: though the great superiority of the heavy guns of the English ships, and their very advantageous position, decimated our men in a fearful manner. More than half the crew had by this been struck down, killed or wounded. Then, at length, our last

remaining mast went; falling forward on to the fore part of the ship. Our flag, however, was still flying. It was the only thing left above the deck. All the same, neither our brave captain, nor a single one of our men, had a thought of lowering it.

"Now, however, yet another English ship, the Téméraire, of 100 guns, came down to attack us. Borne down alongside of us with the current, she fell on board us. At once a broadside burst from her upper-deck guns and main battery, with a hot small-arms fusillade, fired right down into us. It swept our decks clear. Even then, though, our men rallied. With cries of 'à l'abordage!' repeated all over the ship, some sixty to eighty of them swarmed up on deck, armed with sabres and axes. But the huge English three-decker towered high above the Fougueux, and they fired down on us as they pleased with their musketry, until, at length, they themselves boarded us. From two to three hundred of them suddenly rushed on board us, entering the ship from their chains and main-deck ports. Our captain fell dead, shot through the heart with a musket bullet. The few men who were left could make no resistance in the face of numbers. Resistance was out of the question, while still the enemy's murderous fire from the gangways continued. We were obliged to give back and yield, though we defended the decks port by port. So the Fougueux fell into the power of the English.

"Yet we had in the end the proud consolation of not hauling down our own colours. The doing that we left to the enemy, who carried the colours off after they had taken possession of the ship. Thus ended one of the most murderous of battles. For nearly four hours we had not ceased firing once, and at the same time we had stood up against four ships, each one of them more powerful at all points than our Fougueux. Indeed, the Fougueux was a very weakly built vessel. We lost in the combat our captain, more than half the ship's company, two lieutenants, three mates, two midshipmen, and three warrant officers."[1]

[Two official reports on the doings and fate of the "Fougueux" at Trafalgar, both by Second-Captain Bazin of that ship, are in existence among the archives of the Ministry of Marine in Paris, dated respectively 21st and 27th Brumaire, An 14.]

[1] According to the returns at the Ministry of Marine in Paris, the "Fougueux" had the captain and six lieutenants and army officers killed and four wounded.

CHAPTER XVII

JEANNETTE OF THE "ACHILLE"

LASTLY among the French ships we have the catastrophe of the French "Achille." Coming into action about two o'clock, when the "Polyphemus" attacked her, she engaged in turn after that the "Defiance" and the "Swiftsure." Before three o'clock the "Achille's" captain had fallen and all the senior officers. Thenceforth the ship was fought by a sub-lieutenant, Enseigne de vaisseau Cauchard. The gallant young fellow was doing well, and had just extricated the ship from her earlier opponents, when, between three and half-past, a bigger enemy still came up, the three-decker "Prince." By this time the "Achille" had lost over four hundred killed and wounded. Still, though, she fought on stubbornly; until there was a sudden explosion in the arm-chest in the foretop. It caused a fire, which blazed up fiercely and could not be got under. The ship's fire-engine was found to have been smashed, and all that could be done was to cut the mast away and let it drop overboard. Efforts to do this were being made when a broadside from the "Prince," fired high,

shot the mast in two. It was cut through halfway up; causing the blazing top, with its sails and cordage, to fall, a flaming mass, on the boats and spars stowed inboard on the booms in the waist. These took fire at once, and in a few minutes the whole ship was ablaze. On that, seeing the French ship hopelessly on fire, and her men beginning to jump overboard, the "Prince" ceased action, and lowered boats to rescue as many men as possible. Other ships near by did the same, and the two little vessels "Pickle" and "Entreprenante" ran boldly in as near as they could, regardless of shotted guns on board the blazing ship, which went off as the heat reached them. From two to three hundred men were rescued in all before half-past five, just about sunset, when the remains of the "Achille"[1] blew up. By then fighting had ceased everywhere for nearly half an hour. With the blowing up of the "Achille" the battle of Trafalgar came to its end.

A British officer of the "Defence" who was watching the burning of the ill-fated "Achille," and saw her blow up, thus describes the final scene: "It was a sight the most awful and grand that can be conceived. In a moment the hull burst

[1] "The Achille," says Lieutenant Paul Harris Nicolas, of the "Belleisle's" marines, "burnt to the water's edge, with the tricolour still displayed, about a mile from us, and our tenders and boats were using every effort to save the brave fellows who had so gloriously defended her; but only two hundred and fifty were rescued when she blew up with a tremendous explosion."

into a cloud of smoke and fire. A column of vivid flame shot up to an enormous height in the atmosphere and terminated by expanding into an immense globe, representing, for a few seconds, a prodigious tree in flames, speckled with many dark spots, which the pieces of timber and bodies of men occasioned while they were suspended in the clouds."

A very remarkable incident is on record in connexion with the burning of the "Achille."

One of those rescued by the British boats was a young Frenchwoman. The story of her extraordinary escape is thus told in the words of a lieutenant of the "Revenge," on board which ship the woman was taken:—

"Towards the conclusion of the battle the French 80-gun ship Achille, after surrendering, caught fire on the booms. The poor fellows belonging to her, as the only chance of saving their lives, leaped overboard, having first stripped off their clothes, that they might be the better able to swim to any pieces of floating wreck or to the boats of the ships sent by those nearest at hand to their rescue. As the boats filled, they proceeded to the Pickle schooner, and, after discharging their freight into that vessel, returned for more. The schooner was soon crowded to excess, and, therefore, transferred the poor shivering wretches to any of the large ships near her. The Revenge, to

which ship I belonged, received nearly a hundred of the number, some of whom had been picked up by our own boats, Many of them were badly wounded, and all naked. No time was lost for providing for the latter want, as the purser was ordered immediately to issue to each man a complete suit of clothes.

"On the morning after the action I had charge of the deck, the other officers and crew being at breakfast, when another boat load of these poor prisoners of war came alongside, all of whom, with one exception, were in the costume of Adam. The exception I refer to was apparently a youth, but clothed in an old jacket and trousers, with a dingy handkerchief tied round the head, and exhibiting a face begrimed with smoke and dirt, without shoes, stockings, or shirt, and looking the picture of misery and despair. The appearance of this young person at once attracted my attention, and on asking some questions on the subject, I was answered that the prisoner was a woman. It was sufficient to know this, and I lost no time in introducing her to my messmates, as a female requiring their compassionate attention. The poor creature was almost famishing with hunger, having tasted nothing for four-and-twenty hours, consequently she required no persuasion to partake of the breakfast upon the table. I then gave her up my cabin, for by this time the bulk-head had been replaced, and made a collection of all the articles which

could be procured to enable her to complete a more suitable wardrobe. One of the lieutenants gave her a piece of sprigged blue muslin, which he had obtained from a Spanish prize, and two new checked shirts were supplied by the purser; these, with a purser's blanket, and my ditty bag, which contained needles, thread, etc., being placed at her disposal, she, in a short time, appeared in a very different, and much more becoming, costume. Being a dressmaker, she had made herself a sort of a jacket, after the Flemish fashion, and the purser's shirts she had transformed into an outer petticoat; she had a silk handkerchief tastily tied over her head, and another thrown round her shoulders; white stockings and a pair of the chaplain's shoes were on her feet, and, altogether, our guest, which we unanimously voted her, appeared a very interesting young woman.

"'Jeannette,' which was the only name by which I ever knew her, thus related to me the circumstances. She said she was stationed during the action in the passage of the fore-magazine, to assist in handing up the powder, which employment lasted till the surrender of the ship. When the firing ceased, she ascended to the lower deck, and endeavoured to get up to the main deck, to search for her husband, but the ladders having been all removed, or shot away, she found this impracticable; and just at this time an alarm of fire spread through the ship, so that she could get

no assistance. The fire originated upon the upper deck, and gradually burnt downwards. Her feelings upon this occasion cannot be described: but death from all quarters stared her in the face. The fire, which soon burnt fiercely, precluded the possibility of her escaping by moving from where she was, and no friendly counsellor was by with whom to advise. She remained wandering to and fro upon the lower deck, among the mangled corses of the dying and the slain, until the guns from the main deck actually fell through the burnt planks. Her only refuge, then, was the sea, and the poor creature scrambled out of the gun-room port, and, by the help of the rudder chains, reached the back of the rudder, where she remained for some time, praying that the ship might blow up, and thus put a period to her misery, At length the lead which lined the rudder-trunk began to melt, and to fall upon her, and her only means of avoiding this was to leap overboard. Having, therefore, divested herself of her clothes, she soon found herself struggling with the waves, and providentially finding a piece of cork, she was enabled to escape from the burning mass. A man, shortly afterwards, swam near her, and, observing her distress, brought her a piece of plank, about six feet in length, which, being placed under her arms, supported her until a boat approached to her rescue. The time she was thus in the water she told me was about two hours, but probably the disagreeableness and

peril of her situation made a much shorter space of time appear of that duration. The boat which picked her up, I have heard, was the Belleisle's, but her sex was no sooner made known than the men, whose hearts were formed of the right stuff, quickly supplied her with the articles of attire in which she first made my acquaintance. One supplied her with trowsers, another stripped off his jacket, and threw it over her, and a third supplied her with a handkerchief. She was much burnt about the neck, shoulders, and legs, by the molten lead, and when she reached the Pickle was more dead than alive. A story so wonderful and pitiful could not fail to enlist, on her behalf, the best feelings of human nature, and it was, therefore, not praiseworthy, but only natural, that we extended towards her that humane attention which her situation demanded. I caused a canvas screen berth to be made for her, to hang outside the ward-room door, opposite to where the sentry was stationed, and I placed my cabin at her disposal for her dressing-room.

"Although placed in a position of unlooked-for comfort, Jeannette was scarcely less miserable; the fate of her husband was unknown to her. She had not seen him since the commencement of the battle, and he was perhaps killed, or had perished in the conflagration. Still, the worst was unknown to her, and a possibility existed that he was yet alive. All her enquiries were, however, unattended

with success, for several days, during which I was so much busied in securing the ship's masts, and in looking after the ship in the gales which we had to encounter, that I had no time to attend to my *protégée*. It was on about the fourth day of her sojourn that she came to me in the greatest possible ecstacy and told me that she had found her husband, who was on board among the prisoners, and unhurt. She soon afterwards brought him to me, and in the most grateful terms and manner returned her thanks for the attentions she had received. After this, Jeannette declined coming to the ward-room, from the very proper feeling that her husband could not be admitted to the same privileges. On our arrival at Gibraltar, all our prisoners were landed by order of the Port-Admiral, Sir John Knight, at the Neutral Ground, but under a mistake, as the Spanish prisoners only should have been landed there. Her dress, though rather odd, was not unbecoming, and we all considered her a fine woman. On leaving the ship, most, if not all of us, gave her a dollar, and she expressed her thanks as well as she was able, and assured us that the name of our ship would always be remembered by her with the warmest gratitude."[1]

[1] Captain Moorsom, of the "Revenge," in a private letter relates the adventure of Jeannette; as also does one of the sailors of the "Revenge," who published his experiences at the battle in a small book.

Another French woman from the "Achille," was, it is stated, rescued by the "Britannia." So Second-Lieutenant Halloran, of the "Britannia's" marines, records in his journal:—

"Among the prisoners brought on board from one of the ships was a man in the costume and character of a Harlequin, pressed, we believe, off the stage the evening previous to the battle, without having time to change. There was also a poor woman saved from the Achille through the gun-room port as she blew up. This poor creature was brought on board with scarcely any covering, and our senior subaltern of marines, Lieutenant Jackson, gave her a large cotton dressing-gown for clothing. There was also among the prisoners two Turks; the former had both legs amputated, and both men died the same night."

[The "Achille" was one of the newest and finest seventy-fours in Napoleon's navy. A remarkably fine model of her, fully masted and rigged and complete in every detail, is on view in the Musée de la Marine at the Louvre, with a statement attached mentioning her fate at Trafalgar.

Three reports on the disaster to the "Achille," from survivors on board, are among the archives of the Ministry of Marine; one from Lieutenant Chamard, and two from Midshipmen Quiots and La Chasse.]

CHAPTER XVIII

H.M.S. "IMPLACABLE"

NOT a single one of the five French line-of-battle ships that escaped with Admiral Gravina into Cadiz, after Trafalgar, or of the four fugitives that went off with Admiral Dumanoir, saw a home port again. The French ships that got into Cadiz remained blockaded there until June, 1808. On Spain throwing off the yoke of Napoleon, they surrendered at discretion to their quondam allies, and were added to the Spanish Navy. Dumanoir's four, after taking a wide sweep westward to avoid any outlying British ships, were intercepted and captured bodily off Cape Finisterre, a fortnight after Trafalgar, by Sir Richard Strachan and a squadron from the Channel Fleet.[1]

One of the four ships was in service until the

[1] Commodore Sir Richard Strachan acquired for himself at the same time a *sobriquet*—which stuck to him to the end of his days in the Navy—of "the delighted Sir Dicky." That was due to the occurrence in Commodore Strachan's official despatch to the Admiralty on the event—after describing how he first got the news of the enemy's proximity—of the somewhat unusual expression for an official communication: "We were delighted."

Photo, W. M. Crockett, Stonehouse]

OUR ONLY TRAFALGAR PRIZE LEFT—H.M.S. "IMPLACABLE" AT DEVONPORT

To face p. 228

spring of last year as a naval training ship at Devonport, under the name of the "Implacable."[1]

At Trafalgar the ship was known as the "Duguay Trouin." When the battle opened, she was sixth ship astern of the leader of the Combined Fleet. Her first shot was fired at the "Victory," as the British flagship was hauling up to northward to make a feint, with the idea of holding Admiral Dumanoir's division in check. Then the "Duguay Trouin" fired at the "Téméraire," close astern of the "Victory," and also had a few shots at the "Euryalus." After that the "Duguay Trouin" opened fire at the "Africa," then passing along the van of the Combined Fleet to join Nelson's column; and also at the "Conqueror" and the "Neptune," on whom, for a while, she kept up a long-range cannonade. Meantime all on board were anxiously expecting the signal to be given for the van division to go about and get into close action. They could see the "Bucentaure" and "Santisima Trinidad" being hard pressed, and all the line astern of them hotly engaged, but no signal to go about was made. It was not until nearly two o'clock, when they plainly saw the flagship and the "Trinidad" beginning to weaken and slacken fire, that the "Bucentaure" at length

[1] For some years, until finally paid off, it was usual every 21st of October to display a laurel wreath at the masthead of the "Implacable" and decorate her figure-head also; while at the hoisting of the colours at 8 a.m. the band played "The Death of Nelson" in addition to the National Anthem.

made the signal. Then, however, it was too late. The breeze was so light that it took nearly an hour before Admiral Dumanoir's ships could get their heads round. At last all the division got about, and thereupon they moved down towards the fight, in two groups of five. One set, the first to move off, comprising the "San Francisco de Asisi," "San Agustin," "Rayo," "Intrépide," and "Héros," kept to leeward, making towards where the sorely stricken "Bucentaure" lay, with her colours down. The others, Dumanoir's flagship the "Formidable," with the "Scipion," "Duguay Trouin," "Mont Blanc," and "Neptuno," kept away to windward. The first group were broken up almost at the outset by some of the ships originally forming the centre of Nelson's column, which struck at them hard and heavily. The "Rayo" and "San Francisco de Asisi" made off to leeward towards where Gravina, with signals flying to rally on him, was already taking steps for the retreat of the remnant of the Combined Fleet. The "Héros," the headmost of all, threaded her way through, and, after losing her captain and many men, managed to join Gravina. The "Intrépide," more daring than the rest, stood in closer, got separated, and met her fate, after a magnificent defence, as has been related.

The "Duguay Trouin" and her consorts, during this time, were keeping clear and to windward of the firing. They eventually came opposite the

"Victory," a little after Captain Hardy had paid his first visit to Nelson in the cockpit. It was the concussion of the "Victory's" guns, as they replied to the "Duguay Trouin" and her consorts, which drew from the dying Nelson the pitiful apostrophe to his flagship: "Oh, Victory, Victory! How you distract my poor brain!" Their approach it was, in fact, that recalled Captain Hardy on deck and caused him no small anxiety for the time being. Nelson being off the deck and *hors de combat*, Hardy, as captain of the flagship, in accordance with the usage of the British Navy —dating from the days of Blake, and in force to the present hour—was virtually in charge of the whole British Fleet until the battle was over; practically the one man responsible, as Nelson's *locum tenens*, for the successful carrying out of operations to the final issue.[1] Hardy's descendants treasure

[1] These are the words of the old Official Instruction in question: "If any Officer, wearing a Flag or broad Pendant, shall happen to be slain in Fight with the enemy, the said Flag or Pendant shall nevertheless continue flying, and not be taken in, whilst the Enemy is in Sight; but the Admiral, who commands in Chief, as also the Flag-Officer, to whose Squadron or Division he belonged, shall immediately be acquainted with it; and if it be the Commander in Chief who is killed, the next commanding Officer is to be forthwith informed of it, who shall immediately repair on board the Ship of the deceased Commander, and give the necessary orders, leaving his Flag, or broad Pendant flying in his own Ship." At Trafalgar, in the circumstances, of course, it was impossible for Collingwood to come on board the "Victory" to assume command during the rest of the battle; and we know how Nelson would have taken it had he done so, from Nelson's sharp rebuke to Hardy in the cockpit, when the anchoring of the fleet and the discretion of the second in command in the matter was

to this day the silver pencil-case that Captain Hardy "used to write down signals during the battle of Trafalgar, with the marks of his teeth on it made in moments of excitement." It was exhibited at the great Naval Exhibition at Chelsea in 1891; and one newspaper, in referring to it, spoke of it as "Something *like* a relic."

CAPTAIN HARDY'S PENCIL CASE
(Showing teeth marks to the left)

After cannonading the "Victory" and "Téméraire," and, as Captain Lucas described, killing some of the men in the captured "Redoutable," which lay still fast to the "Téméraire," Admiral Dumanoir made up his mind to withdraw altogether. "It is too late," he said, "to push in now. To join in the battle now would be only an act of despair. It would only add to our losses." He would shift for himself and get away at once: nothing more remained to do. Exchanging a distant and irregular fire with various British ships, Admiral Dumanoir, whose ships had received a certain amount of damage and loss in men (the "Formidable," for one, had sixty-five men killed

* incidentally referred to. ["Not while I live: do *you* anchor, Hardy."] The Commander-in-Chief's flag of command flew at the "Victory's" masthead until after half-past four that afternoon, when Nelson died and the battle also ended; and the whole British Fleet, as far as the individual ships could see, looked to her for orders throughout.

and wounded, and had shot-holes in her hull below water), got clear with four of his ships. The fifth, and sternmost of all, the "Neptuno," was cut off in trying to follow her consorts by the British "Minotaur" and "Spartiate," themselves the two rearmost ships of Nelson's column, brought to action and taken after a valiant resistance.[1]

If, as things turned out, the "Duguay Trouin's" *rôle* at Trafalgar was not particularly distinguished, few more creditable defences were ever made by the French than that of the "Duguay Trouin's" officers and men on the 2nd of November, 1805, suffering as they were at that moment from the stunning shock of having just witnessed the disaster at Trafalgar. In the fight with Commodore Strachan off Cape Finisterre, where the "Duguay Trouin" was taken, her captain (Touffet) was struck down on the quarter-deck, mortally wounded, and Second-Captain Boissard and all four of the ship's lieutenants (Lavenu, Guillet, Cossé, and Toqueville) were badly wounded. "Enseigne de vaisseau" Rigodet fought the ship for great part of the battle, and as he, at the last moment, gave

[1] Admiral Dumanoir's behaviour was a bitter disappointment to the captains who were still fighting. "All were confusedly mixed together, and it was painfully apparent that the British flag predominated amongst the groups of combatants, when at length tbe division of Admiral Dumanoir appeared under a press of sail on the larboard tack. The courage of the French and Spaniards revived at the sight of these ships, on which all their hopes reposed, but they vanished when the division, consisting of four vessels, the Formidable, Scipion, Duguay Trouin, and Mont Blanc, edging off to windward and firing useless broadsides, were seen making off."

the order to lower the tricolour, down with a crash came the ship's three masts simultaneously, shot through and through.

"Our unhappy ship," wrote Captain Gemähling, of Napoleon's 67th of the Line, two companies of which were on board the "Duguay Trouin," "totally disabled and making water, was crushed by the fire of two ships of the line and frigates. It was not war as one understands it; it was butchery, a fearful slaughter. Three-quarters of my men lay dead around me; my poor lieutenant, Le Deyeux, lying there, a few feet off, and so many others!" The British squadron that brought the "Duguay Trouin" and her consorts to bay was of superior force, and comprised "fresh" ships from the Channel Fleet; and in his official despatch to the Admiralty the British Commodore (Sir Richard Strachan) spoke of the French as having "fought to admiration, and not surrendering till their ships were unmanageable."[1] In April, 1806, on her repairs being completed, the British Admiralty renamed the "Duguay Trouin" the "Implacable,"[2] under which name the ship fought

[1] In the way of prize-money, as it so happened, the capture of Dumanoir's squadron was the best "haul" of the kind made in the Great War. It gave every seaman and marine engaged £10. 13s. as prize-money. Trafalgar only brought in £6. 9s. 6d. a head; and the Nile, the second best battle in the matter of prize-money, only £7. 18s.

[2] The new name was appointed for the "Duguay Trouin," in April, 1806, just after the failure of Fox's first attempt to come to terms with Napoleon on his accession to office on Pitt's death. There may have been some connexion in idea between the name "Implacable" and Napoleon's rebuff to the overtures.

for England in battle and served in commission for between thirty and forty years.

How the "Duguay Trouin" and her consorts came by their fate was made the subject of a personal explanation by Admiral Dumanoir himself, who took the unusual step, for a prisoner of war, of writing to the "Times" on the 2nd of January, 1806. Certain strictures on his conduct had recently appeared in that paper, to the effect that for great part of the battle he had remained "a mere passive spectator of the combat," and that he had retreated in discreditable circumstances. Admiral Dumanoir replied from Tiverton, in Devonshire, where he was interned, describing his share in the events of the day. This is what he said for himself:—

"The left column of the English, having Admiral Nelson at its head, bore at first on the French vanguard, which I commanded, but finding it too compact, they exchanged some shots with us, and then struck at the centre of our line, while Vice-Admiral Collingwood attacked our rearguard. Having then no enemy to contend with, I tacked about, the wind being very weak, a movement which I could not risk without the aid of my boats. I was followed by four others, and taking the lead of this division, I bore towards the centre of our fleet, where the fire was hottest. My intention was at the same time to cut off two ships

of war of the division of Admiral Nelson, but they gained upon me in swiftness, and in passing ahead of me at the distance of pistol-shot, they did me considerable damage. I had then to combat the enemy's vessels which had broken and passed the centre of our fleet. On my coming up, I found the Santissima Trinidad and the Bucentaure totally dismasted and taken possession of by the English, as well as a part of the vessels which composed that division.

"I continued to bear upon our rearguard, which I found in part surrendered: I engaged successively alongside of twelve vessels, of which four were three-deckers and handled us very severely. There remained then on the field of battle to which I was coming up with my assistance, only thirteen French and Spanish vessels, which had surrendered, and fifteen English vessels (one only dismasted). I was thus cut off from the rest of the Combined Fleet, which was much before the wind. The Neptune, a Spanish vessel, which was of the number of those which had tacked about, but which was left very far behind, was surrounded by the enemy, dismasted, and obliged to surrender. My division, consisting of only four disabled ships, was therefore cut off to windward, the rest of the Combined Fleet being at the distance of two long leagues before the wind, and bearing off under all sail. To have rejoined them, I must have fallen in with the English Squadron, which remained entire between those two separated bodies;

but this would have been running to certain destruction, without the hope of doing any great damage to the enemy.[1]

"This disposition, and the disabled state of the ships under my command, made me adopt the only proper conduct that remained, which was to keep the wind; then I might have it in my power to repair during the night, and to wait the chances of the following day. This is what the writer of the article concerning me calls 'precipitately taking to flight.' It was then three-quarters past five, and the Combat had ceased. The Formidable had had 65 men killed or wounded, her masts severely damaged, all her tackling and the greater part of her shrouds cut to pieces, her sails entirely crippled. She made besides four feet water in an hour, by reason of the shots she had received below water-mark. The three other vessels were nearly in the same state, and were indebted only to a smooth sea for the preservation of their masts. This is probably what the Editor calls being a 'mere spectator of the combat.' Next morning, seeing on the scene of action only the English and their captured vessels, I judged that our fleet had re-entered Cadiz, and I took the tack for open sea. It was then that I knew

[1] Admiral Dumanoir first thought of running for the Straits of Gibraltar; but at sunset he saw—or fancied he saw—several strange sail in the Straits. Knowing that before the battle Nelson had detached six ships to Gibraltar, he gave up the idea of passing that way, and, turning north, made off, with the idea of getting to Rochefort.

more particularly the state of my division. The four vessels were obliged to change their main-top-masts, yards, and sails, high and low. The Duguay-Trouin, one of them, had her mainyard broken, and was near losing her bow-sprit, it had been so much shattered by shots. The same was the case with the mizen-mast of the Formidable, which we saved only by keeping against the wind for an hour. This vessel, the Formidable, made the same day five or six feet water per hour, and it being a settled gale, the water increased to seven feet. All the pumps being insufficient to keep her within water-mark, I was obliged, that I might save her from sinking, to lighten her, and reduce her force to sixty guns by throwing overboard her forecastle battery. From this time, all the pumps were necessary to keep her above water. It was in this critical situation that, on the 2nd November, at midnight, I fell in with the squadron of Sir R. Strachan."

Another matter of complaint that Admiral Dumanoir laid special stress on was a charge of inhumanity. It was based on a paragraph in the "Gibraltar Gazette," which went so far as to assert that Admiral Dumanoir's squadron, as it was making its escape, had deliberately fired on several of the ships still in action, and had in so doing hit some of the surrendered Spanish ships—picking them out purposely—and killed and wounded many men on board. Dumanoir pro-

tested against this in strong terms, and flatly contradicted it.[1]

It should be added, in conclusion, that the court-martial which tried Admiral Dumanoir, on his return to France as an exchanged prisoner in 1809, on charges of having failed to do his utmost at Trafalgar, accepted his justification of his conduct, and exonerated him from all the charges, to—according to Napoleon's own reported words—the Emperor's particular disapprobation. Napoleon, it is positively stated, when on his way to St. Helena on board the "Northumberland," told Sir George Cockburn "that he had exerted

[1] "Three of the French ships in the van," said the Gibraltar paper, repeating the story, "who had no part in the action, and one of which carried a rear-admiral's flag, had the inhumanity and cowardice, as they were making their escape, to fire for a considerable time upon the Santissima Trinidada, and several others of the crippled Spanish prizes, after they had surrendered to us; which, from their situation, were incapable either of opposition or flight; and an immense number of the Spanish were killed and wounded from this unprecedented and bloody deed of their good and faithful allies." The "Gibraltar Gazette" had also followed its story up by adding this as a sequel to the Dumanoir incident. "Such was the indignation felt and expressed by the Spaniards at the conduct of the French, that when, two days after the action, seven of the enemy's Ships came out of Cadiz, in hopes of retaking some of the disabled prizes, the Spanish crew of the Argonauta in a body offered their services to the British Officer who had charge of the prize, to man the guns against any of the French Ships, and they were actually stationed at the lower-deck guns for that purpose, whilst the English seamen manned those of the upper deck. The English Officer on board returned all the Spanish Officers their arms, and placed the most implicit confidence in the honour of the Spaniards, which he had no reason to repent: for though their numbers were so superior as easily to have enabled them to retake the Ship, yet they on every occasion showed the utmost submission and good conduct, and declared that if a Spanish Ship came alongside of them, they would quietly go below and leave the English to act for themselves."

all his influence to have him either shot or broke, but that he had been acquitted in spite of him. He added that when the sentence of acquittal was given, Admiral Cosmao (who was one of the members of the court, who he said he decidedly considered to be the best sea-officer now in France, and had therefore lately created a peer) broke his own sword at the time that that of Dumanoir was returned to him, which act Buonaparte seemed most highly pleased with." And yet the fact stands that after Trafalgar Napoleon selected Admiral Dumanoir for a post of the highest importance. In August, 1811, within fifteen months of the court-martial, he was appointed a vice-admiral, and Governor of Dantzic, which post Dumanoir held during the great siege by the Allies, with the utmost credit to himself, down to January, 1814. And it so happens, also, curiously, that the only British naval flag now among the trophies at the Invalides was taken by one of the vessels under Dumanoir's orders employed in the defence of the port.[1]

At the Restoration of the Monarchy, in December, 1814, Louis XVIII created Admiral Dumanoir le Pelley a count, under the style of Le Pelley du Manoir, according to the earliest

[1] I am indebted for this information to Mr. A. B. Tucker, who very kindly permitted me to consult the carefully detailed manuscript record of the British trophies in France placed by the Governor of the Invalides at his disposal recently for use in connexion with Mr. Tucker's forthcoming book on the subject of War Flags.

form of the family name, and promoted him at the same time Commander of the Order of St. Louis. The Comte died in Paris in 1829, in his sixtieth year.[1]

[1] The following very courteous and generously inspired letter was sent last year at the time of the Nelson Centenary celebration by the present head of the Dumanoir family to the Navy League :—

MONSIEUR LE PRESIDENT,

J'apprends que la NAVY LEAGUE a déposé sur le monument de Trafalgar une couronne commémorative en l'honneur des combattants français : cette initiative généreuse et chevaleresque sera sincèrement appréciée par ceux qui savent respecter l'infortune et honorer la vaillance même chez les vaincus.

Mon grand-oncle, le contre-amiral Dumanoir, fut un de ces vaillants : il eut la douleur d'amener son pavillon et de rendre son bâtiment à un lieutenant de votre glorieux Nelson ; il ne le fit qu'après deux jours d'une lutte héroïque, alors que son vaisseau, le *Formidable*, criblé, désemparé, ne gouvernant plus, faisait eau de toutes parts : les deux tiers de l'équipage étaient hors de combat, lui-même, couvert de sang, la cuisse fracassée, avait dû abandonner le commandement. L'honneur du soldat était sauf, la conduite du commandant devait aussi être plus tard solennellement justifiée par ses pairs et ses juges.

Plein d'admiration pour la valeur de ses vainqueurs, l'amiral ne cessa de louer le dévouement, l'accueil aimable et les soins empressés qu'il reçut d'eux ; l'hommage commémoratif que vous rendez aujourd'hui à ce chef et à ses compagnons d'armes justifie la profonde admiration dont il honora ses heureux adversaires.

Petit-neveu de ce chef valeureux, dépositaire des amertumes patriotiques que cette grande journée laissa dans son cœur, je me suis cru autorisé à adresser à la NAVY LEAGUE l'expression de ma vive reconnaissance pour un acte qui, en associant dans un même hommage les vertus guerrières de deux grands peuples, témoigne au monde qu'ils sont dignes l'un de l'autre pour une œuvre commune de paix et de grandeur.

Veuillez agréer, Monsieur le Président, l'assurance de mon plus profond respect.

VICOMTE LE PELLEY DUMANOIR.

Paris, 95 rue de Rennes,
le 22 octobre, 1905.

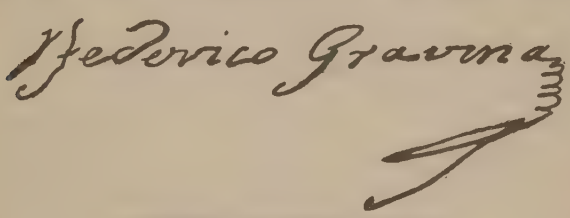
CHAPTER XIX

GRAVINA AND ALAVA AND THEIR FLAGSHIPS

AS to the part that it fell to the leader of the Spaniards, Admiral Gravina, and his flagship, the "Principe de Asturias," to take at Trafalgar, we have the official report to Godoy, the "Prince of Peace," at Madrid, sent in by the Spanish Captain of the Fleet, Rear-Admiral Escano. Gravina was incapacitated from making his own report by a severe wound, which afterwards proved mortal. Escano himself was wounded at Gravina's side, but he was still able to carry on the more urgent business of the hour on reaching Cadiz after the battle. This is the portion of the Spanish Captain of the Fleet's report which deals with the actual fighting:—

"It wanted eight minutes to noon when an English three-decker broke through the centre of our line, being seconded in this manœuvre by the Vessels which followed in its wake. The other leading ships of the enemy's columns did the same. One of them passed down our rear, a third

laid herself between the Achille and the San Ildefonso, and from this moment the action was nothing but so many sanguinary single combats within pistol-shot: the greater part of them being between the whole of the Enemy's Fleet and half of ours; several boardings necessarily took place. I do not possess the data requisite for giving your Highness a detailed and particular account of these single fights, nor can I speak with certainty of the movements of the Van, which, I am informed, tacked at the commencement of the battle in



SIGNATURE OF ADMIRAL GRAVINA

order to support those who were assailed. I can, however, confidently assure you that every ship, French as well as Spanish, which fought in my sight, performed its duty to the utmost, and that this Ship, after a terrific contest of four hours with three or four of the Enemy's Vessels, its rigging destroyed, its sails shot through and through, its masts and topmasts riddled, and in every respect in a most deplorable condition, was most seasonably relieved by the San Justo, a Spanish, and the Neptune, a French ship, which junction drove off the Enemy, and enabled the Rayo, the

Montañes, the Asis, and the San Leandro, all of which had suffered severely, to unite with the other French ships, that were in just as bad a plight. As soon as this vessel found itself free of the Enemy, it directed the ships which had joined company to assist such vessels as were in need of their aid, and at nightfall, the cannonade having ceased on both sides, the Thémis frigate was ordered to tow us towards Cadiz Bay."

One of the first British ships that the "Principe de Asturias" encountered was the "Revenge," which broke through the line of the Combined Fleet not far ahead of Gravina. We get a glimpse of the passage of arms from a seaman on board the "Revenge." "A Spanish three-decker ran her bowsprit over our poop, with a number of her crew on it and in her fore rigging. Two or three hundred men were ready to follow; but they caught a Tartar, for their design was discovered and our marines with their small arms, and the carronades on the poop, loaded with canister-shot, swept them off so fast that they were glad to sheer off."

Before she parted from the "Revenge," the "Defiance" had joined in the attack, and at the same time a Spanish 74, the "San Ildefonso," gallantly closed in to assist her admiral. The "Revenge" and the "Defiance," however, had other antagonists to deal with; and at the same time fresh British ships, the three-decker "Dread-

nought" and the "Polyphemus" and "Thunderer," were nearing the scene. The "Revenge" and "Defiance" then turned their attention from the "Principe de Asturias" and her consort, and in succession the new-comers independently took up the attack. It lasted—irregularly, for the British vessels had now and again others of the enemy to fight with—for upwards of an hour and three quarters. Then, after having made a fierce and stubborn defence, at times fighting both sides of the ship at once, the "San Justo" and French "Neptune" came on the scene. Helped by them and by the "Pluton," the "Principe" worked her way clear. To do so, however, she had to sacrifice her brave consort the "San Ildefonso," now hopelessly crippled. Another British three-decker, the "Prince," passed close to her at that moment, and as the "Principe" disengaged herself fired into her two sweeping broadsides. Admiral Gravina himself had fallen just before this with his left arm shattered. Apparently that was as the "Dreadnought" fired her last broadside into the Spanish flagship.

By this time it was nearly half-past three. Seeing, as far as could be made out, the whole length of the line ahead of the "Principe" in irreparable disorder, with dismasted and captured vessels everywhere, and that both the "Santisima Trinidad" and "Bucentaure" had their colours down, Admiral Gravina, as the only thing left for him to

do, hoisted the signal for a general rally on his flagship, preparatory to a withdrawal to Cadiz. The Spanish flagship's main-mast and mizen, though still standing, had been shot through and threatened to come down at any moment, and the nearest frigate, the "Thémis," was summoned to take the "Principe de Asturias" in tow. Bearing away to leeward and gathering round him as he moved away what ships could draw clear of the fighting, some of which the remaining frigates took in tow, Admiral Gravina was able to collect in all a remnant of eleven sail of the line, with which he passed out of range, and shaped his course to the north-east.

Captain Jugan, of the "Thémis," relates how he led the "Principe de Asturias" out of the battle in these words, reporting the incident to the senior French officer at Cadiz a day or two afterwards:—

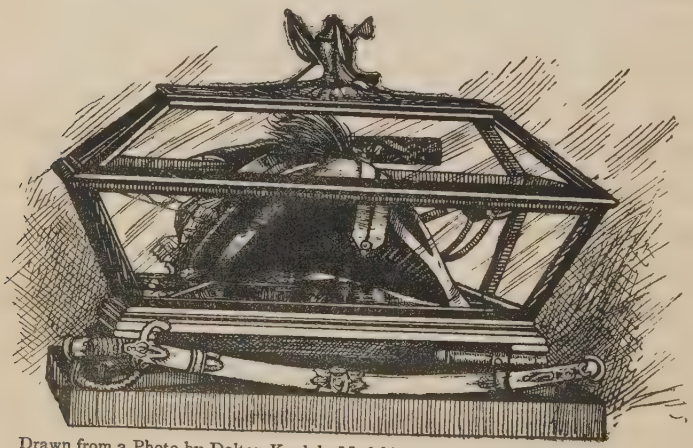
"At four o'clock firing had ceased in the centre and van. One ship in the rear was still fighting, and a signal from the Neptune to other ships to go and assist that vessel made me suspect that it was our admiral who was being hard pressed. In a little time, about a quarter to five o'clock, the smoke having entirely drifted off, I made out the Principe de Asturias, Admiral Gravina's flagship, dragging herself very slowly off to leeward, with all set that were left of her ragged sails. I at once headed for the Principe in response to her

signals, and manœuvred to pass close astern of her. I repeated the Neptune's signal to the Spanish flagship, and also reported that I believed that it was Admiral Villeneuve whose ship was still fighting. The reply was an order to take them in tow immediately. Their masts, they said, were threatening to come down every moment. I obeyed as soon as possible, and at that moment also all firing ceased. Several of our ships were now following the example of the Neptune and keeping close to the wind. Apparently they were waiting for Admiral Gravina to join, and towards them I accordingly towed the Spanish flagship."

Out of 1,113 officers and men on board the "Principe de Asturias" when they left Cadiz, according to Flag-Captain Escano's official return, 52 were killed and 110 wounded.

Admiral Gravina, on arrival at Cadiz after the battle, was landed and sent to hospital. He lingered for four months and a half, and then died, a victim to his doctors. They disagreed as to the necessity for amputating his arm, and he preferred to accept the views of the minority, who had expressed hopes of saving the limb. The admiral was still in hospital at the end of February, 1806, when mortification set in, and within ten days Gravina was dead. This tribute to the Spanish admiral appeared in the "Gibraltar Chronicle" of the 15th of March. "We lament to hear that the brave Admiral Gravina is dead. His friends

had long entertained hopes of his recovery; but they have been unfortunately disappointed. Spain loses in him the most distinguished officer in her navy; one under whose command her fleets, though sometimes beaten, always fought in such a manner as to merit the encomiums of their conquerors."



Drawn from a Photo by Dalton Kaulak, Madrid]

ADMIRAL GRAVINA'S TRAFALGAR SWORD AND COCKED HAT
As kept at the Museo Naval, Madrid

Gravina died on the 9th of March. His remains were embalmed and laid temporarily in the Chapel of San José at Cadiz. On the 29th of the month a requiem mass, attended by Admiral Alava and Admiral Rosily (who had arrived at Cadiz four days after Trafalgar), with their staffs, the Governor-General in state, and an immense gathering of generals and brigadiers, colonels and navy officers of all ranks, and civilian officials, was

held for him at the Church of the Convent of the Carmen, Gravina's brother, the Archbishop of Nicæa, officiating. Four years later the remains were removed to the Chapel of the Carmen, whence in 1869 they were transferred to the newly founded Pantéon Nacional at Madrid. With the admiral were buried his hat and sword, the shot-torn flag flown at the masthead of the "Principe" at Trafalgar, and also the baton of a Capitan General de la Armada (a rank equivalent to that of Admiral of the Fleet in the British service), and banner of a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of Carlos III, honours conferred upon Gravina on his deathbed, as a reward for having done his best at Trafalgar. The hat and sword and baton, and the flags were taken from where they had lain resting, on the coffin within the tomb, on the removal of the remains to Madrid, and placed in the Naval Museum in the capital, where they are now on view.

Since then the body of the admiral has been moved once again. In April, 1883, it was re-transferred by royal command to San Fernando, the naval port and arsenal near Cadiz, to be there deposited in the Pantéon de Marinos Illustres. A stately procession of naval and military detachments, headed by the Captain General of Cadiz and his staff, received the remains at the railway station, and to the booming of minute guns, escorted it thence to the Pantéon, where Gravina

was laid in his present resting-place. The original coffin, a leaden one, is thus inscribed.

OSSA · FREDERICI · GRAVINA ·
CLASSIS · IBER · IMP · HIC ·
RESURRECTIONEM · EXPECTANT ·
OB · DIE · IX · TUMULAT ·
DIE · XI · MARTII ·
ANN · D · MDCCCVI ·

It now lies in one of the chapels attached to the Pantéon, encased in a lofty and imposing monument of dark marble, bearing a lengthy Latin inscription setting forth the admiral's services to his country, and that he fell at Trafalgar:—

"VULNERIBUS · RELATIS · POSTREMA · NAUMACHIA AD · TRAFALGAR · LETHALITER · SAUCIO."

In the upper portion the name "GRAVINA" is seen, boldly lettered in gold across a tablet of black stone, and above all is the statue of an angel in white marble, supporting a medallion bearing the admiral's bust carved in high relief.[1]

One officer on board the "Principe de Asturias" was also at Waterloo. He was Don Miguel Ricardo de Alava, a nephew of Admiral de Alava, *capitan de fregata* in 1805, who was acting as A.D.C. to Gravina on board the "Principe." When Spain threw off the Napoleonic yoke in 1808 Alava joined the patriot army as a colonel,

[1] See the sketch of the Gravina monument on p. 411.

and he served as A.D.C. to Wellington throughout the Peninsular War. In 1814 he was sent as Minister Plenipotentiary to Holland, and in that capacity was in attendance at Wellington's headquarters at Waterloo. The Prince Regent, at Wellington's instance, made Alava an honorary K.C.B. and gave him the Peninsular Gold Cross and Medal with bars for Badajoz, Ciudad Rodrigo, Salamanca, Vittoria, and Toulouse. In later years Don Miguel de Alava was Spanish Ambassador in London.[1]

* * * * * *

For the "Santa Ana's" share at Trafalgar we have to rely entirely on British narratives.

The "Santa Ana," Vice-Admiral Alava's flagship, was Collingwood's particular opponent, and it was immediately astern of her that Collingwood

[1] One officer in the French Fleet at Trafalgar was also at Waterloo. He was the then Major Drouot of the Artillery. The ship he was in escaped with Gravina, and Drouot was recalled to France with the survivors of the soldiers to join the Grand Army. Jéna gave him a step, Friedland and Eylau another, Wagram another. Antoine Drouot of the Artillery was one of the noblest-hearted and most brilliant men of the Napoleonic era. He had made his mark at Hohenlinden and turned the fortunes of the day at Wagram by the magnificent handling of his guns. He showed splendid endurance during the horrors of the retreat from Moscow, and was the only man of the Grand Army who "washed his face and shaved in the open air, affixing his looking-glass to a gun-carriage, every day." He brought all his batteries and most of his men safely through the retreat, and finally commanded the Imperial Guard at Waterloo.

Two British midshipmen at Trafalgar were officers in Wellington's army at Waterloo, and one sailor in Nelson's fleet was present there as a colour-sergeant.

broke the line. "The Royal Sovereign," records Collingwood's biographer, Mr. Newnham Collingwood,[1] "gave her a broadside and a half into her stern, tearing it down and killing and wounding 400 of her men; then, with her helm hard a-starboard, she ranged up alongside so closely that the lower yards of the two vessels were locked together. The Spanish admiral, having seen that it was the intention of the Royal Sovereign to engage to leeward, had collected all his strength on the starboard; and such was the weight of the Santa Anna's metal, that her first broadside made the Sovereign heel two streaks out of the water." So rapid and deadly was the fire of Collingwood's ship that apparently it mastered the fire of the Spaniards from the outset. "In about a quarter of an hour," continues Mr. Newnham Collingwood, "and before any other English ship had been enabled to take a part in the action, Captain Rotherham . . . came up to the Admiral and, shaking him by the hand, said, 'I congratulate you, sir: she is slackening her fire, and must soon strike.' It was, indeed, expected on board the Royal Sovereign, that they would have had the gratification of capturing a Spanish Admiral in the midst of a fleet of thirty-three sail, before the arrival of another English ship, but the Santa Anna, though exposed to a tremendous loss from the un-

[1] "Correspondence and Memoirs of Vice-Admiral Lord Collingwood," p. 127 *et seq.*

Photo, Dalton Kaulak, Madrid]

THE "SANTA ANA" AT BAY

(FROM A PAINTING IN THE MUSEO NAVAL, MADRID)

[The "Santa Ana" is shown in the centre fighting Collingwood's flagship, the "Royal Sovereign," broadside to broadside. The British three-decker seen to the left of the picture is intended for the "Dreadnought," but the artist's composition is hardly historical]

Photo, Dalton Kaulak, Madrid]

MODEL OF THE TRAFALGAR "SANTA ANA" AT THE MUSEO NAVAL, MADRID

[The model to the left is that of Commodore Churruca's "San Juan Nepomuceno"]

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remitting fire of the Sovereign and unable to do more than to return a gun at intervals, maintained the conflict in the most determined manner, relying on the assistance of the neighbouring ships."

We can get an idea of what the "Santa Ana" had to undergo from this additional personal note about Collingwood himself. "He visited the men, enjoining them not to fire a shot in waste, looking himself along the guns to see that they were properly pointed, and commanding the sailors, particularly a black man, who was afterwards killed, but who, while he stood beside him, fired ten times directly into the porthole of the Santa Anna."

"The Santa Anna struck at half-past two o'clock, about the time when the news of Lord Nelson's wound was communicated to Admiral Collingwood. . . . He despatched Captain Blackwood to convey the Spanish Admiral on board the Euryalus, but he was stated to be on the point of death, and Captain Blackwood returned with the Spanish Captain. That officer had already been to the Royal Sovereign to deliver his sword, and on entering had asked one of the English sailors the name of the ship. When he was told that it was the Royal Sovereign, he replied, in broken English, while patting one of the guns with his hand, 'I think she should be called the Royal Devil!'"

The sword that was handed to Collingwood was

really that of the senior unwounded Spanish lieutenant, Don Francisco Riquelme, and out of the fact arose a difficulty which led to an exchange of letters shortly after the battle between Collingwood and Alava. The "Santa Ana" was recaptured by the enemy in the sortie made during the storm two days after the battle, while the wounded Spanish vice-admiral was still on board. Hearing in the course of his correspondence with the authorities at Cadiz on the subject of the sending in of the wounded prisoners on board the British Fleet, that Admiral Alava's injuries were after all not likely to prove serious, and that he might, indeed, return to duty before long, Collingwood wrote directly to the Spanish vice-admiral, requiring him to consider himself for the present as an unexchanged prisoner of war:—

"Euryalus, off Cadiz,
"*Oct.* 30, 1805.

"It is with great pleasure I have heard that the wound you have received in the action is in a hopeful way of recovery, and that your country may still have the benefit of your services. But, Sir, you surrendered yourself to me, and it was in consideration only of the state of your wound that you were not removed into my ship. I could not disturb the repose of a man supposed to be in his last moments; but your sword, the emblem of your service, was delivered to me by your Captain,

and I expect that you consider yourself a prisoner of war, until you shall be regularly exchanged by cartel."

In reply Alava explained what had happened with regard to the sword, and pointed out that the recapture of the "Santa Ana" had of itself given him back his liberty. It did not satisfy the British admiral; but there was nothing more to be done in the matter, and so Collingwood had to leave it. This is what the Spanish admiral wrote:—

"CADIZ, *Dec.* 23, 1805.

"MOST EXCELLENT SIR,

"The moment I find myself able to subscribe my name, I hasten to fulfil the duties of gratitude, by returning to your Excellency my warmest thanks for your great kindness and care of me, which will ever be deeply engraven on my heart. I have, at the same time, the greatest satisfaction in acknowledging the generosity and politeness with which Lieutenant Maker and a marine officer of the Thunderer behaved to me on board the Santa Ana, and I have the honour of recommending these officers to your Excellency.

"I should wish here to conclude my letter, but I feel it necessary to reply to the subject of which your Excellency treats in yours of the 30th of October.

"After I fell senseless in the action of the 21st of October, I have no further recollection of what

passed: neither did I know before that my sword had been delivered to your Excellency by the officer who remained in command of the Santa Ana till the end of the combat. In consequence, however, of your Excellency's assertion, the moment I found myself capable of resuming the subject, I inquired of that officer, Don Francisco Riquelme, and was informed that the sword presented by him on board the Royal Sovereign was his own; and that with regard to me, he had only requested of your Excellency that I might not be moved, in consideration of the few hours for which I was then expected to survive. In confirmation of this, I must add, that the sabre which I used in the battle, and the swords which I generally wear, are still in my possession. This officer believes that it was owing to his imperfectly expressing himself in the English language, that your Excellency was led to think that it was my sword which he surrendered to you.

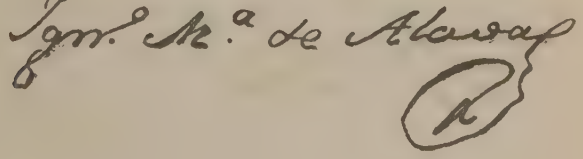
"What I have said will be a satisfactory reply to your Excellency, who grounds on your possession of this emblem of my services my incapacity to exert them during the continuance of the war without previous exchange. If, however, that had been true which I have proved to be a mistake, it is manifest that I could only share the fate of the vessel in which my person was embarked, under circumstances in which it was so probable that we might be recaptured by a superior force from the

Combined Fleet; which, in fact, did happen. The same thing might have happened to the Royal Sovereign, whither it was proposed to remove me, since she was then dismasted, and as unmanageable as the Santa Ana, and there can be no reason why I should run a risk in two different vessels.

"It is extremely painful to me, that on the first occasion which is presented to me of having the honour of communicating with your Excellency, and when, before the receipt of your valued letter, I had anxiously longed for the means of declaring to you the extent of my gratitude, I should be forced to dissent from your opinion. I could wish that this were on a subject which depended on my own free will, in order that I might evince to you the devotion that I have, and shall for ever entertain for your Excellency, to whose service in all other matters I shall be anxious to dedicate myself.

"I am, most excellent Sir,

"Your most obedient and affectionate Servant,



According to the Spanish official Trafalgar returns, out of 1,188 officers and men on board the "Santa Ana," 15 officers and 97 men were killed, and 4 officers and 141 men were wounded.[1]

Admiral de Alava was promoted to Gravina's place at the head of what was left of "la Escuadra del Oceano," from which post, some months later, he was appointed to a seat in the Admiralty Council of the "Prince of Peace." Alava died in 1817, Captain General, and covered with decorations, "dejando en la Armada memoria de ser uno de los mas valientes y entendidas Jefes de su Cuerpo."

A very fine model of the Trafalgar "Santa Ana" is one of the treasures of the Naval Museum at Madrid, and there hang on the walls of that institution three paintings of her, two showing Alava's flagship in action with Collingwood, and one to commemorate the recapture of the "Santa Ana" in the storm of the 23rd, showing the French frigate "Thémis" towing the recovered three-decker back into Cadiz harbour.

The last survivor of all who were present on either side at Trafalgar was also, it is stated, one of the "Santa Ana's" crew. He died in April, 1892, at San Fernando, Cadiz—a few weeks after the last Frenchman passed away. A correspondent of the "Tribuno" of Seville of the 9th of that month

[1] That, by the way, corrects Collingwood's biographer as to 400 men being rendered *hors de combat* at the "Royal Sovereign's" first fire.

REAR-ADMIRAL CISNEROS

VICE-ADMIRAL DE ALAVA

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thus recorded the veteran's passing: "The last of those who took part in the glorious naval engagement of Trafalgar has just died at San Fernando. He was named Gaspar Costela Vasquez, was born in the year 1787, and was 105 years of age at his death. For many years he lived in the Convalescent Hospital of the garrison, and to the last preserved and enjoyed the use of his intellectual faculties. With great pride he was used to recount the exciting affairs of the days of that glorious naval campaign at which he had taken part. His funeral, which took place yesterday afternoon, was attended by a very numerous following, composed of the principal officers, and of troops of the naval and military forces. The 'feretro' was carried by four soldiers of the Marine, and the band of the Marine Infantry also assisted. The corps of Marine Infantry has solemnized in a brilliant and becoming manner the burial rites over the remains of the last of those who had lived to connect us with the ever memorable battle of Trafalgar."[1]

[1] The last surviving seaman of the "Victory" at Trafalgar, James Chapman, died at Dundee in 1876, in his 92nd year. The last surviving officer of the "Victory," Admiral Sir George Westphal, died a few months previously, in 1875. The two last British survivors of the battle itself, both officers, were Admiral Sir George Sartorius, who was a midshipman of the "Tonnant," one of the ships of Collingwood's line, and Lieutenant-Colonel James Fynmore, of the Royal Marines, who at Trafalgar was a midshipman on board the "Africa," of Nelson's own line. Sir George Sartorius died in 1885, in his 95th year, and Colonel Fynmore in April, 1887.

CHAPTER XX

THE "SANTISIMA TRINIDAD" AT BAY

THE "Santisima Trinidad's" station at Trafalgar was close to and next ahead of the French flagship "Bucentaure." She fought at that point from start to finish; and, one after the other, all the leading ships of Nelson's column, as they came up, had a set-to with the great hundred-and-forty-gun "four-decker," as the "Trinidad" looked to be, with four bands or "strakes" of dull crimson on her sides along her tiers of ports. The "Victory" kept firing on her throughout the battle until the "Trinidad" surrendered, with the guns on the side not blocked in by the "Redoutable"; the "Téméraire" fired guns at her from time to time; the "Neptune," "Leviathan," "Conqueror," "Britannia," and "Africa" all engaged the "Santisima Trinidad" more or less closely. As to the great ship herself, the "Santisima Trinidad" was Nelson's "old acquaintance" of Valentine's Day off Cape St. Vincent, and in her long career afloat of thirty-six years she had on other occasions faced British broadsides in battle. As the biggest man-of-war of that day in the world, all on board

the British Fleet had their eyes on the "Trinidad" while the opposing lines were nearing. From all accounts there was hardly a British officer among those in the leading ships who did not earnestly pray that morning that the fortune of battle would take his ship alongside the "Santisima Trinidad."[1]

Rear-Admiral Cisneros, whose flagship the "Santisima Trinidad" was, personally gave an account of the battle and his ship's doings to Godoy, who had it published in the official "Madrid Gazette" of the 12th of November, 1806:—

"Admiral Cisneros has communicated to the Prince of Peace several interesting particulars of the combat maintained by his flagship the Santisima Trinidad. From his account it appears that Admiral Nelson, in his ship the Victory, and with two three-deckers, bore down to break the line between the stern of the Santisima Trinidad and the bow of the Bucentaure, the flagship of Admiral Villeneuve. Admiral Cisneros immediately gave

[1] Nelson himself, indeed, in the language of one of the many poems on Trafalgar, which were published in Spain immediately after the battle, no sooner saw the "Santisima Trinidad" with Cisneros' flag flying at the masthead, than, recalling who the enemy were when he lost his arm, he set himself to make her his own prize, and, heading for her, rushed ardently into the fight.

"Ardiendo Nelson, en venganza impia,
Par su patente mutilado miembro,
Y Abukir, Copenhague en su memoria,
Con frenético orgullo repasando,
Al descubrir la tremolente insignia
De Cisneros, aspira á la alta gloria
De arrebatar lo Trinidad ansiada."

orders to back the topsails of the Trinidad, and brought that ship so close to the French vessel that by this manœuvre, as well as by the destructive fire which followed, he frustrated the intention of Admiral Nelson, who was only able to open for himself a passage, and thus to break the line, by the stern of the Bucentaure.[1] That being effected, the Victory took her position on the starboard side of the Trinidad, and the two other three-deckers placing themselves on the larboard side, the combat raged with unexampled fury until 4 o'clock p.m., by which time the Santisima Trinidad was totally dismasted, and had lost more than three hundred men. The vessel indeed was in so shattered a condition, that, notwithstanding that the English officer placed in possession of her had been expressly informed that it was Admiral Nelson's particular wish she should be, if possible, preserved and carried to England, they were compelled to abandon the attempt. The water gained upon her so fast that the pumps were utterly useless, so that during the night of the third day after the battle she sank, the crew having been previously taken out of her. It is worthy of notice that from the accounts hitherto received it appears that the English made three distinct attempts to break the line, and were on each occasion completely repulsed by our ships. We have already

[1] A painting of the "Santisima Trinidad" barring the "Victory's" passage at this point is on the walls of the Naval Museum at Madrid.

seen Admiral Nelson's want of success in his endeavour to pass by the stern of the Santisima Trinidad. Equally unfortunate was the attempt of Admiral Collingwood, who, leading the van of the English Fleet in his flagship the Royal Sovereign, tried to break our line by the bow of the Santa Ana, the flagship of Don Ignacio Maria Alava. This commander defeated the manœuvre in such a manner that the Santa Ana running alongside the Royal Sovereign, a murderous fight ensued, which ended only by both vessels being totally dismasted. The third column of the enemy made a similar attempt by the bow of the Principe de Asturias, the flagship of Admiral Gravina, but that ship, by closing up and opening a very sharp and well directed fire, forced the enemy to abandon his intention and to retreat."

This is what a British officer saw of the "Santisima Trinidad" at the outset, as his ship, the "Britannia," came up to her and passed through the line astern of the Spanish four-decker. "We then encountered the Santisima Trinidad, 240 (*sic*) guns on four decks (the largest ship known). We passed under the stern of this magnificent Ship, and gave her a broadside which shattered the rich display of sculpture, figures, ornaments and inscriptions with which she was adorned. I never saw so beautiful a ship. Luffing up alongside her four-decked side, of a rich lake colour, she had an imposing effect."

A vivid and telling narrative of what passed on board the "Santisima Trinidad," and of the fearful ordeal that the hapless 1,048 Spaniards on board went through, standing up to their guns and taking their punishment manfully until human endurance could bear no more, is given in the pages of the "Trafalgar" volume of Don B. Perez Galdos' series of "Episodios Nacionales." For his own purposes in telling the story the author has invented characters who figure as narrators of incidents described; but beyond that very slight touch of fictitious veneer in parts, the book is trustworthy and an authentic account of experiences on board, drawn from official documents in the Archivo de la Marina and private papers and letters now in family collections.

Here is what things looked like on board the "Santisima Trinidad," as related in Perez Galdos' "Trafalgar":—

"Our fleet displayed a wide front, and to all appearance Nelson's two columns, advancing in a wedge, were coming down upon us so as to cut our lines through the centre and rear.

"This was the position of the hostile fleets when the Bucentaure signalled that we were to put about.

* * * * * *

"In point of fact, what had been the vanguard was now in the rear, and the reserve ships, which were the best, were rearmost of all. The wind

had fallen, and the ships being of various tonnage and inefficiently manned, the new line could not form with due precision. Some of the vessels moved quickly and drove forward, others went slowly, hanging back and losing way, and formed wide gaps that broke the line before the enemy did it.

* * * * * *

"Early in the morning the decks were cleared for action, and when all was ready for serving the guns and working the ship, I heard some one say: 'The sand—bring the sand.' A number of sailors were posted on the ladders from the hatchway to the hold and between decks, and in this way were hauling up sacks of sand. Each man handed one to the man next to him and so it was passed on. A great quantity of sacks were thus brought up from hand to hand, and they were emptied out on the upper decks, the poop, and the forecastle, the sand being spread about so as to cover all the planking. The same thing was done between decks. My curiosity prompted me to ask a lad who stood next me what this was for.

"'For the blood,' he said very coolly.

"'For the blood!' I exclaimed, unable to repress a shudder. I looked at the sand—I looked at the men who were busily employed on this task—and for a moment I felt I was a coward.

* * * * * *

"Everything was ready for serving the guns and the ammunition was passed up from the magazines to the decks by a chain of men, like that which had brought up the bags of sand.

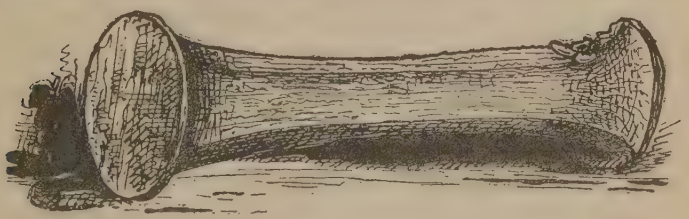
"The English advanced to attack us in two divisions. One came straight down upon us, and at its head, which was the point of a wedge, sailed a large ship carrying an admiral's flag. This, I afterwards learned, was the Victory, commanded by Nelson, At the head of the other line was the Royal Sovereign, commanded by Collingwood.

"A ship towards the rear was the first to open fire on the Royal Sovereign, commanded by Collingwood, and while that ship carried on her fight with the Santa Ana the Victory came down on us. On board the Trinidad every one was anxious to open fire, but our captain would not give the word till he saw a favourable opportunity. Meanwhile, as if the ships had been touching one another and a train of quick-match had been laid all along, passing from one to the other, the fire ran along from the Santa Ana in the middle, to each end of the line.

"The Victory fired first on the Redoutable, and being repulsed she came up to windward of the Trinidad. The moment had come for us. A hundred voices shouted 'Fire!" loudly re-echoing the word of command, and fifty round shot were hurled against the sides of the English man-of-war. For a minute I could see nothing of the enemy for

the smoke, while they, as if blinded with rage, came straight down on us before the wind. Just within pistol-shot they put the Victory about and gave us a broadside. In the interval between our firing and theirs, our crew, who had taken note of the damage done to the enemy, became very enthusiastic. The guns were rapidly served, though not without some trouble, owing to want of experience in some of the gunners.

"The Bucentaure, close astern of us, was, as we were, firing on the Victory and the Téméraire—



36-PR. BAR-SHOT, FIRED BY THE "SANTISIMA TRINIDAD" INTO THE "VICTORY"

another powerful English ship. It seemed as though the Victory must fall into our hands, for the Trinidad's fire had cut her tackle to pieces, and we saw with pride that her mizen-mast had gone by the board.

* * * * * *

"The Trinidad was doing the Victory immense damage, when the Téméraire, by a wonderfully clever manœuvre, slipped in between the two vessels; thus sheltering her consort from our fire. She then passed through the line astern of the Trinidad, and as the Bucentaure, during the firing,

had moved up so close alongside of the Trinidad that their yardarms touched, there was a wide space beyond, into which the Téméraire settled herself, and then she came up on our lee side and delivered a broadside into us there. At the same time the Neptune, another large English ship, placed herself where the Victory had previously been, while the Victory also wore round, so that, in a few minutes, the Trinidad was quite surrounded by the enemy and riddled by shot from all sides.

"The line of the Combined Fleet was after that broken at several points, and the loose order in which they had been formed at the outset gave place to disastrous confusion. We were surrounded by the enemy, whose guns kept up a tornado of round shot and grape-shot on our ship, and on the Bucentaure as well. The Agustin, the Héros, and the Leandro, were also engaged at some distance from us, where they had rather more sea-room, while the Trinidad, and the Admiral's ship, cut off on all sides and held fast by the genius of the great Nelson, were fighting desperately. To win the day was already impossible; we were anxious though, at any rate, to perish gloriously.

"The scene on board the Santisima Trinidad was simply infernal. All attempts at working the ship had to be abandoned. She could not move. The only thing to be done was to serve the guns as fast as we could and damage the enemy all we could.

"The English shot had torn our sails to tatters. It was as if huge invisible talons had been dragging at them. Fragments of spars, splinters of wood, thick hempen cables cut up as corn is cut by the sickle, fallen blocks, shreds of canvas, bits of iron, and hundreds of other things that had been wrenched away by the enemy's fire, were piled along the deck, where it was scarcely possible to move about. . . . Blood ran in streams about the deck, and in spite of the sand, the rolling of the ship carried it hither and thither until it made strange patterns on the planks. The enemy's shot, fired as they were from very short range, caused horrible mutilations. . . . The ship creaked and groaned as she rolled, and through a thousand holes and crevices in her hull the sea spurted in and began to flood the hold.

"There was hardly a man to be seen who did not bear marks, more or less severe, of the enemy's iron and lead.

"The Bucentaure, the French Admiral's ship, surrendered before our very eyes.

"When once the leader of the fleet was gone, what hope was there for other ships? The French flag vanished from the gallant vessel's mast and she ceased firing. The San Agustin and the Héros still struggled on, and the Rayo and Neptuno, from the van, made an effort to rescue us from the enemy, who were fiercely battering us. Nothing was to be seen of the rest of the line.

The wind had fallen to a dead calm and the smoke settled down over our heads, shrouding everything in with its dense wreaths, which it was impossible for the eye to pierce. We could catch a glimpse now and then of a distant ship, mysteriously magnified by some inexplicable optical effect; then all vanished.

* * * * * *

"The Bucentaure having struck, the enemy's fire was directed on us, and our fate was sealed."

A British officer on board the "Conqueror," looking on at the moment that the "Santisima Trinidad" gave in, relates what he saw of the *finale*:—

"The Bucentaure had just surrendered and the Conqueror passed on to take a station on the quarter of the Trinidada, while the Neptune continued the action with her on the bow. In a short time this tremendous fabric gave a deep roll with the swell to leeward, then back to windward; and on her return every mast went by the board, leaving her an unmanageable hulk on the water. Her immense topsails had every reef out, her royals were sheeted home but lowered, and the falling of this mass of spars, sails, and rigging, plunging into the water at the muzzles of our guns, was one of the most magnificent sights I ever beheld. Immediately after this a Spaniard showed

an English Union on the lee gangway, in token of submission."

In connexion with the "Santisima Trinidad" an extraordinary incident occurred in the middle of the battle, after her colours had been shot away in action with the "Africa." Coolly professing to believe that the biggest ship of the enemy was ready to surrender on formal demand by his own, the smallest on the British side, Captain Digby, of the "Africa," lowered a boat and sent an officer on board to ask for the captain's sword and take possession of the "Santisima Trinidad." The Spanish officers, instead of disarming him instantly and making him a prisoner, received him with stately politeness. They had not surrendered, they assured Lieutenant Smith. The "Trinidad" had no intention, they said, of striking her flag. They were getting up fresh ammunition from the magazines, that was why they had ceased firing. It was only through an oversight that the colours had not been rehoisted. So they explained with Castilian courtesy, and then showed the British lieutenant formally off the quarter-deck and down the side back into his own boat, after which firing recommenced.

For various reasons, as it happened, it was not found practicable to take formal possession of the "Trinidad" until some time after the battle was over. The ship meanwhile remained with her colours down, taking no part in what was going

on all round her. To rehoist the colours and try to escape—not an unknown thing in battle—was beyond the power of a dismasted hulk, in the "Trinidad's" hopeless state, to attempt.

"At 25 minutes after six," says an officer of the "Prince," one of the ships of Collingwood's line, in a private letter, "took possession of the Santisima Trinidad, a four-decker, totally dismasted. . . . Our first night's work on board the Trinidad was to heave the dead overboard, which amounted to 254 killed, and 173 wounded, several of which are dead since."

Said another officer, Midshipman Badcock of the "Neptune": "I was on board our prize the Trinidada, getting the prisoners out of her. She had between three and four hundred killed and wounded; her beams were covered with Blood, Brains and peices of Flesh and the after part of her Decks with wounded, some without legs and some without an Arm."

According to a Spanish MS. account, apparently from one of the ship's officers, which is now among the Egerton papers at the British Museum, the "Santisima Trinidad" surrendered half an hour after the "Bucentaure," "not being able any longer to work her guns, owing to the mass of wreck which covered her decks and hung over her sides, and the heaps of dead which choked up her batteries. Her loss has been very severe; her Admiral, second and third lieutenants and twenty-

two other officers have been wounded, seven of whom have since died."

Among the wounded, according to another statement, were Rear-Admiral Cisneros himself, Don Francisco de Uriarte, the captain of the "Santisima Trinidad," and the two next senior officers on board, Don Ignacio Olaete and Don José Sartoria, who, as the "Trinidad's" third lieutenant, had previously been wounded in her at the battle of Cape St. Vincent. Rear-Admiral Cisneros recovered from his wound within a few weeks of the battle. He was promoted Vice-Admiral for his services on the occasion, and lived to become Captain-General and Minister of Marine. His portrait, as that of a famous leader of the Spanish Fleet, hangs in the Museo Naval at Madrid. "La figura de D. Baltasar Hidalgo de Cisneros," says a Spanish writer, "es una de las más brillantes y gloriosas de nuestra Armada."

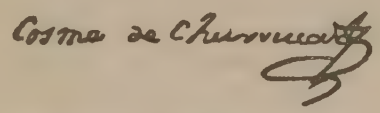
CHAPTER XXI

HOW "EL GRAN CHURRUCA" FACED HIS FATE

"EL GRAN CHURRUCA," as to this day in Spain they call the heroic officer who fought and fell on board the "San Juan Nepomuceno," has ever since Trafalgar been to his countrymen their hero of heroes in the battle. "Churruca morio como el Cid," all Spain said of him with pride at the time, and says still. Not unjustifiably, indeed, if dauntless courage and a lofty bearing in the face of adversity count among men.

Not very long before the Combined Fleet left Cadiz he had attracted all eyes to himself by a display of nerve and firmness, coupled with tact, evinced on the occasion of an outbreak on board his ship that threatened to become a dangerous mutiny. Churruca, by acting promptly and with an iron hand, suppressed it without calling on assistance from outside. The "San Juan" had been one of the ships stationed near the entrance to the harbour to keep watch lest the English, as was expected, should try to send in fireships and destroy

the Combined Fleet at anchor. Irritated at being kept up, night after night, at the guns, while no enemy appeared, and at the same time discontented with the provisions supplied them from shore, a number of the soldiers drafted on board openly mutinied and threatened to use their firearms against the ship's officers. The situation looked like becoming grave, but, at the critical moment, Churruca took just the right step, with the result that he was able to repress the mutineers with little more than a show of pistols. His personal appeal to their loyalty made some waver, where-



SIGNATURE OF COMMODORE CHURRUCA

upon by a judicious display of force he and his officers overawed the disaffected, isolated their leaders from the loyal men on board, disarmed them and made them prisoners, and then at once packed them off out of the ship, sending them ashore under bayonet sentries to be dealt with by the authorities there under martial law. Order was restored automatically, and the "San Juan's" crew as a body returned to their duty with redoubled loyalty and admiration for their captain. Churruca's detailed report to Admiral Gravina on the occurrence is in existence and bears testimony to the resolute character and lofty spirit of the man.

His high spirit did not desert him to the last; although Churruca was fully convinced that the venture before him and his brother officers was a hopeless one; also that he personally would not come back alive from it.

Commodore Churruca went into action, we are told, with his mind full of the presentiment of defeat; and also that his last hour was at hand. Before the fleet sailed on Saturday the 19th, he said this to his nephew, Don José Ruiz de Apodoca, son of Don Juan R. de Apodoca, Commandant-General of La Carracca dockyard, who was on board the "San Juan Nepomuceno" as a volunteer: "Write to your friends that you are going into a battle that will be desperate and bloody. Tell them also, that they may be certain of this—that I, for my part, will meet my death there. Let them know that rather than surrender my ship I shall sink her. It is the last duty that an officer owes to his king and country." Churruca himself wrote that same day to an intimate friend of his own: "If you hear that my ship has been taken, you can say that I am dead!" [Si llegas á saber que mi navio ha sido hecho prisoniero, di que he muerto!]

He was hopeless of victory in any circumstances; as, indeed, Captain Churruca throughout took no pains to conceal. When, at eight o'clock on the morning of the battle, Villeneuve ordered the fleet to go about and form line, divisional

commanders leading their divisions (*ordre naturel*), he openly expressed condemnation of the formation. Such an evolution, he said aloud, was bound to throw the fleet into confusion, and in the light wind it would take all the morning to re-form, besides wearing out and disheartening the men. Fretful and downcast, he turned to Don Francisco Moyna, his second in command, and declared that the day was already lost. "The fleet is doomed. The French admiral does not understand his business. He has compromised us all!" ["Está la escuadra perdida. El general francès no sabe su obligacion, y la compromete!"] At eleven o'clock, when the intentions of the enemy had become plain and it was seen that the British admiral meant to throw the weight of his attack on the centre and rear of the Combined Fleet, Churruca complained bitterly that Admiral Villeneuve did not seem to see the danger. Why did he not make the obvious counter-move, he said, which would foil the attack? Churruca stood on deck, we are told, watching fixedly for the "Bucentaure" to make the signal that was wanted. He kept, all the time, his telescope at his eye, pointed on the masthead of the "Bucentaure." But no signal of the sort was made. Turning away for an instant, he exclaimed to the nearest officer: "Our van will be cut away from the main body and our rear will be overwhelmed. Half the line will be compelled to remain inactive. The French admiral does not

—will not—grasp it. He has only to act boldly, only to order the van ships to wear round at once and double on the rear squadron. That will place the enemy themselves between two fires." But no signal was made, and then, lowering his telescope finally, Churruca stalked off across the quarter-deck muttering: "Perdidos!, Perdidos!, Perdidos!"[1]

After that Churruca ordered all hands to be called on deck. Whatever the outcome of the day might be, Churruca determined that he and his men, at least, should not be found wanting in their duty to the flag. He proposed to make an appeal to them by all that they held most sacred. He sent for the ship's chaplain and had all the officers and men turned up and paraded on deck. Then he turned to the priest and bade him invoke Divine protection on all on board. "Father," he said, "perform your sacred office. Absolve the souls of these brave fellows, who know not what fate this battle may have for them!" ["Cumpla V. Padre con su Ministerio. Absuelva á estos valientes que no saben lo que les espera en la batalla."]

[1] The signal *was* made by Admiral Villeneuve, as has been seen, but a little time later. "The English," says a French officer, "advancing under press of sail in two columns had already reached within cannon shot and a half of the Combined Fleet. . . . Then Villeneuve, perceiving clearly that the plan of Admiral Nelson was to cut through his line and divide it, made a signal to Admiral Dumanoir to wear and reinforce the centre of the line. Unfortunately this order remained unnoticed. Not a ship of the van squadron put about, although the signal was repeated by the frigate Hortense."

After a short but solemn service of benediction had been held, Churruca himself stepped to the quarter-deck rail. He addressed the men in a loud, clear voice in these words: "My sons, in the name of the God of Battles I promise eternal happiness to all those who to-day fall doing their duty. On the other hand, if I see any man shirking I will have him shot on the spot. If the scoundrel escapes my eye, or that of the gallant officers I have the honour to command, rest assured of this, that bitter remorse will dog the wretch for the rest of his days, for so long as he crawls through what may remain of his miserable and dishonoured existence." [These were Churruca's actual words: "Hijos mios; en nombre del Dios de los Ejércitos, prometo la bienaventuranza al que muera cumpliendo sus deberes! Si encuentro alguno que falte á ellos, lo haré fusilar immediatamente; y si escapase á mis miradas y á las de los valientes oficiales que tengo el honor de mandar, sus remordimientos le seguirán mientras arrastre el resto de sus diás, miserable y desgraciado!"] Then Churruca called for three cheers for the King—"Viva el Rey!"—and after that the drums and fifes struck up, as the crew, full of eagerness and excitement, hastened back to their quarters.

The "San Juan Nepomuceno" was the third ship astern of the "Santa Ana" at the outset of the battle. She first exchanged fire with the "Mars" as that ship tried to break the line just

ahead of her, until Cosmao, in the "Pluton," lying off to windward, threatened to rake the "Mars," which thereupon steered for another gap and came into close action with the "Pluton." Then the British 80-gun ship "Tonnant" arrived on the scene and engaged the Spanish 74 in a fierce close-quarter action. It lasted until the "San Juan" had been hammered nearly to a standstill under the "Tonnant's" well-directed broadsides, and a heavy fire from the "Bellerophon," "Defiance," and other ships, which, one after the other, assailed Churruca as they passed near, while in action with other ships.

Perez Galdos relates in detail how Churruca's ship went through the day and how her heroic captain met his death, following closely an account from on board the ship, preserved among the Apodoca family papers:—

"The San Juan Nepomuceno was at the end of the line. The Royal Sovereign and the Santa Ana opened fire and then all the ships in turn came into action. Five English vessels under Collingwood attacked our ship; two, however, passed on, and Churruca had only three to deal with.

"We held out bravely against these odds till two in the afternoon, suffering terribly, though we dealt double havoc on the foe. Our leader seemed to have infused his heroic spirit into the crew and

soldiers, and the ship was handled and her broadsides delivered with wonderful promptitude and accuracy. The new recruits learnt their lesson in courage in no more than a couple of hours' apprenticeship, and our defence struck the English with astonishment.

"They were in fact forced to get assistance, and bring up no less than six against one. The two ships that had at first sailed past us now returned, and the Dreadnought came alongside of us, with not more than half a pistol-shot between her and our stern.[1] You may imagine the fire of these six giants pouring balls and small shot into a vessel of 74 guns!

* * * * * *

"Churruca, meanwhile, who was the brain of all, directed the battle with gloomy calmness. Knowing that only care and skill could supply the place of strength, he economized our fire, trusting entirely to careful aim, and the consequence was that each ball did terrible havoc on the foe. He saw to everything, settled everything, and the shot flew round him and over his head without his ever once changing colour even.

* * * * * *

"It was not the will of God, however, that he should escape alive from that storm of fire. Seeing that no one could hit one of the enemy's ships

[1] About thirty yards.

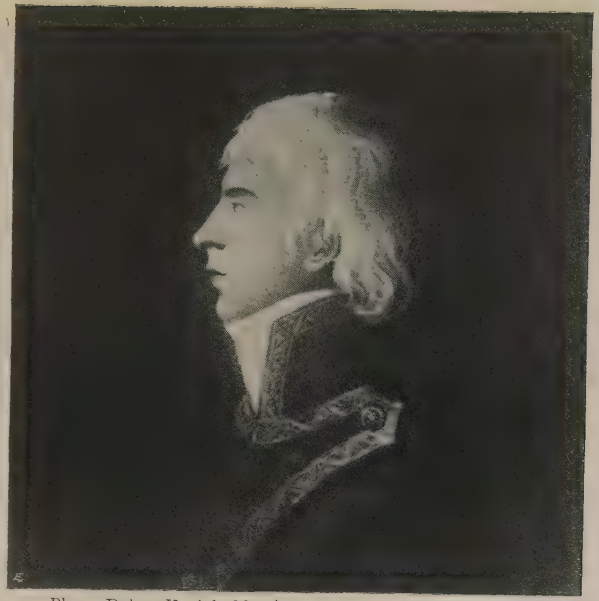
which was battering us with impunity, he went down himself to judge of the line of fire and succeeded in dismasting her. He was returning to the quarter-deck when a cannon ball hit his right leg with such violence as almost to take it off, tearing it across the thigh in the most frightful manner. He fell to the ground, but the next moment he made an effort to raise himself, supporting himself on one arm. His face was as white as death, but he said, in a voice that was scarcely weaker than his ordinary tone: 'It is nothing—go on firing!'" ["Esto no es nada. Siga el fuego!"]

"He did all he could to conceal the terrible sufferings of his cruelly mangled frame. Nothing would induce him, it would seem, to quit the quarter-deck. At last he yielded to our entreaties and then he seemed to understand that he must give up the command. He called for Moyna, his second in command, but was told that he was dead. Then he called for the officer in command on the main deck. That officer, though himself seriously wounded, at once came to the quarter-deck and took command.

"It was just before he went below that Churruca, in the midst of his agonies, gave the order that the flag should be nailed to the mast. The ship, he said, must never surrender so long as he breathed. ["Despues," says the account in the family papers, "pidió á los que vinieron en su ayuda que clavara

Photo, Dalton Kaulak, Madrid]

COMMODORE GALIANO



Photo, Dalton Kaulak, Madrid]

COMMODORE CHURRUCA

To face p. 282

la bandera y no se rindiera el buque mientras el tuviera un atomo de vidas."]

"The delay, alas! could be but short. He was going fast. He never lost consciousness till the very end, nor did he complain of his sufferings. His sole anxiety was that the crew should not know how dangerous his wound was; that no one should be daunted or fail in his duty. He specially desired that the men should be thanked for their heroic courage. Then he spoke a few words to Ruiz de Apodoca, and after sending a farewell message to his poor young wife, whom he had married only a few days before he sailed, he fixed his thoughts on God, Whose name was ever on his lips. So with the calm resignation of a good man and the fortitude of a hero, Churruca passed away.

"After he was gone, it was too quickly known, and the men lost heart. . . . Their courage was really worn out. It was but too plain that they must surrender. . . . A sudden paralysis seemed to seize on the crew; their grief at losing their beloved leader apparently overpowered the disgrace of surrender.

"Quite half the San Juan's crew were *hors de combat*, dead or wounded.[1] Most of the guns were disabled. All the masts, except the main-mast, had gone by the board. The rudder was useless.

[1] According to the official Spanish returns the "San Juan Nepomuceno" lost 250 officers and men (100 killed and 150 wounded) out of a total ship's company, as mustered on the 19th, of 693.

And yet, in this deplorable plight even, they made an attempt to follow the Principe de Asturias, which had given the signal to withdraw; but the San Juan Nepomuceno had received her death blow. She could neither sail nor steer."

So the flag had to come down.

Three British ships claimed the "San Juan." The "Tonnant," her principal opponent, seeing her cease fire, sent a boat with an officer to take possession, but the boat was struck by a shot and was swamped on the way. The "San Juan" crawled away and fell in with the "Defiance," before whose threatening attack she yielded at discretion. "The Defiance," says a memoir of her captain, "was just going to pour in a broadside, when Captain Durham observed the Spanish captain surrounded by his officers, making signals with their hats, and ordered the crew of the Defiance not to fire, upon which the Spaniard hauled down his colours without firing a shot." Apparently the "Defiance" did not wait to take possession. It fell to the "Dreadnought," a little later, to receive the surrender formally and man the prize.

* * * * * *

Churruca, personally, was the idol of the Spanish Fleet of his day. He was comparatively young for the rank he held—that of Commodore—only forty-four years of age. As a navigator and an

officer of scientific attainments his reputation stood high. Many years before his explorations in the Straits of Magellan, and along the coasts of Patagonia and Chili, had given him European fame. There is a striking portrait of Churruca at the Naval Museum in Madrid. It hangs in the hall dedicated to "Officers killed in action," between the portrait of Gravina and that of the gallant Velasco, the defender of Havana in 1763, in whose honour King Charles III decreed that as long as Spain had a navy, one of its ships should ever bear the name of Velasco. Churruca also has two statues in Spain. One, erected in 1811, stands in the Plaza Mayor of Ferrol; the other, erected in 1886, is in the little town of Motrico in Guipúzcoa, where Churruca was born. His name has been borne since Trafalgar by several Spanish men-of-war, and there are descendants of his serving in the Spanish Navy of to-day. One is the Captain Churruca who commanded the Spanish torpedo squadron at Santiago de Cuba in the war with the United States, and in the spirit of his heroic ancestor before leaving Cadiz led his crews to a shrine of the Virgin and there took a solemn vow with them to conquer or die. They did not get a chance of doing either.

Churruca's ship, the "San Juan," was one of the few trophies of Trafalgar that Collingwood was able to preserve. She was kept at Gibraltar for ten years as a receiving hulk, at first under the

name of the "Berwick," and after that under her original name, and then, in 1815, was broken up. That was the fate of the actual ship: in memory of her fate, her captain, and brave crew, a beautiful model of the vessel was long preserved with honour at the dockyard where the "San Juan" was built. It is now among the pick of the models in the fine collection in the Naval Museum at Madrid.

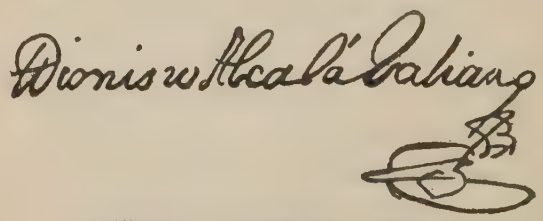
CHAPTER XXII

CAPTAINS WHOM SPAIN REMEMBERS WITH PRIDE

THE fame of Galiano of the "Bahama" at Trafalgar stands, in the estimation of his countrymen, next after that of Churruca, and very nearly on a level with it. "El inclito Galiano" they call him to this present day in the Spanish Navy. Like Churruca, Galiano displayed the highest personal courage in face of overpowering odds; like him, Galiano fell in the midst of a heroic resistance, dying on the quarter-deck of his ship, bidding them keep the colours flying, nailed to the mast. "Un Galiano sabi morir, pero no renderse," were, it is recorded, his last words.

The "Bahama's" station when the battle opened was the fifth or sixth ship astern of the "Santa Ana"; just where perhaps the fiercest fighting of the whole battle took place. Her first antagonist was the hard-hitting "Bellerophon," with whom, however, the encounter was but partial and did not last very long. Then the "Colossus," following the "Bellerophon" into battle, attacked

her and also the French "Swiftsure," which was near by. The "Swiftsure," however, after a while dropped back to a little distance, and left the "Bahama" to fight it out, practically ship to ship, with the "Colossus." That British seventy-four had already engaged and roughly handled the "Argonauta," but her highly trained crew, commanded by Captain James Nicoll Morris, were little the worse so far for the encounter, and as dangerous opponents as the "Bahama's" men could meet. For their part, the Spaniards, incited



SIGNATURE OF COMMODORE GALIANO

by the words and example of their leader, a man of iron nerve, as he has been described, made up for their deficiencies of training by a surprisingly stubborn defence. They made the "Colossus" pay heavily before she had achieved her end.

"Galiano," describes Perez Galdos, "reviewed the crew at noon, went round the gun-decks, and made the officers an address. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'you all know that our flag is nailed to the mast.' He was a stern commander and a man without nerves. Then he turned to the captain of the marine infantry on board, Don Alonso

Butron. 'I charge you to defend it,' he said. 'No Galiano ever surrenders, and no Butron should either.' In that spirit the 'Bahama's' captain took up his post in the battle.

"The enemy riddled the 'Bahama' with broadsides to port and starboard. The men fell quickly from the very first, and the Commodore early had a bad bruise on his foot, after which a splinter struck him on the head and gashed him deeply. But he paid little heed to it and refused to go to the surgeon. He stayed on deck and directed the fight, sternly giving his orders, as if nothing was happening. Alcalá Galiano gave his orders and directed his guns as if the ship had been firing salutes at a review."

Galiano fell about three o'clock. He met his death, according to a written account from on board the "Bahama," now kept among his family's archives, in this way. He was standing, a few moments earlier, on the quarter-deck with his telescope in his hand when the wind of a passing shot made him stagger, and sent his glass flying down on deck. His coxswain, a veteran sailor and an old follower of Galiano's, picked it up and hastened to the commodore to see if he had been harmed. Galiano with a smile was reassuring the coxswain when, all in an instant, a cannon ball smashed in between them, cutting the unfortunate coxswain in two and covering Galiano with his blood. The next moment a second

cannon ball struck down the commodore himself, with part of his head shot away.

On the fall of their leader, or almost immediately afterwards, all the fighting flickered out of those who were left on board the "Bahama." An attempt was made to keep the news of Galiano's death from the crew; and a flag was thrown over the body as it lay, but the news all the same spread like wildfire below, and the men at the guns began to flinch. Don Roque Guruceta, the senior surviving lieutenant—Galiano's second in command was off the deck, severely wounded—held a hasty consultation with two other officers, and then ordered the nailed-up flag to be torn down. It was done, and at the same time a British Jack was displayed. So the "Bahama's" part ended at Trafalgar, and shortly afterwards a lieutenant of the "Colossus" came on board to take Don Roque to the British ship to formally deliver up his sword to Captain Morris.

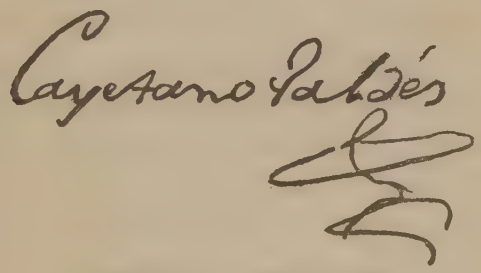
It was panic at Galiano's fall apparently that caused the loss of the "Bahama" at that moment. She had been defending herself vigorously up to then, and her casualty list, so far, had not been excessively heavy: 75 killed and 67 wounded; a total of 142 of all ranks out of a ship's company of—according to Commodore Galiano's return to the flag-captain on the morning of the 19th—690 men.

There is a portrait of Galiano in the Naval

Museum at Madrid, and a statue to his honour stands in the Plaza Mayor of Corunna.

* * * * * *

Valdez of the "Neptuno," Don Cayetano Valdez —"El intrepido Valdez" the Spanish Navy has called him ever since—was another officer who fought with distinction at Trafalgar. He commanded the "Neptuno," one of Admiral Duma-



SIGNATURE OF CAPTAIN VALDEZ

noir's squadron, and during the earlier part of the afternoon, like his consorts in the van, had to look on while the centre and rear ships of the Combined Fleet were being overpowered within sight. As the leading ship of all during the first two hours of the battle, when Dumanoir at length went about the "Neptuno" became rearmost ship, at the tail of the five vessels that the French admiral carried with him when he turned back and passed to windward of the battle. That also led to Captain Valdez' undoing.

After following his leader for a short way Valdez apparently became doubtful as to what to do

next. Should he follow in wake of the five van ships, the "Intrépide," "Héros," and the rest that had stood to leeward and were already in brisk action with the nearest group of Nelson's ships, trying to make their way past them towards Gravina? Or, should he stand in, regardless of consequences, towards where the dismasted "Trinidad" lay? He had rescued the "Trinidad" once—should he try to bring her off again? Captain Valdez hesitated. Twice he altered his course. Then he changed his mind once more, and tried to regain his proper station astern of Dumanoir's retreating four. But he had lagged behind his consorts too far to catch them up quickly, and had fallen considerably to leeward of them—leaving a wide gap between. Before the "Neptuno" could close up on the "Scipion," the nearest of her consorts, two British ships from windward, after passing and exchanging broadsides with the other four of Admiral Dumanoir's ships, closed in and fastened on the "Neptuno." They cut her off and attacked on either side. The two were the "Minotaur" and "Spartiate," whose position at the extreme rear of Nelson's column, while bringing them late into the battle, now gave them their chance. The two waylaid the "Neptuno," hustling her in her effort to escape and forcing Valdez to accept battle at every disadvantage.

With all her sails and rigging cut to pieces,

the "Neptuno" could soon only go dead slow, and meanwhile the enemy, drawing up on her quarter on either side, pounded at her steadily and with practical impunity: "firing obliquely through her," according to the "Spartiate's" log, "she returning at times from her stern-chase and quarter guns." Valdez fought on stolidly, half expecting, it would seem, that Dumanoir would turn back to disengage him. But no thought of that was in the French admiral's mind. When the "Neptuno's" mizen-mast and her fore and maintopmasts came down in quick succession, there was left no more hope, no further possibility of escape, for Captain Valdez. After an hour and a quarter's most gallantly maintained fight he gave in and lowered his colours, the last Spaniard to surrender at Trafalgar. It was about the very moment that the only other ship of the Combined Fleet at Trafalgar still fighting, the "Intrépide," lowered her colours, and there is even now something of a dispute between French and Spanish navies as to which ship was actually the last to yield.[1]

It was the hopelessness of his position that in the end decided Captain Valdez to surrender—not so much the loss on board the "Neptuno." That, of itself, was comparatively light: 89 all told—

[1] In after days honours came quickly on Don Cayetano Valdez. He distinguished himself as a general in the Peninsular War, became Governor of Cadiz, and Captain-General, Minister of Marine, President of Cortes, and finally President of the Regency during the infancy of Queen Isabella II.

42 killed and 47 wounded—out of 800 officers and men. He was, indeed, unable either to fight or fly. His ship, towards the last, could hardly move through the water: her rigging had been cut to pieces; her sails were hanging in tatters; while, all the time, the English ships—two to one—were pounding into the "Neptuno" at short range, hardly receiving a shot in return themselves; cannonading her with a cross-fire that Valdez was practically unable to reply to except with a few of his aftermost guns. In such a position effective resistance was out of the question. To prolong resistance was a mere sacrifice of human life, and the brave Spaniard, sorely against his will, had to acknowledge it. So Valdez mournfully gave orders for the "Neptuno's" ensign to come down.

* * * * * *

Don Antonio Pareja captained the "Argonauta," the most perfect man-of-war in both fleets, as it was claimed for her. Said Admiral Gravina to Pareja, when presenting him with his commission to command the ship: "Le entrego à usted la mejor flor di mi jardin." The "Argonauta" fought various British ships during the first hour of the battle, and then she had a sharp set-to with the British "Achille" which lasted over an hour. Towards the end, the "Argonauta," unable to fire another gun, but with her colours still flying, made a forlorn-hope effort to escape. She hoisted her

mainsail to move off, but the attempt failed. After that, shutting down their ports, they displayed a British flag over the "Argonauta's" larboard quarter, in token of surrender. Out of 780 officers and men on board when she left Cadiz the "Argonauta" had 300 killed and wounded, the killed making exactly a third of the total. The "Belleisle" finally took possession of the ship, and one of the British ship's marine officers was sent to receive the surrender in form. He described his visit in these words:—

"A beaten Spanish 80-gun ship—the Argonauta —having, about this time, hoisted English colours, the Captain was good enough to give me the pinnace to take possession of her. The Master accompanied me, with eight or ten seamen or marines, who happened to be near us. On getting up the Argonauta's side, I found no living person on her deck; but on my making my way, over numerous dead and a confusion of wreck, across the quarter-deck, I was met by the second captain at the cabin door, who gave me his sword, which I returned, desiring him to keep it for Captain Hargood, to whom I should soon introduce him. With him I accordingly returned to the Belleisle, leaving the Master in charge of the prize."

The casualty returns from the other Spanish ships, as officially published a few weeks later, may be summarized as follows. Of those that made

full or approximate returns: the "San Agustin," out of 711 on board, put her losses at 380—180 killed and 200 wounded; the "Monarca," out of a ship's company of 667, stated hers at 250—100 killed and 150 wounded; the "San Ildefonso," out of 746 all told, gave her figures as 160—34 killed and 126 wounded. Others of the returns were admittedly incomplete, it being found, for various reasons, impossible to get fuller statements. Thus the "Montanez," out of 715 officers and men, accounted for a total loss of not more than 49; the "San Leandro," out of 606, reported a loss of only 30; the "Rayo," with 830 men on board, put her total casualties at fewer still—18; the "San Francisco de Asis," with a crew of 677, put hers at 17: the "San Justo," again, reported only seven men wounded and not one man killed, out of a crew of 694 of all ranks and ratings.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE VICTIMS OF THE STORM

ALL the world knows how a fierce storm from the Atlantic burst on the victorious British Fleet and its prizes during the night after Trafalgar. It lasted four days, and caused the loss, by sinking, recapture, wreck, or enforced destruction at the hands of their captors, of all the British prizes made in the battle, except four ships. Their fate completed the catastrophe of Trafalgar for France and Spain. Many brave officers and men met their death on board the ships in spite of every effort, made at great risk by the victors, to save life.

The "Fougueux" was the first ship of all to be lost. At the close of the fighting the British frigate "Phœbe" had taken her in tow; but about midnight, when the wind shifted to the south-west and began to blow a gale, she broke adrift. As the morning of the 22nd came on, it blew harder still, and in spite of every effort by the "Phœbe," during the earlier part of the day, to get hold of the prize again, the "Fougueux" drove ashore and

was beaten to pieces on the rocks. Almost all on board were lost with the ship, including thirty of the "Téméraire's" men, who formed the British crew in charge of the prize.

Pierre Servaux, the master-at-arms of the "Fougueux," whose narrative of the ship's doings and fate in the battle has been quoted, says this of the dreadful state of affairs on board during the night of the 21st, after the ship had broken away from the "Phœbe":—

"The ship was in a terrible condition, cut down to a hulk, without masts, sails, or rigging left. She was, too, without a boat that could swim, while the whole vessel was as full of holes as a sieve, shattered from stem to stern, and with two enormous gaps forced in on the starboard side at the water line, through which the sea poured in a stream. The water had risen almost to the orlop deck. Everywhere one heard the cries of the wounded and the dying, as well as the noise and shouts of insubordinate men who refused to man the pumps and only thought of themselves. The scenes of horror on board the ship that night were really the most awful and fearful that imagination can call up."

Servaux himself escaped next morning as the "Fougueux" was nearing the rocks, when the water in the hold had reached the lower deck and matters were desperate, by jumping into the sea from one of the lower-deck ports and swimming

to an English boat from the "Orion" that was not far off.

Next the "Redoutable" met her fate. She went to the bottom in the course of the night of the 22nd. She was in tow of the "Swiftsure" at the time, and we have eye-witnesses' accounts of what happened, from the "Swiftsure." First, briefly, here is the record of the event from the "Swiftsure's" log:—

"At 5, the prize made the signal of distress to us. Hove to, and out boats, and brought the prize officer and his people on board, and a great many of the prisoners. At a quarter past, the boats returned the last time with very few in them, the weather so bad and sea running high that rendered it impossible for the boat to pass. Got in the boats. At a quarter past 10, the Redoutable sunk by the stern. Cut the tow, and lost two cables of eight and a half inch, and a cable of five inches, with the prize."

Midshipman G. A. Barker of the "Swiftsure" in a letter home gives a terrible picture of the last hours of the hapless "Redoutable":—

"On the 22nd it came on a most Violent Gale of wind, the Prize in Tow seem'd to weather it out tolarable well notwithstanding her shatter'd state until about three in the afternoon, when from her rolling so violently in a heavy sea, she carried away her fore Mast, the only mast she had stand-

ing. Towards the evening she repeatedly made signals of distress to us: we now hoisted out our Boats, and sent them on board of her although there was a very high Sea and we were afraid the boats would be swampt alongside the Prize, but they happily succeeded in saving a great number, including our Lieut, and part of the Seamen we sent on board, likewise a Lieut, two Midshipmen with some Seamen belonging to the Téméraire.[1] If our situation was disagreeable from the fatigue and inclemency of the weather what must the unfortunate Prisoners have suffered on board with upwards of 8 Thousand men, nearly five Hundred were killed, and wounded in the engagement, and more than one half of the remainder were drowned. What added to the horrors of the night was the inability of our saving them all, as we could no longer endanger the lives of our people in open boats, at the mercy of a heavy sea and most violent Gale of Wind; at about 10.p.m. the Redoutable sunk, and the Hawser, by which we still kept her in Tow, (in order if the weather should moderate and the Prize be able to weather the tempestous night) was carried away with the violent shock; this was the most dreadful scene that can be imagined as we could distinctly hear

[1] According to Captain Lucas, out of 643 on board the "Redoutable" on the morning of Trafalgar, only 169 were rescued and brought on board the "Swiftsure," of whom 70 were wounded. The rest, 474 in number, were either killed in the battle or went down in the ship.

the cries of the unhappy people we could no longer assist. Towards the morning the weather moderated and we had the good fortune, to save many that were floating past on rafts—at 9 a.m. discovered a large raft ahead and shortly after another, many of the unfortunate people were seen clinging to the wreck, the merciless sea threatening almost instant destruction to them, the Boats were immediately lowered down, and we happily saved thirty-six people from the Fury of the Waves. When the Boats came alongside many of these unfortunate men were unable to get up the Ship's side, as most of them were not only fainting from fatigue, but were wounded in the most shocking manner, some expired in the Boats before they could get on board, completely exhausted and worn out with struggling to preserve their lives, having been the whole of a Tempestous Night, upon a few crazy planks exposed to every inclemency of the weather. If our Seamen had conducted themselves as brave men during the Action, now it was they evinced themselves as human, and generous, as they were Brave. When these unfortunate people came on board you might have seen them cloathing them as well as a scanty stock would admit of, though scanty yet hard earn'd, and that in the Defence of His King, his Family, and Country at large."[1]

[1] With what devotion the "Swiftsure's" officers and men worked, and how they risked their lives, on behalf of their former foemen in

The "Algéçiras" met with a fate of another kind. On board her the British prize crew were overpowered by their French prisoners, as the consequence of an act of humanity, and the ship was recaptured and taken into Cadiz.

The "Algéçiras," dismasted and battered by shot, and without an anchor that would hold, drifted away from the British Fleet during the early hours of the 22nd, directly for the reefs to northward of Cape Trafalgar. Lieutenant Charles Bennett of the "Tonnant" and fifty men were in charge of the prize, and had under hatches in the hold two hundred and seventy French officers and

distress, is shown by the following account, from a memoir of Lieutenant Thomas Sykes, Second Lieutenant of the "Swiftsure":—

"It being observed that the French 74-ship Redoutable, which the Swiftsure had taken in tow, was rapidly sinking, Mr. Sykes, after every effort had been apparently made by the boats to rescue the crew, and when the approaching darkness rendered any further attempt hazardous in the extreme, implored his captain, Rutherford, that he might be allowed to make one more trip. By dint of great persuasion he was at length permitted to take the launch and proceed on his heroic mission. In consequence of the tremendous rolling of the Redoutable in the heavy sea which had set in, he found it impossible to get close to her, and all he could do was to watch the lee-roll of the ship, and drag into his boat as many of the half-drowned wretches as could be laid hold of. The length of time he was thus occupied creating the greatest alarm in the mind of Capt. Rutherford, the latter sent in quest of him the pinnace, under the orders of the present Commander Thos. Read. On being joined by that officer, Mr. Sykes directed him to follow his example, nor did the two desist in their humane endeavours until their boats were full. They then, after they had both been given up, returned to their ship; and in another hour the Redoutable, with 300 persons, whom it had not been possible to save, was no more."

men as prisoners. At daybreak the ship was too far off to get aid from the fleet, and as the morning advanced they neared the rocks fast. Lieutenant Bennett's men were too few to guard the prisoners and to rig the jury-masts which alone could save the ship. As the only chance for those on board, the Lieutenant had the hatches taken off and the prisoners set free. They swarmed on deck and, instantly, headed by one of their own officers, Lieutenant De la Brétonnière — whose action "made his name" in the French Navy and brought him his flag in later days — "at once made it clear to Bennett that they resumed possession of the ship: if he and his men did not agree, they would be thrown overboard; if they did, and assisted to save the ship, they should be set at liberty. Under these circumstances the Englishmen yielded, and Englishmen and Frenchmen, working together, succeeded in getting up three topgallantmasts as jury-masts, and so after a perilous navigation fetching into Cadiz."[1]

The "Bucentaure," Admiral Villeneuve's late flagship, came to her end on the forenoon of the 23rd, when she was driven ashore and wrecked at

[1] The British ensign hoisted on board the "Algéçiras" was forwarded by Admiral Rosily, on his arrival at Cadiz on the 25th of October, to the Ministry of Marine in Paris. It was later sent to the Invalides, where it was destroyed, burned, in 1814, with the other trophies there, by order of General Serrurier, the Governor, to prevent their falling into the hands of the Allies then nearing Paris.

the entrance to Cadiz harbour. The "Conqueror" had the "Bucentaure" in tow up to that morning, but on some of the French and Spanish ships that had escaped into Cadiz taking advantage of a lull in the storm to attempt a sortie for the recovery of any of the prizes that might have got adrift, the "Conqueror" had to cast the "Bucentaure" loose. Thereupon the ship drifted inshore on to the Puercos rocks, at the entrance to Cadiz harbour and within a mile of the ramparts, where she went to pieces. Most of those on board, including the British prize crew, were rescued by boats from two of the French ships. The British party, who thus found themselves placed in the power of the enemy, were treated with the utmost courtesy and kindness at Cadiz, and sent back to Collingwood later on under a flag of truce.

It was in this way that the sortie which caused the destruction of the "Bucentaure" came about. During Wednesday morning, the 23rd of October, there was a break in the weather, and the storm seemed as if it were dying down. Tempted out by the lull and apparent improvement, and the sight of several half dismasted hulks drifting not far in the offing, while only a few British ships were apparently at hand, certain of the French and Spanish ships which had escaped into Cadiz with the least damage, came out of port to try to

recover something after Monday's disaster. The sortie itself was in its inception a fine display of hardihood, after the disaster of forty-eight hours before. It was due to the initiative of the gallant Cosmao Kerjulien, the senior surviving captain in the French Fleet. He headed the sortie in his own ship, the sorely battered "Pluton," though she was hardly seaworthy in face of the weather outside. Five of the line—the "Pluton," "Indomptable," "Neptune," "Rayo," and "San Francisco de Asis"—with as many frigates, and two brigs, made the sally. They were able to recover two ships. One was the three-decker "Santa Ana," with the wounded Admiral Alava on board. She was drifting inshore, within two miles of Cadiz, in tow of the "Thunderer," when the French and Spaniards were seen coming out. The "Thunderer," in order "to clear the enemy," had to cast the "Santa Ana" off, after withdrawing the British prize crew, and the enemy retook possession forthwith and carried the "Santa Ana" back into Cadiz. The second ship retaken was another Spaniard, the "Neptuno," which had broken adrift from the "Minotaur" on the afternoon of the 22nd, and by herself was driving ashore, when a French frigate intercepted her and took her also successfully into Cadiz Bay, to be stranded there, however, some days later.

The retaking of the "Santa Ana" and "Neptuno" was all that Cosmao was able to effect.

Hardly had the Franco-Spanish squadron gained the offing when down came the gale once more; and at the same time they became aware of the approach of Collingwood himself with ten sail of the line, formed up by signal to cover the prizes.

Daunted by such a show of force, the Franco-Spaniards turned back and made for Cadiz again. They lost on the way three of their number. The French "Indomptable," a big 80-gun two-decker, blundered across to Rota, on the northern side of Cadiz Bay, on Thursday morning, and was wrecked there. She had upwards of a thousand men on board, from all accounts, including extra hands intended to man the ships it was hoped to recapture. Apparently every man on board perished, including the survivors from the French flagship "Bucentaure"—five officers and two hundred men. The "San Francisco de Asis," a Spanish 74, anchored outside safely, but parted her cables and drove ashore in Cadiz Bay, near Fort Sta. Catalina. The third ship, the Spanish three-decker "Rayo" of 100 guns, unable to regain Cadiz, anchored off San Lucar, some miles up the coast, rolled her masts overboard, and had to surrender at discretion to the British 74 "Donegal" (Captain Sir Pulteney Malcolm), which came on the scene fresh from Gibraltar. The "Leviathan" was in company. "On a shot being fired at her, she hauled down her colours and surrendered." The "Rayo," three days later, while in charge of a

prize crew, "after a number of her men had been removed from the ship, drove from her anchors and was totally lost. Many Spaniards, and some of the English officers and crew perished in her."

The "Monarca," with her British prize crew on board, was drifting in a crippled state on to the dangerous shoals off San Lucar when she was overtaken, during Thursday afternoon (the 24th), by the "Leviathan." Sending his boats alongside, Captain Bayntun removed the prize crew and the greater number of the Spanish prisoners, and then anchored the "Monarca" for the night. Before morning, however, the ship broke away from her cables in a sudden squall, drove ashore and went to pieces. A party from the British "Bellerophon" had been in charge of the "Monarca," and a midshipman from that ship describes how the end came on.

"You will imagine what have been our sufferings, in a crippled ship, with 500 prisoners on board and only 55 Englishmen, most of whom were in a constant state of intoxication. We rolled away all our masts except the foremast; were afterwards forced to cut away 2 anchors, heave overboard several guns, shot, &c. to lighten her; and were, after all, in such imminent danger of sinking that, seeing no ship near to assist us, we at length determined to run the ship on shore on the Spanish coast, which we should have done had

not the Leviathan fortunately fallen in with us and saved us, and all but about 150 Spaniards. The ship then went ashore and was afterwards destroyed."

A letter, possibly from the same young officer, was published (without the writer's name) in a Portsmouth newspaper. It is dated "Bellerophon off the Start, Dec. 2, 1805," and gives terribly vivid details of the state of things on board the "Monarca."

"Our second Lieutenant, myself, and eight men, formed the party that took possession of the Monarca: we remained until the morning without further assistance, or we should most probably have saved her, though she had suffered much more than ourselves. We kept possession of her, however, for four days, in the most dreadful weather, when, having rolled away all our masts, and being in danger of immediately sinking or running on shore, we were fortunately saved by the Leviathan, with all but about 150 prisoners, who were afraid of getting into the boats. I can assure you I felt not the least fear of death during the action, which I attribute to the general confidence of victory which I saw all around me; but in the prize, when I was in danger of, and had time to reflect upon the approach of death, either from the rising of the Spaniards upon so small a number as we were composed of, or what latterly appeared inevitable, from the violence of the storm,

I was most certainly afraid, and at one time, when the ship made three feet of water in ten minutes, when our people were almost all lying drunk upon deck, when the Spaniards, completely worn out with fatigue, would no longer work at the only chain pump left serviceable, when I saw the fear of death so strongly depicted on the countenances of all around me, I wrapped myself up in a Union Jack, and lay down upon deck for a short time, quietly awaiting the approach of death; but the love of life soon after again roused me, and after great exertions on the part of the British and Spanish officers, who had joined together for the mutual preservation of their lives, we got the ship before the wind, determined to run her on shore: this was at midnight, but at daylight in the morning, the weather being more moderate, and having again gained upon the water, we hauled our wind."

The "Aigle" stranded off Port St. Mary's, and was wrecked during Friday night, after being forced by the weather into Cadiz Bay, in spite of every effort by the "Defiance" to keep her out.

The "Berwick," on the afternoon of the 27th, "after having anchored in apparent safety, was wrecked off San Lucar, entirely owing to the frenzied behaviour of a portion of the prisoners, who cut the cables. The Donegal, being at anchor near by, cut her own cables, and, standing towards the drifting ship, sent her boats to save

the people on board. This noble proceeding of Captain Malcolm was only partially successful, when the Berwick struck upon the shoal, and in her perished about 200 persons."[1]

On the 24th of October the "Britannia," "Orion," and "Ajax," in pursuance of Collingwood's order, "Quit and withdraw men from prizes after having destroyed or disabled them," cleared the "Intrépide" of the prisoners on board, and at eight o'clock that evening the "Britannia" set the empty hulk on fire. She blew up a little after nine o'clock. "At 8," in the words of the "Orion's" log, "received all the prisoners from on board her. At 8.30 perceived the fire to have taken. . . . At 9.30 the Intrépide blew up." On the 27th and 28th the "Orion" and the "Leviathan" took out prisoners from the "San Agustin," nearly three hundred men in number. On the 30th the "Leviathan" destroyed her, and with the "Ajax" sank the "Argonauta," "the finest two-decker in the world." Says the "Leviathan's" log: "October 30th: Received some Warrant officers' stores from the San Agustin. Set her on fire; about 8, she blew up. The Argonauta was scuttled at her anchor."

What remained of the wrecked ships was de-

[1] The figure-head of the "Berwick" was picked up floating in the surf and brought to England, where it was long preserved at Devonport Dockyard. It was destroyed there in the great fire of September, 1840, in which so many other historic relics of the fighting days of the Old Navy perished.

stroyed on the morning of the 31st, when the British frigate "Naiad" set fire to the wrecks of the "Rayo" and "Neptuno" off San Lucar—"both aground," in the words of the ship's log, "to the westward of San Lucar." The log proceeds: "Saw a French line of battle ship, the Berwick, 74 guns, totally lost, having parted asunder amidships. November 1st a.m. At 1 observed the Neptuno blow up. At 4 the Rayo in full blaze. At 6 in boats. Weighed and made sail." So all Nelson's Trafalgar prizes except four perished.

Four ships, one French and three Spanish, escaped destruction. "Four only remained as trophies of the victory, and these by cruel chance happened to be the most worthless. They were the (French) Swiftsure, the San Ildefonso, San Juan Nepomuceno and Bahama, but they made no effective addition to the English Navy." Their preservation, too, was only effected with great difficulty. The "Defence," after a very anxious time and a succession of mishaps, anchored with the "San Ildefonso," and "with four cables an end on one anchor and one on another" rode the storm out. The "Bahama," which the "Orion" had in charge, came within an ace of perishing. "I kept the Bahama with the poor lieutenant and his four men in tow," says Captain Codrington, "until the absolute necessity of getting the ship's head the other way obliged me to cast him off,

and the opportunity of the violence of the wind abating a little, allowed of making the necessary sail to claw the ship off shore; and you may judge of the pain I felt on seeing her signals of distress in consequence of being left in so hopeless a situation! The necessity of the case, however, raised a little unusual exertion in the poor Spaniards, and, by getting up an anchor out of the hold and letting it go, they saved both the vessel and their lives; and she is now in Gibraltar Mole, waiting the opportunity of going to England. She was finally saved by the unremitting exertions of the Donegal." The "San Ildefonso" and the "Bahama," with the ex-British "Swiftsure," were brought to England in May under escort of the "Britannia."[1] The "Bahama" and the "Swiftsure" (renamed somewhat meaninglessly the "Irresistible"), were made prison hulks in the Medway. The "San Ildefonso" was made a receiving hulk at Portsmouth. All three were broken up in 1816. The "San Juan Nepomuceno," an old ship, in her fortieth year at Trafalgar, was, as has been said, kept as a hulk at Gibraltar.

None of the five French ships of the line which escaped into Cadiz harbour, it may be added, ever saw a French port again. Collingwood held them fast there until, in June, 1808, Spain rose against Napoleon. Admiral Rosily, who had remained

[1] They arrived at Spithead on the 16th of May, 1806, escorted by Lord Northesk with the "Britannia" and "Dreadnought."

in command, with his squadron, unable to escape, were attacked at close quarters by the Spanish land batteries, and had to surrender at discretion. The Spanish Navy took over the ships, and found employment for them as harbour hulks for many years. The last left, the "Héros," was broken up at Ferrol in 1860. Her ensign and Admiral Rosily's flag are now kept as trophies at the Naval Museum in Madrid. Most of the French seamen surrendered with their ships. The unfortunate fellows had just received orders to furnish a corps of four hundred men and march to Madrid to join the "Seamen of the Guard," which Marshal Junot had brought with him into Spain in his army of occupation, when the rising of the peasantry of Andalusia prevented their setting out; and then came the *débâcle* at Cadiz of the 14th of June, 1808.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE LAST HOURS OF THE "SANTISIMA TRINIDAD"

THE great prize of all to the British, the mighty "Santisima Trinidad" went—or was sent—to the bottom on the 24th. Collingwood had that morning signalled the order to destroy her and other prizes that it seemed impossible to save, but the accounts as to how the "Trinidad" actually came to her end, differ. One account says she was scuttled and sank at anchor. Another that she was destroyed as she was "drifting unmanageable on to the coast." Before the end, every effort was made to save those on board and clear the ship of the wounded and prisoners. The wounded were got out of the ship by lowering them with ropes from the stern and quarter gallery windows into the boats of the British ships "Prince," "Neptune," and "Ajax." Whether all were got out of the ship is uncertain. The "Ajax's" lieutenant declared that they were.

"Everything alive was taken out," he said, "down to the ship's cat. His boat was the last to leave. They had put off from the starboard quarter when

a cat, the only living animal aboard, ran out on the muzzle of one of the lower-deck guns and by a plaintive mew seemed to beg for assistance: the boat returned and took her in."

Midshipman Badcock, of the "Neptune," gives this account of how the "Santisima Trinidad" came to her end:—

"I was sent on board the "Santissima Trinidada a few days after the action to assist in getting out the wounded men previous to destroying her. She was a magnificent ship, and ought now to be in Portsmouth Harbour. Her top-sides it is true were perfectly riddled by our firing, and she had, if I recollect right, 550 killed and wounded, but from the lower part of the sills of the lower-deck ports to the water's edge, few shot of consequence had hurt her between wind and water, and those were all plugged up. She was built of cedar, and would have lasted for ages, a glorious trophy of the battle, but 'sink, burn, and destroy' was the order of the day, and after a great deal of trouble, scuttling her in many places, hauling up her lower-deck ports—that when she rolled a heavy sea might fill her decks—she did at last unwillingly go to the bottom."

Says Captain Brenton, describing the end of the "Trinidad":—

"Night came on—the swell ran high—three lower-deck ports on each side were open, and in a few minutes the tremendous ruins of the largest

ship in the world were buried in the deep. The waves passed over her, she gave a lurch, and went down."

An officer of the "Prince," Lieutenant John Edwards, the third lieutenant, who was sent to the "Santisima Trinidad," and was one of the last to leave the ship, thus describes what he saw and his experiences on board:—

"All the necessary signals were made to leave the prizes, and we, being effective, took the Trinidad, the largest ship in the world, in tow; all the other ships that could render assistance to the disabled doing the same. Before four in the morn it blew so strong that we broke the hawsers twice, and from two such immense bodies as we were, found it difficult to secure her again; however, every exertion was made, and we got her again. By eight in the morning it blew a hurricane on the shore, and so close in that we could not weather the land either way. 'Tis impossible to describe the horrors the morning presented, nothing but signals of distress flying in every direction, guns firing, and so many large ships driving on shore without being able to render them the least assistance. After driving about four days without any prospect of saving the ship or the gale abating, the signal was made to destroy the prizes. We had no time before to remove the prisoners, and it now became a most dangerous task; no boats could lie alongside, we got under her stern, and the men dropped

in by ropes; but what a sight when we came to remove the wounded, which there were between three and four hundred. We had to tie the poor mangled wretches round their waists, or where we could, and lower them down into a tumbling boat, some without arms, others no legs, and lacerated all over in the most dreadful manner. About ten o'clock we had got all out, to about thirty-three or four, which I believe it was impossible to remove without instant death. The water was now at the pilot deck, the weather dark and boisterous, and taking in tons at every roll, when we quitted her, and supposed this superb ship could not remain afloat longer than ten minutes. Perhaps she sunk in less time, with the above unfortunate victims, never to rise again."

The following incidents connected with the taking off of the Spaniards from the "Santisima Trinidad" are related by a seaman of the "Revenge":—

"On quitting the ship our boats were so overloaded in endeavouring to save all the lives we could, that it is a miracle they were not upset. A father and his son came down the ship's side to get on board one of our boats; the father had seated himself, but the men in the boat, thinking from the load and the boisterous weather that all their lives would be in peril, could not think of taking the boy. As the boat put off the lad, as though determined not to quit his father, sprang

from the ship into the sea and caught hold of the gunwale of the boat, but his attempt was resisted, as it risked all their lives; and some of the men resorted to their cutlasses to cut his fingers off in order to disentangle the boat from his grasp. At the same time the feelings of the father were so worked upon that he was about to leap overboard and perish with his son. Britons could face an enemy but could not witness such a scene of self-devotion: as it were a simultaneous thought burst forth from the crew, which said, 'Let us save both father and son or die in the attempt!' The Almighty aided their design, they succeeded and brought both father and son safe on board our ship where they remained, until with other prisoners they were exchanged at Gibraltar."

The second incident of the last hours of the "Santisima Trinidad," taken from the same source, is the following:—

"We were obliged to abandon our prize, taking away with us all our men and as many of the prisoners as we could. On the last boat's load leaving the ship, the Spaniards who were left on board appeared on the gangway and ship's side, displaying their bags of dollars and doubloons and eagerly offering them as a reward for saving them from the expected and unavoidable wreck; but however well inclined we were, it was not in our power to rescue them, or it would have been effected without the proffered bribe."

This, according to Perez Galdos, in his "Trafalgar," is what the Spanish prisoners went through on board the "Santisima Trinidad." The account is put in the mouth of the narrator whose description of incidents of the battle has been previously quoted. The story, based as it is on historical documents, follows very closely what is generally known by us of the event:—

"Night fell, increasing the misery and horror of our situation. It might have been hoped that nature would be on our side after so much disaster, but, on the contrary, the elements lashed us with their fury as though Heaven thought our cup of misfortune was not yet full. A tremendous storm burst and the winds and waves tossed and buffeted our ship in their fury, while, as she could not be worked, she was utterly at their mercy. The rolling was so terrible that it was very difficult even to work the pumps; and this, combined with the exhausted condition of the men, made our condition grow worse every minute. An English vessel, which we learnt was the Prince, tried to take us in tow, but her efforts were in vain and she was forced to keep off for fear of a collision, which would have been fatal to both.

"The same confusion prevailed below as on deck. Those who had escaped unhurt were doing what they could to aid the wounded, and these, disturbed by the motion of the vessel which prevented their getting any rest, were so pitiable a

sight that it was impossible to resign oneself to sleep. On one side, covered with the Spanish flag, lay the bodies of the officers who had been killed; and in the midst of all this misery, surrounded by so much suffering, these poor corpses seemed really to be envied. They alone on board the Trinidad were at rest, to them nothing mattered now; fatigue and pain, the disgrace of defeat, or physical sufferings. The standard which served them as a glorious winding-sheet shut them out, as it were, from the world of responsibility, of dishonour, and of despair, in which we were left behind. They could not care for the danger the vessel was in, for to them it was no longer anything but a coffin.

* * * * * *

"Never shall I forget the moment when the bodies were cast into the sea, by order of the English officer in charge of the ship. The dismal ceremony took place on the morning of the 22nd, when the storm seemed to be at its wildest on purpose to add to the terrors of the scene. The bodies of the officers were brought on deck, the priest said a short prayer, for this was no time for elaborate ceremonial, and our melancholy task began. Each wrapped in a flag, with a cannon-ball tied to his feet, was dropped into the waves without any of the solemn and painful emotion which under ordinary circumstances would have agitated

the lookers-on. Our spirits were so quelled by disaster that the contemplation of death had become almost indifference.

* * * * * *

"The sailors were thrown overboard with less ceremony. The regulation is that they shall be tied up in their hammocks, but there was no time to carry this out. Some indeed were wrapped round as the rules require, but most of them were thrown into the sea without any shroud or ball at their feet, for the simple reason that there was not enough for all. There were four hundred of them, more or less, and merely to clear them overboard and out of sight every able-bodied man that was left had to lend a hand, so as to get it done as quickly as possible.

"As the day advanced the Prince attempted once more to take the Santisima Trinidad in tow, but with no better success than before. Our situation was no worse, although the tempest raged with undiminished fury, for a good deal of the mischief had been patched up, and we thought that if the weather should mend, the hulk, at any rate, might be saved. The English made a great point of it, for they were very anxious to take the largest man-of-war ever seen afloat into Gibraltar as a trophy; so they willingly plied the pumps by night and by day and allowed us to rest awhile. All through the day on the 22nd the sea continued

terrific, tossing the huge and helpless vessel as though it were a little fishing boat; and the enormous mass of timber proved the soundness of her build by not simply falling to pieces under the furious lashing of the waters. At some moments she rolled so completely over on her beam ends that it seemed as though she must go to the bottom; but suddenly the wave would fly off in smoke, as it were, before the hurricane, while the ship, righting herself, rode over it with a toss of her mighty prow.

"On all sides we could see the scattered fleets; many of the ships were English, severely damaged and striving to get shelter under the coast. There were Frenchmen and Spaniards too, some dismasted, others in tow of the enemy. . . . Floating about were myriads of fragments and masses of wreck—spars, timbers, broken boats, hatches, bulwarks, and doors—besides two unfortunate sailors who were clinging to a plank, and who must have been swept off and drowned if the English had not hastened to rescue them. They were brought on board more dead than alive, and their resuscitation after being in the very jaws of death was like a new birth to them.

"That day went by between agonies and hopes: —now we thought nothing could save the ship and that we must be taken on board an Englishman, then again we hoped to keep her afloat. The idea of being taken into Gibraltar as prisoners was

intolerable. However, all the torment of suspense, at any rate, was relieved by the evening, when it was unanimously agreed that if we were not transferred to an English ship at once, to the bottom we must go with the vessel, which had now five feet of water in the hold. The task was at once begun in the doubtful twilight, and as there were above three hundred wounded to be transferred it was no easy matter. The available number of hands was about five hundred, all that were left uninjured of the original crew of eleven hundred and fifteen before the battle.

"We set to work promptly with the launches of the Trinidad and the Prince, and three other boats belonging to the English. The wounded were attended to first, but though they were lifted with all possible care they could not be moved without much suffering, and some entreated with groans and shrieks to be left in peace, preferring immediate death to anything that could aggravate and prolong their torments. But there was no time for pity, and they were carried to the boats as ruthlessly as the cold corpses of their comrades had been flung into the sea.

"I thought only of saving my life, and to stay on board a foundering vessel was not the best means to that end. Nor were my fears ill-founded; for not more than half the men had been taken off when a dull roar of terror echoed through the ship.

"'She is going to the bottom!—to the boats, to the boats!' shouted some, and there was a rush to the ship's side, all looking out eagerly for the return of the boats. Every attempt at work or order was given up, the wounded were forgotten, and several who had been brought on deck dragged themselves to the side in a sort of delirium, to seek an opening and throw themselves into the sea. Up through the hatchways came a hideous shriek, which I think I can hear as I write. It came from the poor wretches on the lower deck, who already felt the waters rising to drown them and vainly cried for help to God or men—who can tell? Vainly indeed to men, for they had enough to do to save themselves. They jumped wildly into the boats, and this confusion in the darkness hindered progress."

[There is a canvas in one of the galleries of the Museo Naval at Madrid, depicting the sinking of the "Santisima Trinidad" after Trafalgar, and showing the boats of the British ships engaged in their work of rescue.]

CHAPTER XXV

WHAT THEY HEARD AND SAW AT CADIZ

AT Cadiz, all through that dreadful Monday afternoon, the crowd of watchers, gazing seaward from the *miradores* and *azoteas* and the house roofs and from the city ramparts, could see the smoke of the firing along the horizon to the southwest, and hear, hour after hour, the dull reverberating thunder of the guns. Far and wide the heavy booming of the cannonade re-echoed inland, we are told, across nearly half Andalusia; over the orange groves and cork woods of Medina Sidonia, name of ill-omen on such a day as that, along the hillsides of Conil, and away, indeed, to the distant mountain caves of Ronda. At Gibraltar, off the direct course of the wind as it then held, they heard nothing all day. From Tangier they both saw smoke and heard distant firing. An old Moor died just ten years ago who well remembered, as a boy, sitting with others on a hillside near the city, listening with wonder to the sullen thunder that came up from beyond the sea-line afar, and watch ng a strange, low, grey

smoke-cloud that rose like a mound at one point on the horizon to the north-west.

Two letters from Cadiz, received in London by the Lisbon packet of the 15th of November say something of what those on shore saw, and describe, with some detail, how the first news of the fate of the battle arrived.

The first ran as follows:—

"Oct. 21.—At ten in the morning, the Combined Squadron formed in line, standing on a course to the Straits, in sight of the English; the latter endeavoured to cut the line, and effected it, which threw it into confusion: a cannonade commenced, which lasted from two o'clock in the afternoon till evening; and in the morning of the 22d, there anchored between Rota and the Castle of St. Catharine, the Principe de Asturias, with the loss of her top-gallant; the Leandro, with only her foremast standing; the Rayo and two others; as also seven French ships, with four frigates and two brigs: of all the rest of the squadron nothing is POSITIVELY known, but from the obscurity of the horizon, with continual rain and bad weather from the Southward, those which are missing and dismasted are not alone in danger, but also those which have anchored, if the weather continues. The wounded are not yet landed on account of the bad weather. Admiral Gravina remains on board with a wound in his arm: Admiral Escano has a wound in his leg, which is considered dangerous;

the ship which blew up was L'Achille (French); it is said her commander is a prisoner; the Trinidad was dismasted, and the St. Anne taken.—Nelson gained his end at the expence of rendering useless his own ship and two others. The action, it is said, was renewed on the 22d in the morning, after such a manner, that it is believed many of the English ships are reduced to mere hulks. The misfortune is, that we have not enough of small ships able to give assistance. As soon as the weather clears up, and we know exactly what has happened, I will inform you."

The second added certain other particulars:—

"Oct. 23.—The Combined Squadron began to get under sail on the 19th instant, with a wind at N.N.E. At ten a.m. it changed to w. and not being able to make any way, those which got out remained in sight. On the 20th at daybreak, the wind got to the Southward, which enabled the whole squadron to get out, so that at ten o'clock they were all united. The wind was fresh, the horizon dark and close, with rain, so that they were soon lost sight of. In the afternoon it was calm; they stood on towards the Southward, and on Monday the 21st shaped their course for the Straits. At two p.m. they commenced a severe action with the English at the distance of five or six leagues from this port, which lasted till Vespers. We saw a ship blow up, but we are yet ignorant what she was. This morning there anchored at

the mouth of this harbour the first Squadron of Observation, with some French frigates and brigs. The result, it appears, is not favourable. There are various reports. They are landing the wounded.

"It is said that Gravina has lost an arm, and Admiral Escano a leg. New rigging is getting on board, and, according to appearances, they are going to sail again in quest of the missing ships. The weather is rainy and gloomy, with the wind at south, all contrary to those *unfortunates*, who are at sea still. May God have pity on them! My Friend, an unlucky sailing, but a worse lot! a bad result, and a sad painful day for Cadiz!"

This is what a letter from Cadiz, written on the 25th of October, says:—

"There is no doubt, that Nelson and his Englishmen have gained a complete and decisive victory, and that our Fleet has been, all of it, absolutely destroyed. The number of killed and wounded is from 10 to 12,000. Villeneuve taken prisoner, Magon killed, Gravina severely wounded in the arm, Escano in the leg, and Alava in the head: Cisneros and Dumanoir are by some reported to have been made prisoners, by others to have been killed. Out of the thirty-three Ships which left this Port, only nine or ten have re-entered it, and that in so miserable and shattered condition, that the hulls of some are almost unserviceable. The rest of the Fleet have been either taken, burnt, or sunk. In the offing some are seen dismasted,

which the English have manned and are towing away. Two or three have run ashore on the coast, without the possibility of receiving any assistance, in consequence of the furious tempest which raged immediately after the battle. In the Playa the sea is continually throwing up portions of wreck, together with numbers of dead bodies, all of which increases the desolate aspect of that shore."

Another letter, written on the 29th, speaks of the pitiable plight of the hapless remnant of French soldiers landed from the ships that escaped: "Scarcely a third part remains of the French troops who were embarked on board the Fleet, and it is really heart-rending to see their soldiers wandering about the streets."

According to Admiral Rosily's first letter, sent off to Beurnonville, the French Ambassador at Madrid, on the 26th, the day after he arrived at Cadiz, this was what was then known, or believed, there, of the losses on either side: "Two ships, understood to be English, have been wrecked at the mouth of the Guadalquivir, and one has been burned. The Colossus has been blown up (Le Colossus a sauté en l'air). A good deal of wreckage from other English ships has been found along the coast. Nelson has been killed. Twenty-three ships on both sides have been dismasted. On the French side Admiral Villeneuve has yielded himself a prisoner. His ship, however, has re-entered Cadiz harbour under the French flag, after which

she sank. The Fougueux has been wrecked on the coast, and another French ship blown up. Admiral Magon and Captains Gourrège and Poulain have been killed. Gravina and Escano are badly wounded. It is impossible to get full accounts or reports of losses owing to the storm, and also as nothing has as yet been received from some of the captains."

* * * * * *

The news of the disaster reached Corunna and Ferrol on the evening of the 5th of November. It came with a stunning shock on everybody. Seven of the fifteen Spanish ships in the battle had been manned at Corunna and Ferrol: the flagship "Principe de Asturias," the "San Juan Nepomuceno," the "Monarca" the "Montanez," and the "San Agustin," "San Francisco de Asis," and the "San Ildefonso." Only the "Principe" and "Montanez" remained under the flag of Spain, and both were lying in a pitiable state, disabled fugitives, in Cadiz harbour. The others had either been captured or wrecked, with what loss of life they dared hardly contemplate. Above all, Churruca was gone, the idol of the sailors of northern Spain, their own commodore, who, as senior officer at Ferrol, had fitted the ships out to join Gravina. Of the French Fleet, too, five of the ships and their officers were well known at Ferrol, where for the past two years they had been lying; the

"Argonaute" and the "Redoutable" and the "Héros," the "Fougueux" and the "Duguay Trouin." Of these, three had been taken, one only was at Cadiz, one had gone off with Admiral Dumanoir, it was believed.

This is what a neutral skipper (a Swede) told the captain of the "Bellona," who fell in with the Swedish merchantman off Cape Finisterre at ten at night on the 8th of November, as reported to Cornwallis off Brest: "He sailed from Corunna on Wednesday, the 6th instant, a.m., and at 6 o'clock the evening preceding, the post had arrived at Cadiz with such information that caused a general consternation, alarm, bustle, and despondency in all ranks of people that it was impossible for him to describe, occasioned by the account brought by the post of an action fought between [*sic*] the Combined Fleets of France and Spain, which, he said, to the best of his recollection, for he saw the account and read it, had sailed from Cadiz on the 22nd or 23rd ulto., and he thought the action, to the best of his recollection, for all was hurry and agitation, was fought about the 28th. But so great was the confusion and dismay that he could not charge his memory with the exact dates, or get any minute information except what he here related. . . . He said the account stated it to have been the most obstinate and determined battle ever fought, and that, except the list of a very few of their ships which had arrived, which

list he read, that it was feared by the Spaniards that all the rest were either taken or destroyed. He saw a list of 22 sail of the line which were missing. He stated that the Santisima Trinidad had fallen into the hands of the English and that one French 74 had blown up in the action; this was seen to have taken place by the ships which had returned. Admiral Gravina had lost his arm, and the captain of his ship had lost his leg, both of whom had arrived at Cadiz."[1]

We have this about the state of things on shore, in the vicinity of Cadiz and Trafalgar Bay during the week or ten days that succeeded the battle. The coast for some miles up and down was watched by patrols on horseback, distributed along the beach, with burying parties posted at intervals here and there. On the mounted men discovering bodies washed ashore, they signalled to the men on foot, who came down and dug holes in the sand into which they dragged the dead.

In Cadiz itself, for ten days after the battle, they were busy bringing the wounded ashore, and horrible and sad scenes were to be witnessed at the wharves, and in the streets the litters of wounded, some of the poor fellows crying out as they were carried along. Most of the Spanish gentlefolk assisted to the utmost by their personal exertions. The hospitals were filled, and several

[1] Navy Records Society: "Blockade of Brest," II, pp. 367–8.

churches and convents had to be appropriated. Everywhere about the city were to be met women in tears, while many of the sailors who had escaped spent their time wandering to and fro, aimlessly, apparently not knowing where to go.

The churches were filled with the anxious relatives of officers and men who were missing, unaware, as yet, of what fate had actually befallen those whose ships had not come back. Masses, for the repose of the souls of the fallen, were being chanted, meanwhile, day after day, for those who were known to have been killed, in anticipation of the solemn official funeral service, to be held later, when fuller returns had come in. That took place on the 21st of November, at the Church of the Convent of the Carmen (the principal church of Cadiz during the rebuilding of the cathedral), at the expense of Admirals Gravina, Alava, and Cisneros, conjointly with Admiral Rosily and the Governor-General, the Marquis de la Solano, who, with his staff and suite, and as many naval and military officers as could be present, attended in full state.

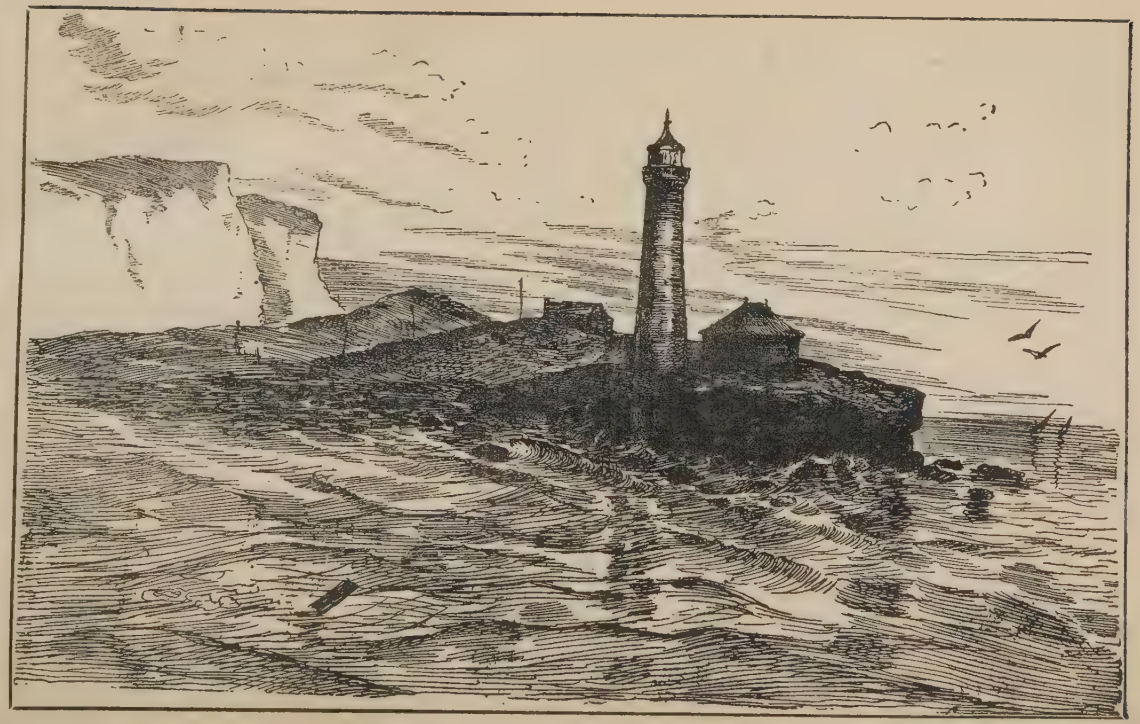
An Englishman, a merchant, who happened to arrive at Cadiz shortly after the battle, recorded in a letter some of the things that he saw.

"Ten days after the battle, they were still employed bringing ashore the wounded; and spectacles were hourly displayed at the wharfs, and through the streets, sufficient to shock every

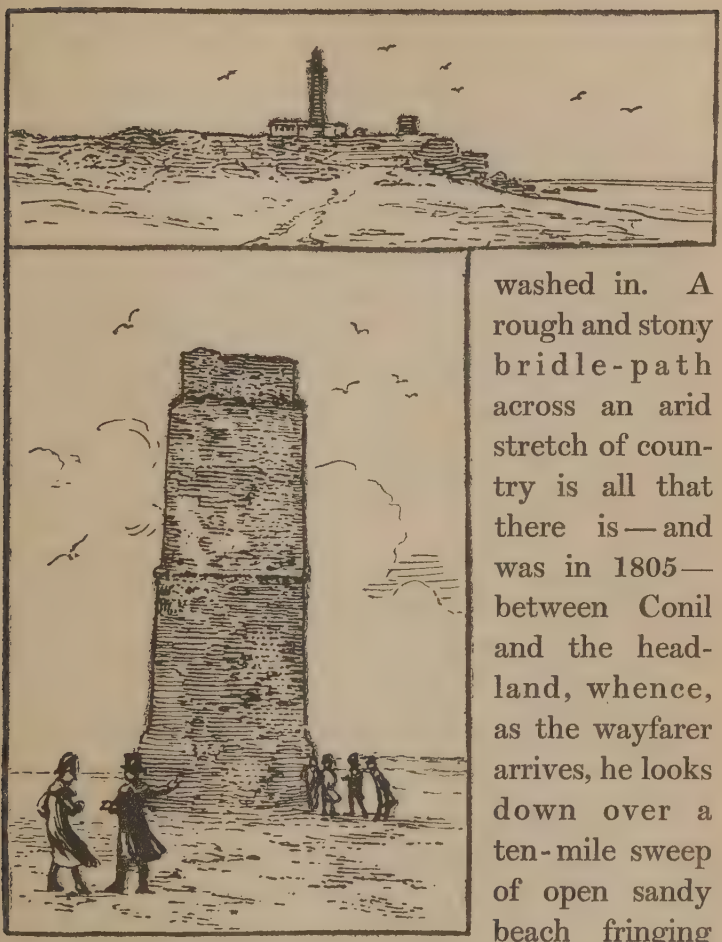
heart not yet hardened to scenes of blood and human suffering. When, by the carelessness of the boatmen, and the surging of the sea, the boats struck against the stone piers, a horrid cry, which pierced the soul, arose from the mangled wretches on board. Many of the Spanish gentry assisted in bringing them ashore, with symptoms of much compassion, yet as they were finely dressed, it had something of the appearance of ostentation; if there could be ostentation at such a moment. It need not be doubted that an Englishman lent a willing hand to bear them up the steps to their litters, yet the slightest false step made them shriek out, and I even yet shudder at the remembrance of the sound. On the top of the pier the scene was affecting. The wounded were carried away to the hospitals in every shape of human misery, whilst crowds of Spaniards either assisted or looked on with signs of horror. Meanwhile, their companions, who had escaped unhurt, walked up and down with folded arms and downcast eyes, whilst women sat upon heaps of arms, broken furniture, and baggage, with their heads bent between their knees. I had no inclination to follow the litters of the wounded, yet I learned that every hospital in Cadiz was already full, and that convents and churches were forced to be appropriated to the reception of the remainder. If, leaving the harbour, I passed through the town to the Point, I still beheld the terrible effects of

the battle. As far as the eye could reach, the sandy side of the isthmus bordering on the Atlantic was covered with masts and yards, the wrecks of ships, and here and there the bodies of the dead. Among others I noticed a topmast marked with the name of the Swiftsure, and the broad arrow of England, which only increased my anxiety to know how far the English had suffered, the Spaniards still continuing to affirm that they (the English) had lost their chief admiral, and half their fleet. While surrounded by these wrecks, I mounted on the cross-trees of a mast which had been thrown ashore, and casting my eyes over the ocean, beheld, at a great distance, several masts and portions of wreck floating about. As the sea was now almost calm, with a light swell, the effect produced by these objects had in it something of a sublime melancholy, and touched the soul with a remembrance of the sad vicissitudes of human affairs. The portions of floating wreck were visible from the ramparts, yet not a boat dared to venture out to examine or endeavour to tow them in, such were the apprehensions which still filled their minds of the enemy."

To this day at Conil, a little township, the nearest inhabited place to Cape Trafalgar, from which it is distant about seven English miles, the older folks will repeat to the visitor what their grandfathers told them about the finding of the bodies along the coast and wreckage as it was



CAPE TRAFALGAR AS IT IS
(By permission of "La Epoca," Madrid)



TORRE DE CASTILOBO

Whence the Spanish coast-signalmen watched the progress of the battle from hour to hour

washed in. A rough and stony bridle-path across an arid stretch of country is all that there is — and was in 1805 — between Conil and the headland, whence, as the wayfarer arrives, he looks down over a ten-mile sweep of open sandy beach fringing the wide curve of coast-line between Trafalgar and Cape Roque to northward, in the direction of Cadiz. There the dead lay thickly, drifting up for days after the storm with every tide, inter-

mingled with broken fragments of ships and gear. The old watch-tower of Castilobo—dating from Moorish times—whence look-out men gazed on the fight on the horizon all that Monday afternoon, still stands, more or less in a dilapidated state nowadays. Not far off are the remains of a later tower, called locally Torre Nueva, also used at the time of Trafalgar as a look-out post, with barracks of the carabineers in rear. At the point there used to stand another tower whence at night a fire beacon blazed; but that was pulled down to make way for the comparatively modern light-house that now marks Cape Trafalgar.

Nothing could be more kindly and humane than the demeanour of the Spaniards to those officers and men from the British Fleet whom the storm threw into their hands in recaptured prizes, or who escaped to shore with their lives from wrecked ships.

Two instances may be cited as typical of the rest. One is recorded by Captain Codrington of the British "Orion," with regard to the experiences of the master of his ship, who was taken ashore from the wreck of the "Rayo." He had been sent on board the prize before she broke adrift.

"The poor Spaniards behaved very creditably indeed: they not only sent boats for them (English and all) as soon as the weather moderated, with bread and water for their immediate relief; but

when the boat, in which the Master of the ship was sent, had got into Cadiz harbour a carriage was backed into the water for him to step into from the boat, all sorts of cordials and confectionery were placed in the carriage for him, and clean linen, bed, etc. prepared for him at a lodging on shore: added to which the women and priests presented him with delicacies of all sorts as the carriage passed along the streets. In short, he says, and with very great truth, that had he been wrecked on any part of the English coast he would never have received half the attention which he did from these poor Spaniards, whose friends we had just destroyed in such numbers."

The second narrative is from a seaman of the "Spartiate," who was sent, he says, as one of the prize crew on board another Spanish ship which drove ashore near Cadiz.

"We sent the prisoners ashore first, and then followed ourselves afterwards, and by four o'clock the next morning we all got safe on shore.

"Now the Spanish prisoners, that had come on shore first, some of them had been and seen their friends, and, as daylight came on, they came down to assist us, which they did, for they brought us some bread, and some figs, and some wine, to refresh us, which we wanted very much, for we had scarcely tasted anything the last twenty-four hours, and the Spaniards behaved very kind to us. As for myself, after I had eaten some bread and

fruit, and drank some wine, I tried to get up, but I could not, and one of the Spaniards, seeing the state I was in, was kind enough to get two or three more of his companions, and lifted me up in one of the bullock-carts in which they had brought down the provisions for us, and covered me up with one of their great ponchos, and he tapped me on the shoulder, and said, 'Bono English!' And, being upon the cart, I was out of the wind and rain—for it blew a heavy gale of wind—and I felt myself quite comfortable, only my leg pained me a good deal; but, thanks be to God, I soon fell into a sound sleep, and, as I heard afterwards, the French soldiers came down and marched the rest of my shipmates up to Cadiz, and they put them into the Spanish prison. As for my part, I was taken up to Cadiz, in the bullock-cart, and my kind friend took me to his own house, and had me put to bed, where I found myself when I woke."

Officially also, an interchange of courtesies between the British Fleet and the Spanish authorities at Cadiz was taking place, the outcome of a tactful and courteously worded message sent by Collingwood to the Governor of the city.[1] Said

[1] Collingwood opened the negotiations within a week of the battle by sending in Captain Blackwood with a flag of truce to the Governor. He was received in the most friendly way and dined and slept at the Governor's. So amicable did relations become that immediately afterwards the Marquis de la Solana sent out to Collingwood a cask of wine,

Collingwood himself, writing home ten days after Trafalgar, of the arrangement, and of the kindness and generosity displayed by all at Cadiz to the British officers and men shipwrecked in the prizes:—

"To alleviate the miseries of the wounded as much as in my power, I sent a flag to the Marquis Solana, to offer him his wounded. Nothing can exceed the gratitude expressed by him for this act of humanity; all this part of Spain is in an uproar of praise and thankfulness to the English. Solana sent me a present of a cask of wine, and we have a free intercourse with the shore. Judge of the footing we are on, when I tell you he offered me his hospitals, and pledged the Spanish honour for the care and cure of our wounded men. Our officers and men who were wrecked in some prize ships were most kindly treated: all the country was on the beach to receive them, the priests and women distributing wine, and bread, and fruit, amongst them. The soldiers turned out of their barracks to make lodging for them."

and followed it up with a large supply of fruit—melons, grapes, figs, and pomegranates, adding that he would send more in a day or two, and any other fruit that might be fancied. Collingwood, on his part, returned the courtesy with the best he had at disposal, a cheddar cheese and a cask of porter. Later, when the first report of Admiral Gravina's death reached Gibraltar, Collingwood wrote off to Cadiz a most kindly and sympathetic letter, which, for its eulogy of the dead officer, was received with the highest appreciation.

CHAPTER XXVI

HOW THE NEWS REACHED ENGLAND—AND NAPOLEON

THE battle was fought on Monday, the 21st of October. The first authentic news of it, and of Nelson's death, only reached London on Wednesday, the 6th of November, at one in the morning.

A rumour, based on a newspaper paragraph, that there had been fighting at Cadiz, had been current in London for three or four days previously, but nothing was known as to what had taken place. In the "Morning Post" of the 2nd of November an editorial note stated that it was reported, on the authority of letters said to have been received from Lisbon, that "Lord Nelson had succeeded in destroying a great part of the Combined Fleet in the harbour of Cadiz"; but the Editor felt it his duty to add this: "Though from the enterprising character of the noble Admiral we cannot consider this rumour as improbable, we cannot at present attach any credit to it, from the circumstances of no advice whatever

upon the subject having been received at the Admiralty."

As a fact, the ship bringing the news of Trafalgar was not yet in the Channel. England, and indeed all Europe, was thinking of something else.

The startling, and totally unexpected, news had just reached London of the complete overthrow of the first great army of the European coalition against Napoleon. The fate of the Continent was in the camp of General Mack at Ulm, it had been said: Mack himself was a scientific strategist of world-wide reputation; his troops were the pick of the Austrian army—the best appointed and disciplined soldiers of the time. Five days before the "Morning Post" published its rumour about Nelson at Cadiz, an empty boat had been towed out by a French pinnace from Boulogne and ostentatiously abandoned in full view of the English frigates cruising off the harbour. It was picked up, and in the boat was found a packet addressed: "To the Commodore of the English Squadron." Inside was a letter, on the cover of which was scrawled: "Commodore Robin has the pleasure of communicating this *good news* to the Commodore of the English Squadron." The single sheet enclosed bore on one side this, written in large characters: "L'Armée Autrichienne, forte de cent mille hommes, est détruite. Le Gen. en Chef Mack lui-même est fait prisonnier à Ulm, et le

Prince Ferdinand est en fuite." On the other side was a translation: "The Army of the Austrians, strong of one hundred thousand, is no more. The General in Chief Mack is himself a prisoner in Ulm, and Prince Ferdinand is put to flight." Following on that, two days before the "Morning Post's" Cadiz rumour, copies of the "Gazette de Paris" reached London (via Hamburg), stating positively that accounts had been received "of the total defeat of the Austrian army, the capitulation of the garrison of Ulm, and the surrender of Forty Thousand of the Austrian troops, who were made Prisoners of War." It seemed incredible. "Until further accounts arrive from Paris," said the "Times," "we shall not despair. Our anxiety is excessive, but we are sustained." The leader writer had hardly laid down his pen when letters came in that left no shadow of doubt as to the awful magnitude of the disaster. The horror-stricken Editor announced it, as he said,—"with the deepest anguish." "General Mack with the whole of the Austrian staff are prisoners of war. . . . The whole of the Austrian Army is represented as being nearly destroyed: not a vestige of what might be termed an efficient corps remained. Those who escaped the sword or the chains of the enemy, all who were not among the number of the killed, wounded, or prisoners, were broken into puny detachments, and scattered

into various directions. Such is the state into which the accounts from Holland represent the Austrian army of between seventy and eighty thousand men to have fallen."

That was what was uppermost in the minds of everybody in England during the first five days of November, 1805: consternation at the unexpected blow that, at the outset, had fallen on Pitt's elaborately engineered European coalition. Was England again to see the bayonets of Napoleon's legionaries at Boulogne, vengeful and flushed with the incitement of unparalleled conquests, while Europe behind them looked on idly, tamed and prostrate?

Meanwhile, the wives and relatives of those in Nelson's fleet off Cadiz had, in addition, their own personal anxieties of another kind. The fierce Atlantic storm that wrecked so many of Nelson's prizes in the week after the battle, raged far and wide along the seaboard of western Europe, and reached as far north even as our own shores; causing not a little uneasiness among the wives and friends of those in the fleets at sea, as private letters exist to testify. It was so, we know, with those living along the south coast to westward of the Isle of Wight. To this hour the widespread havoc of the Trafalgar week's storm is a tradition among the cottagers of the Dorset shore,

stamped in local memory by the coincidences of the event.

> In the wild October night-time, when the wind raved round the land,
> And the Back-Sea met the Front-Sea, and our doors were blocked with sand,
> And we heard the drub of Dead-man's Bay, where the bones of thousands are,
> We knew not what the day had done for us at Trafalgar.

One can fancy the Hardy ladies, the sisters of Nelson's flag-captain, in their little home at Portisham, within sight and hearing of the Channel waves, listening with anxious hearts to the howling gusts and the dull, incessant roaring of the sea that came up across Blackdown from the direction of Chesil Beach.

Collingwood sent off his first Trafalgar despatch on Sunday, the 27th of October; on the very day that the empty boat with the news of the catastrophe at Ulm was picked up off Boulogne. Six days had gone by since the battle, but it was the first opportunity he had had of getting the despatch off. At half-past twelve that day the "Pickle," an 8-gun schooner, Lieutenant Lapenotière in command, left the fleet for England with Collingwood's public letter.[1] The voyage

[1] Collingwood's selection of so junior an officer as a lieutenant to carry the Trafalgar despatch home, has been criticized. It is accounted for by the family in this way, adopting the words of his granddaughter, Miss Lapenotière of Clifton. "Lieutenant La Pénotière had the

was rough, and a hard beat for most of the way, and took nine days. Off Cape Finisterre they had to heave four of their guns overboard, and throughout the day on the 1st of November all hands were at the pumps and baling water out. To the south-west of the Scilly Isles, on the 2nd, they ran into a streak of dead calm, and had to use sweeps to keep the "Pickle's" head in the right direction. Then bad weather and squalls came on again. So the news of Trafalgar was brought to England. Two vessels were spoken on the voyage; the "Nautilus" ("Notlis" the "Pickle's" log spells the name), off the Tagus, and the "Superb," Captain Keats, to southward of the Land's End. The "Nautilus" ran into Lisbon with the news. Keats and his "Superbs"—"Nelsonians" to a man—were on their way for Cadiz, hoping against hope to be in time for the expected battle. Deep groans

command of the schooner Pickle, and did good work on the eve of the battle of Trafalgar, taking his ship in among the enemy's fleet and reporting their number and position. When a young man he had been a passenger on board a ship which also conveyed Lord Collingwood. An order was given on deck to the man at the wheel, and he saw that if obeyed the ship would be on the rocks. He instantly gave another order and saved the ship. Lord Collingwood thanked him and said: 'If ever I have the opportunity I will do you a service.' After the action at Trafalgar he sent for him and reminded him of his promise, adding: 'Now take these despatches to England; you will receive £500 and your commander's commission. Now I have kept my word.'" The La Pénotière family came to England at the Revolution of 1688, with "Dutch William," and both the father and grandfather of the commander of the "Pickle" served in the Royal Navy. The name is to be found in the navy lists of William III and Queen Anne.

throughout the ship, we are told, and openly shed tears from many, greeted Lieutenant Lapenotière's intelligence of Nelson's death, which the "Pickle's" commander personally delivered to Captain Keats. Proceeding, the Lizard lights were sighted ahead at two in the morning on the 4th. The Manacles were on the beam between seven and eight. At a quarter to ten, off Pendennis Castle, the "Pickle" shortened sail and hove-to. A boat was at once lowered, and Lieutenant Lapenotière went on shore with his despatches, to post off at once for London.

Beyond the bare fact of the victory and Nelson's death, little was told at Falmouth. Lapenotière was off within half an hour of landing; and as soon as he stepped ashore his boat pulled back to the "Pickle," which before two o'clock was under sail for Plymouth Sound. There was no semaphore telegraph in 1805 farther west than Portsmouth. They had begun setting up stations between London and Plymouth, but the line was not yet in working order.

Lieutenant Lapenotière was on his way by noon: taking the post road by Truro, Liskeard, Tavistock, across Dartmoor, by Post-bridge to Chagford and Exeter; and thence along the coach road by Honiton, Axminster, Crewkerne, Yeovil, Sherborne, Salisbury, Andover, Basingstoke, to London. He changed horses nineteen times along the 266 miles of his route. So the Trafalgar des-

patches travelled to London; in the everyday way. Nobody guessed that the ordinary-looking post-chaise, with a quiet-mannered naval lieutenant seated inside, was bearing the most momentous and interesting news that ever reached the shores

LIEUTENANT J. R. LAPENOTIÈRE
(From a silhouette in the possession of his granddaughter, Miss Lapenotière)

of England. The roads were good going—no rain had fallen in the south of England since the 30th of October—and excellent time was kept. The post-chaise drew up at the gates of the Admiralty at one o'clock in the morning of the 6th of November.

As it did so, another post-chaise raced up. It

conveyed another officer, bearing the same news. He was Captain Sykes of the "Nautilus," which the "Pickle" had fallen in with off the Tagus, to whom Lieutenant Lapenotière had imparted his intelligence. The "Nautilus" had run straight into Lisbon, and had been thence sent off to England by the British Ambassador. Landing at Plymouth, Captain Sykes had posted to London, and his conveyance arrived at the Admiralty as Lieutenant Lapenotière's chaise was pulling up.

Of the dramatic scene that followed, and how the news was broken to the First Lord in his bedroom, we have an eye-witness's account from no less a personage than Mr. Marsden, the First Secretary of the Board of Admiralty himself.

"Admiral Collingwood's important despatches," he says, "were delivered to me about one o'clock a.m. of the 6th of November, when I was in the act of withdrawing from the Board Room to my private apartments." Mr. Marsden was informed that an officer had just arrived with important despatches, and the officer was shown in at once.

One can imagine the scene. A large, lofty room, decorated with carved friezework and tall Ionic pilasters at the sides, the curtains drawn closely, and everything very still—the dead of night: the fire burning low or flickering fitfully out: dim shadows in the background on either hand, beyond the gleam of light cast by the tall wax candles on the long table in the

centre of the room, piled with tied-up documents. An elderly gentleman in *déshabillé*, somewhat of the prim official type, the sole occupant of the room, has just risen wearily from his chair at the table and turns away with a sigh of relief as he casts round his last glance for the night at the bundles of returns he has been for hours laboriously perusing, to take up his chamber candlestick and shuffle off at last to bed.[1] Suddenly there is a sharp knock. The door opens abruptly and the night porter announces and ushers in a naval officer in uniform; travel-worn and showing traces of fatigue, but with an air of suppressed emotion in every feature of his countenance. A moment's pause, and then the officer, without word of preface or personal introduction, in a very grave tone accosts the wondering Secretary: "Sir, we have gained a great victory, but we have lost Lord Nelson!"

"In accosting me," describes the Secretary to the Admiralty, "the officer used these impressive words: 'Sir, we have gained a great victory, but we have lost Lord Nelson!' The effect thus produced it is not to my purpose to describe; nor had I time to indulge in reflections, who was at that moment the only person informed of one of the greatest events recorded in our history, and which

[1] Between May, 1803, and the end of 1806 Mr. Marsden, as he himself has placed on record, never for one single night was able to sleep away from the Admiralty.

it was my duty to make known with the utmost promptitude."

The First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Barham, had to be informed at once, and Mr. Marsden, leaving Lapenotière by himself, set out, candle in hand, to find his bedroom in the big building.

"The First Lord," he says, "had retired to rest, as had his domestics, and it was not until after some research that I could discover the room in which he slept. Drawing aside his curtains with a candle in my hand, I woke the old peer from a sound slumber, and to the credit of his nerves be it mentioned that he showed no symptom of alarm or surprise, but calmly asked, 'What news, Mr. Marsden?' We then discussed, in few words, what was to be done, and I sat up the remainder of the night with such of the clerks as I could collect, in order to make the necessary communications, at an early hour, to the King, Prince of Wales, Duke of York, the Ministers and other members of the Cabinet, and to the Lord Mayor, who communicated the intelligence to the shipping interest at Lloyd's Coffee House. A notice for the Royal salute was also necessary."

"Never," says Sir John Barrow, the Second Secretary, who learned the news on arriving at the Admiralty next morning, "can I forget the shock I received on opening the Board Room door the morning after the arrival of the despatches, when Marsden called out: 'Glorious news! The

most glorious victory our brave navy has ever achieved—but Nelson is dead!' The vivid recollection of my interview with this incomparable man, and the idea that I was probably the last person he had taken leave of in London, left an impression of gloom on my mind that required some time to remove."

The news was immediately sent off to Windsor Castle, and reached there at seven in the morning. "The King was so affected by it that some minutes elapsed before he could give utterance to his feelings. The Queen called the Princesses around her to read the despatches, while the whole royal group shed tears to the memory of Lord Nelson."

In his reply to Mr. Marsden, on behalf of His Majesty, Colonel Taylor, the King's private secretary, wrote as follows: "However His Majesty rejoices at the signal success of his gallant fleet, he has not heard without expressions of very deep regret of the death of its valuable and distinguished Commander, although a life so replete with glory, and marked by a rapid succession of such meritorious services and exertions, could not have ended more gloriously."

Colonel Taylor added this on his own account: "I have not upon any occasion seen His Majesty more affected." The Private Secretary, in a postscript, made the following announcement: "The King is of opinion that the battle should be styled that of Trafalgar."

The "London Gazette Extraordinary" was out before breakfast time, and the newspapers and the Park and Tower guns, and the church bells, announced the news to all London before nine o'clock. Its effect was stunning. Never was a great triumph received with so little manifestation of outward rejoicing. Immediately after the first rumours got about, between five and six o'clock, the doors of the newspaper offices were besieged by crowds — all wanting to know one thing. It was not about the victory. The one thing people asked about was—if it was really true about Lord Nelson? That—Nelson's death — was uppermost in everybody's mind. The victory was of course a tremendous one, the greatest ever heard of:—but Nelson, "Our Nel," as the sailors called him, was gone!

"The first impression," says Lord Malmesbury, "was not joy, for Nelson fell. . . . Not one individual who felt joy at the victory so well timed and so complete, but first had an instinctive feeling of sorrow . . . the sorrow of affection and gratitude for what had been done for us."

Pitt, the Prime Minister, told Lord Malmesbury that evening how the news had affected him, as Lord Malmesbury himself relates. "On the receipt of the news of the memorable battle of Trafalgar (some day in November 1805), I happened to dine with Pitt, and it was naturally the engrossing subject of our conversation. I shall never forget the

eloquent manner in which he described his conflicting feelings when roused in the night to read Collingwood's despatches. Pitt observed that he had been called up at various hours in his eventful life by the arrival of news of various hues, but that, whether good or bad, he could always lay his head on his pillow and sink into a sound sleep again. On this occasion, however, the great event announced brought with it so much to weep over, as well as to rejoice at, that he could not calm his thoughts, but at length got up, though it was three in the morning."

Wrote Canning :—

> O price, his conquering Country griev'd to pay!
> O dear-bought glories of Trafalgar's day!
> Lamented Hero! when to Britain's shore
> Exulting fame those aweful tidings bore,
> Joy's bursting shout in whelming grief was drowned,
> And Victory's self unwilling audience found;
> On every brow the cloud of sadness hung,
> The sounds of triumph died on every tongue!

Lady Elizabeth Hervey, writing to her son in America, speaks of the "mingled pride and consternation" with which the news was everywhere received. "The illuminations began but were discontinued, the people being unable to rejoice." Writing on the 29th of November, she says that it would have been useless to write when the news first arrived. "Nothing that I could have said would have conveyed to you any idea of the impression made on the public by the loss of their favourite

hero. . . . As we came away (from the Admiralty), there was a vast rush of people, but all silent, or a murmur of respect and sorrow; some of the common people saying, 'It is bad news if Nelson is killed,' yet they knew that twenty ships were taken. A man at the turnpike gate said to Sir Ellis, who was going through, 'Sir, have you heard the bad news? We have taken twenty ships from the enemy, but Lord Nelson is killed!'"

Speaking of the feeling at Nelson's funeral, Lady Elizabeth says further: "In the thousands that were collected on that day, it was a silence which nothing broke through but a sort of murmur of 'Hats off!' as the Car passed, and ejaculations of 'God bless his soul who died for us to protect us; never shall we see his like again!' The show altogether was magnificent, but the common people, when the crew of the Victory passed, said, 'We had rather see *them* than all the show!'"

"Never," wrote Lady Castlereagh from Ireland, on the news reaching her, "was there, indeed, an event so mournfully and so triumphantly important to England as the battle of Trafalgar. The sentiment of lamenting the individual, more than the rejoicing in the victory, shows the humanity and affection of the people of England, but their good sense on reflection will dwell only on the conquest, because no death at a future moment could have been more glorious, and might

have been less so. The public would never have sent him on another expedition, his health was not equal to another effort, and he might have yielded to the more natural but less imposing efforts of more worldly honours! Whereas he now begins his immortal career, having nothing to achieve on earth, and bequeathing to the English Fleet a legacy which they alone are able to improve. Had I been his wife or his mother, I would rather have wept him dead than see him languish on a less splendid day. In such a death there is no sting, and in such a grave everlasting victory."

This is what the "Times" said on the day after the news was known:—

"The victory created none of those enthusiastic emotions in the public mind which the successes of our naval arms have in every former instance produced. There was not a man who did not think that the life of the Hero of the Nile was too great a price for the capture and destruction of twenty sail of French and Spanish men of war. No ebullitions of popular transport, no demonstrations of public joy, marked this great and important event. The honest and manly feeling of the people appeared as it should have done: they felt an inward satisfaction at the triumph of their favourite arms; they mourned with all the sincerity and poignancy of domestic grief their Hero slain."

Their sorrow at Nelson's loss apart, nothing could have been finer than the spirit that actuated those who had friends in the battle. Mr. Secretary Marsden, to whom it fell to interview several anxious relatives calling at the Admiralty for news, records one or two cases that came under his own observation. Lady Arden, he says, in the middle of her own personal solicitude for her son, was "full of hope that the Orion has not had less than her share in this glorious conflict," a sentiment that Mr. Marsden considered "worthy of a Roman matron in Rome's best day." A general who was informed that his son's ship "had had a full share of the glory," excitedly hugged the Secretary of the Admiralty, overcome with feelings of pride. After his interviews one day, Mr. Marsden was walking in St. James's Park, when he passed two poor women talking together. He overheard one say to the other: "It is true that I have had the misfortune to lose two sons killed, but then you know, my dear, that is a feather in my cap!"

Of the scene at night when London was illuminated and everybody turned out into the streets, we have this from Lord Malmesbury: "I never saw so little public joy. The illumination seemed dim and as it were half-clouded by the desire of expressing the mixture of contending feelings;

every common person in the streets speaking first of their sorrow for him, and then of the victory."

Everywhere along the streets, over every shop and in front of every private house, reference was made first and foremost to Nelson. Everywhere were seen his initials over anchors, or transparencies of men-of-war, or figures of Britannia; or medallions with his portrait festooned with lamps; or — one of the commonest devices — the name "Nelson" in coloured lamps by itself. At Ackermann's "Art Repository" in the Strand was displayed an altar, on which was an urn surrounded with laurels and oak branches, bearing the legend, "Sacred to the memory of the immortal Nelson!" Outside another large shop in the Strand all was dark except for a large transparency edged with violet and bearing the words, "The Victory is great, but the loss is irreparable!" Similarly with the illuminations by private residents. The note of personal grief was universally predominant. One house in Finsbury Square, for instance, displayed a device in violet-coloured lamps: "I rejoice for my country; I mourn for my friend!" The theatres were among the foremost in their displays, in their characteristically effusive way. One theatre showed, for instance, a huge transparency representing Britannia seated holding up a medallion of Nelson crowned with laurel and oak leaves, and

with a lion at her side, and in the background a representation of ships and warlike emblems, and the legend, "Victorious Nelson, I will avenge thy death." Covent Garden displayed outside a large "N" in violet-coloured lamps, with an anchor in red lamps, and a branch of laurel.[1]

Throughout the country the celebrations were marked by the same note of personal grief at the loss of the nation's darling hero. At Norwich, the county town of Nelson's own county, the Corporation went into mourning for a week. At Chester the cathedral bells rang merry peals of rejoicing for the victory; alternating with deep, solemn tolling for Nelson. Three of the great bells pealed

[1] This is what took place inside the theatre according to a contemporary newspaper account. "The Proprietors of this Theatre, ever alive to the national glory, produced a hasty but elegant compliment to the memory of Lord Nelson. When the curtain drew up we were surprised with the view of a superb naval scene. It consisted of columns in the foreground, decorated with medallions of the Naval Heroes of Britain. In the distance a number of ships were seen, and the front of the picture was filled by Mr. Taylor and the principal singers of the Theatre. They were grouped in an interesting manner, with their eyes turned towards the clouds, from whence a half-length portrait of Lord Nelson descended, with the following words underwritten: 'Horatio Nelson, Ob. 21st Oct.' Mr. Taylor and the other performers then sang 'Rule, Britannia,' verse and chorus. The following additional verse, written by Mr. Ashley, of Bath, was introduced and sung by Mr. Taylor, with the most affecting expression: it was universally encored:—

'Again the loud-toned trump of fame
Proclaims Britannia rules the main,
While sorrow whispers Nelson's name,
And mourns the gallant victor slain.
Rule, brave Britons, rule the main,
Revenge the God-like Hero slain.'"

out together exultantly; the fourth tolled throughout a slow and solemn note:—

For St. Olave and St. Oswald and Earl Hugh,
Sang like morning-stars together in the blue;
And the quick, exulting changes of their peal
Made the heavens above them laugh and the joyful
city reel.
Oh! that blithe November morning, Eighteen-
Five—
Every Englishman was glad to be alive—
As the joy-bells clashed in Chester, ancient Chester
on the Dee.

Hark! in pauses of the revel—sole and slow—
Old St. Werburgh swings a heavy note of woe!
Hark! between the jocund peals, a single toll,
Stern and muffled, marks the passing of a soul!
English hearts were sad that day as sad could
be—
English eyes so dimmed with tears they scarce
could see—
All the joy was dashed with grief in ancient Chester
on the Dee.

In several other places, we are told, the bells were muffled and rang dumb peals only. All over the country, when the mayors of the towns read out the "Gazette" announcing the victory, instead of huzzas and shouts, there was gloom and tears and silence, everyone saying "Poor Nelson: had *he* only lived!"

Even children in the schoolroom realized Nelson's death as a sort of personal loss.

"I remember well the battle of Trafalgar," said Lady Wenlock, who died in 1869. "I was seven

years old then, but I knew the names of all the ships and captains. My sister was then mistress of my father's house, and I was sent for down to her. She was not up, and the newspaper was lying on the bed. 'Oh, my dear,' she said, 'my father has sent me up the newspaper, and we have taken twenty ships of the line; but—Nelson is dead!' Child as I was, I burst into tears; one had been taught to think that nothing could go on without him!"

Countess Brownlow (who died in 1872), a daughter of the second Earl of Mount Edgcumbe, relates in her "Reminiscences of a Septuagenarian," that in 1805, when she was in the schoolroom at lessons, the news of Trafalgar and of Nelson's death was brought in, and that she dropped to the ground in horror at the news, although she had never seen Nelson.

An old Christ's Hospital "boy," who died eight or nine years ago at the age of 103, was at school at the time. When the news arrived, he said, "we let up fireworks for the victory and then drank a little glass of sherry for Lord Nelson in solemn silence."

Celebrations in honour of the victory were held during the following week at the various ports and garrisons and military stations, and gun salutes and *feux de joie* were fired. At every place, we are told, the Army officers appeared on parade in

full mourning, and with their colours and band instruments "draped in crape ribbon."

On Sir Richard Strachan's squadron reaching Plymouth with its prizes (Dumanoir's refugee squadron) in the week after the arrival of Collingwood's despatch, we are also told, "the seamen coming ashore, on leave, each wore a knot of love-crape ribbon fastened above his left elbow."

As to how the news was received by the Fleet elsewhere, we have this from an officer of the frigate "Immortalité," belonging to one of the squadrons watching the French coast near Boulogne: "It was during this cruise that we first heard of the mighty victory of Trafalgar . . . and I can well remember how much the pride and exultation, which we should otherwise have felt at our country's success, were saddened and subdued by the irreparable loss of her favourite Hero. Instead of shouts and songs of triumph and gratulation, the subject was mentioned in broken whispers, and all seemed to feel, not only that some great national calamity had befallen the land, but as if each individual had lost a friend and leader, with whom it would have been the happiness of his life to serve and follow."

An officer serving on the East Indies station relates that when the news reached his ship several of his men, who had served previously with Nelson, broke down entirely on hearing of his death, and were useless for duty for some days.

"On the 19th of November," says the "Naval Chronicle," "all the Ships in the road of Elsineur fired three discharges in celebration of the Victory off Cadiz. Immediately afterwards their flags were lowered and three minute-guns fired, on account of the death of Lord Nelson."

In the West Indies, saved by Nelson personally from Villeneuve's threatened raid in that very year, the sorrow at his loss was universal, and completely overshadowed all the rejoicings for the victory. It was fittingly typified by what took place in Jamaica, at Kingston, the chief city of the islands, on the day of the official celebration of Trafalgar. A funeral pyre was erected, forty-seven feet in height and forty-seven feet each way, the number corresponding with that of Nelson's years of life. On the officially appointed day, at six in the evening, the local militia formed up in a hollow square round the pyre, which was set light to at forty-seven points at once. As it blazed up a funeral oration to Nelson was delivered by the Governor of the Colony. Forty-seven minute-guns were then fired, with a general discharge of musketry between each shot, and forty-seven rockets were sent up.

In what manner England honoured the remains of her dead hero when they reached these shores, all the world knows:—

> Such honours Ilium to her hero paid,
> And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade.

Napoleon, says Marbot, received the news of Trafalgar on the 18th of November, at Znaim, in Moravia, when on the march to the battlefield of Austerlitz. "Just as he was quietly sitting down to table, Berthier put into his hand a despatch announcing Trafalgar and its result. He displayed, however, no emotion, concealed the news, and simply wrote to Decrès 'that he should wait for more particulars before forming a definite opinion on the nature of this affair, which would moreover in no way change his plan of cruising.'" This is what Napoleon wrote: "All this makes no change in my cruising projects; I am annoyed that all is not ready yet. They must set out without delay." He added, with reference to the Cadiz fleet: "Cause all the troops that are on board the squadron to come to me by land. They will await my orders at the first town in France."

According to one story, in the course of the evening, Napoleon, musing gloomily over the news, asked Berthier how old Paul Jones was when he died. Berthier replied that he thought he was forty-five. "Then," said Napoleon, "he did not fulfil his destiny. Had he lived to this time, France might have had an admiral!" Said Napoleon afterwards: "Our admirals are always talking about 'pelagic conditions' and 'ulterior objects.' As if there was any condition or any object in war except to get in contact with the enemy and destroy him. That was Paul Jones's view of the

conditions and objects of naval warfare. It was also Nelson's. It is a pity they could not have been matched, with fairly equal force."

"Je saurai bien apprendre mes amiraux Français à vaincre!" was the Emperor's final word that night.[1]

The Grand Army heard of the fate of the fleet about the same time; first of all, we are told, at the surrender of the Austrian Marshal Jellachich to Augereau's army corps in the Tyrol.

"During the interview which the two marshals held on this occasion," says Marbot, "the Austrian officers, who were humiliated by the recent reverses to their arms (at Ulm), gave themselves the malicious pleasure of imparting to us a very unwelcome piece of news, which had hitherto been concealed from us, but which the Russians and Austrians had learnt by way of England. The French and Spanish fleets had been beaten by Lord Nelson on October 20th not far from Cadiz, off Cape Trafalgar."

Good care was taken to let the garrison at Boulogne, and the seamen of the flotilla there, know about it. Says a paragraph in the "Times" of Saturday, the 9th of November:—

"Sir SIDNEY SMITH has repaid Commodore ROBIN in his own coin. On Thursday he sent a

[1] "The next day, the Emperor started off at a gallop; he was sullen. 'All does not go well,' said our chiefs; 'he is angry.'" (Narrative of Coignet, of the Grenadiers of the Imperial Guard, November, 1805.)

cutter over to the French coast with the Extraordinary Gazette, containing the news of the victory over the Combined Squadron. He apologized for forwarding it by a boat having no one on board, remarking, 'that the last flag of truce he sent in, the officer was very *honourably* detained.'"

The news filtered through, later on, to the English prisoners in France; who, for the most part, found means of commemorating the victory. Even at the great central depôt at Verdun they found means to celebrate Trafalgar and commemorate Nelson; as is related by an unlucky midshipman, whom the fortune of war had thrown into the brutal Colonel Wirion's hands. "It was nearly two months before news reached us of Nelson's glorious victory; about seventy mids were confined in the citadel. A subscription for supper and wine was immediately set on foot, and although borne down with sorrow and oppression, we participated in the joy of victory and shed a tributary tear for the fate of Nelson."

In France, what had happened at Trafalgar was hushed up, as far as the promulgation of official news went. Not a line about the battle was allowed to appear in the "Moniteur," the official newspaper.[1] "An event," says Lanfrey, "did

[1] Ulm and Austerlitz rendered it the easier to keep things quiet about Trafalgar. All France was ringing with the news of Ulm, its thirty captured generals and seventy thousand other prisoners, just at the moment that Collingwood's first despatch was crossing the Bay of

not exist until it had been duly stated and legalized by the 'Moniteur.' Nelson might destroy our navy at Trafalgar; the insolent fact was not recognized." "The silence of the 'Moniteur' on the subject," notes Sir Harris Nicolas,[1] "is the more remarkable, because it regularly transferred to its pages from the English Journals notices of the movements of our ships, and even quoted the English Newspapers which were filled with accounts of the Battle.[2] A still more extraordinary instance of the restraint imposed on the 'Moniteur,' was shown by that journal on the 30th of November, when it mentioned the Proclamation in the 'London Gazette' of the 18th of that month, commanding a general thanksgiving to be observed on the 5th of December, but carefully suppressed that it was 'for the late signal and important Victory

Biscay. Napoleon's message to the Senate — "I send you forty stand of colours, which my army has conquered in the different actions which took place since that at Wertingen. It is a homage which I and my army pay to the Sages of the Empire; it is an offering made by children to their father"—was being read in Paris almost at the very moment that Lieutenant Lapenotière was coming ashore at Falmouth. The news of Austerlitz, with its tale of 180 captured guns and eleven thousand prisoners, arrived in France just after the "Victory," with Nelson's body on board, had cast anchor at St. Helens. The fifty-three flags taken at Austerlitz, including the standards of the Tsar's Imperial Guard, were just arriving at the Invalides at the time of Nelson's funeral.

[1] "Despatches and Letters of Lord Nelson," vol. VII, p. 263.

[2] There had been no reticence over Villeneuve's action with Calder, the account of which filled some columns in the "Moniteur." Napoleon had expressed himself at first satisfied with that, and had the account specially inserted. Afterwards, he took another view.

obtained over the Combined Fleets of France and Spain.'"

All the same, one or two papers in France did manage to evade the censorship. Muzzled as the Press everywhere was, mention was made in one or two quarters that there had been a battle at sea, the outcome of which was variously stated.

This is what the "Journal du Commerce" told its readers: "It has been rumoured, on the authority of private letters, for some days, that there has been an action off the coast of Spain, between the Combined Fleets of France and Spain and the English squadron. According to these accounts, the French squadron, commanded by Admiral VILLENEUVE, and the Spanish by Admiral GRAVINA, came out of Cadiz, on the 18th or 19th of last month, when they were fallen in with by the English Fleet, under the command of Admiral NELSON. A most bloody action took place, in which both fleets fought with the greatest determination, and in which each of them suffered most severely. Towards the end of the engagement a violent storm came on, which dispersed the ships. It is reported that one Spanish and one English ship were blown up. It is also reported that some of the commanders were killed or dangerously wounded. But these private letters coming from no authentic source, it would be imprudent lightly to spread an alarm, for which, perhaps, there is no foundation; and it would be

proper to suspend opinions until the official intelligence shall give some positive information respecting this important event."

According to a paragraph in the London "Observer" of the 15th of November, the news was widely known in Holland: "The French and Dutch Papers which have arrived, the former to the 8th, and the latter to the 12th inst., observe a total silence on the late naval victories; but private Letters from Holland, dated the 11th, mention that the intelligence had reached Rotterdam, and created the greatest sensation." Another Letter, said to have been received from Paris, mentions that event in the following terms: 'It is ascertained here, that a severe action has at length been fought between the English and the Combined Fleets, off Cadiz, all that we hear on the subject is that ten sail returned to Cadiz, *not being wanted in the action!!!*'"

A week previously a private correspondent of the "Times" in Paris had reported what was being said there about Trafalgar, to the following effect: "We have as yet nothing but vague and uncertain particulars of the engagement by sea which took place off Cadiz. They speak of a very brilliant exploit of Captain Cosmo, of the Pluto, who, with only his own ship and a few frigates, extricated and brought to Cadiz three Spanish ships which had been dismasted, and had fallen into the power of the enemy. It is also reported that three

English ships, which were dismasted and could not reach Gibraltar, were wrecked on the coast of Spain. It is said that Lord NELSON was killed, and that Admiral GRAVINA had lost an arm; that a French Rear-Admiral was killed, and that several ships of both fleets were lost. Vice-Admiral ROSILLY, who was to take the command of the Combined Fleet at Cadiz, arrived there three days after Admirals VILLENEUVE and GRAVINA had sailed."

The Spanish newspapers, on the other hand, made no secret about the disaster. No attempt was made to gag their utterances. Every paper in Spain, almost, had its own account of Trafalgar; and gave also, in many cases, extracts from the admirals' despatches, as made public by the official "Gazeta de Madrid," with, in addition, letters from survivors of the battle. At the same time the Spanish editors were not always scrupulous as to the authenticity of their news—where it told against the enemy. One flagrant departure from the truth, in especial, which obtained the widest circulation, was an elaborate *tour de force* by some enterprising Cadiz reporter. It found its way to the "Madrid Gazette" as "A Letter from London," and after being quoted elsewhere in the Spanish Press, crossed the Pyrenees, to be translated and form the solitary reference in detail to Trafalgar that appeared in print in France. It purported to give a list, "from the report of Admiral Collingwood to the Admiralty," of the British losses in

and after the battle. The "report" is sufficiently curious in itself to have a place for it found here.

"LONDON, *November 26th.*

"In society, at the theatre and places of entertainment, at balls, all the ladies in evening dress wear cypress in their head-dress in memory of Lord Nelson.

"The loss of Lord Nelson, however, is not the only loss that we have to deplore in the terrible battle which has taken place off Cadiz between our Fleet and that of the Combined Fleet. One may judge of these when one reads the following extract from the despatch that Admiral Collingwood has forwarded to the Admiralty:—

"STATE OF THE BRITISH FLEET AFTER THE BATTLE OF OCTOBER 19.

Victory	100	Entirely dismasted in the act of breaking the line. Admiral Nelson wounded; he died seven hours after the battle.
*Prince of Wales	98	Sunk in the action.
Britannia	98	Sunk in the action.
Dreadnought	98	All the hull riddled with cannon shot.
Téméraire	98	Dismasted; the masts of the French ship "Aigle" fell on her deck and killed many of the crew.
Neptune and Prince	98	Both sunk; and the masts of the first and the rudder of the second have been found on Conil beach.
*Queen	98	Lost her foretopmast and mizen; at Gibraltar much damaged.
*Donegal	80	Dismasted on the Barbary coast.
*Canopus	80	Dismasted and taken alongside the sheer hulk at Gibraltar.
*Tigre	80	Sunk off the coast near Sta. Maria.
*Tonnant	80	Burnt by the Fleet five or six leagues N.W. of Cadiz.
Spencer	74	Came into Gibraltar in tow of a frigate making signals for assistance.
Le Spartiate	74	Sunk after the action, on the coast near Rota.

* Not in the battle.

Defence	74	Without mainmast; at Gibraltar.
Swiftsure	74	Lost her foretopmast; at Gibraltar.
Orion	74	Dismasted, on the coast of Africa.
Leviathan	74	Under sail, and lost her maintopmast.
*Zealous	74	Hull damaged; at Gibraltar.
Conqueror	74	Under sail.
Revenge	74	At Gibraltar, the second without a topsail yard.
Achille	74	
Minotaur	74	Ran ashore on the coast off Conil or San Lucar.
Colossus	74	Idem.
Mars	74	Under sail.
Bellerophon	74	
Polyphemus	74	Under sail, without a mizen-mast.
Esparciata	74	Sunk after the battle off the coast off Rota.
*Carnatic	74	Under sail—with jury-masts.

SHIPS WHICH JOINED THE ENGLISH FLEET AT 5 P.M. 21ST OCTOBER.

†The Duke of York	90	Under sail.
Royal Sovereign	100	Lost, with £400,000 sterling, on her way to Malta.
†Le Leger	80	Towed by an English frigate.
†Relampago	74	Under sail, under care of a Swedish ship.
*Aquila	74	Under sail.

"NOTE.—Rear-Admiral Bickerton was wounded at the beginning of the Action, and died three hours after it was ended. A hundred-gun ship, three Frigates, and one Corvette have sailed from Gibraltar to the Westward to protect the Vessels which have grounded or are dismasted. This account is taken from that despatched from Gibraltar by Admiral Collingwood and from those given by ships that have come into that Port. It is to be expected that the English would not exaggerate their losses, and they are much greater than they choose to represent them. But it is sufficiently evident that their Fleet is destroyed; and some Accounts from Cadiz state that their loss is seven or eight thousand men—a loss that England can with difficulty replace."

* Not in the battle. † No such ships in the British Navy.

In presenting such interesting information to his readers, the editor of the "Gazette de Paris" added as his own comment on the news, "Ce rapport est un eclatant témoignage rendu à la valeur des Français."

The total casualty return for the British Fleet at Trafalgar, including killed and wounded and drowned, sent in by Admiral Collingwood, amounted to 1,609 of all ranks and ratings. The Spaniards made a careful estimate of their losses, and officially stated them at 1,022 killed and 1,383 wounded, a total of 2,405 men; in addition to between three and four thousand prisoners taken on board the prizes. No official French casualty list was ever made public, but as far as could be ascertained at Cadiz after the battle, the French losses in action, and on board the prizes that were shipwrecked after the battle, were 4,528 men—3,373 killed and drowned, and 1,155 wounded. And there were at least as many French prisoners as Spanish. The monetary loss to the enemy by their defeat at Trafalgar—the value in hard cash of the nineteen ships with their stores lost by the battle—Collingwood himself estimated at four millions sterling, "most of it," as he had sorrowfully to add, "gone to the bottom." No ships, of course, were lost on our side, and only one (the "Belleisle") was completely dismasted. Ten of the British ships did not lose either a mast or a

yard, and in the rest the damage in this regard was confined to the loss of a topmast in some cases, and one or two yards in others. Not more than ten at most suffered serious damage in hull, and all were sufficiently seaworthy to last out the storm and return to England.[1]

Napoleon's one and only public reference to Trafalgar was made six months afterwards; on the occasion of his Imperial Address to the Corps Législatif on the 2nd of March, 1806. He gave one sentence of his Speech from the Throne to it, and not a word more: "Les tempêtes nous ont fait perdre quelques vaisseaux après un combat imprudemment engagé." That was all.[2]

[1] Admiral Togo's victory in the battle of the Sea of Japan cost the victors 537 in casualties, of which only 113 were deaths, in or after action. It cost the Russians, it has been estimated, from 7,000 to 12,000 in killed or drowned, and 4,600 in captured, while the value of the ships destroyed and taken was upwards of 185,000,000 roubles, or, roughly, £18,500,000 sterling.

[2] Incidentally Napoleon paid Nelson the remarkable tribute of adopting his Trafalgar signal for the Imperial Navy. The Emperor, within four months of Trafalgar, directed that the words, "La France compte que chacun fera son devoir!" should be painted up prominently on board every man-of-war in his navy. "It is the best of lessons," he said to Decrès, when giving the Minister of Marine the order.

CHAPTER XXVII

VÆ VICTIS:—THE HULKS AND THE TRAGEDY OF RENNES

ADMIRAL VILLENEUVE himself was the first of the Trafalgar prisoners to be landed in England. He was sent on in advance of the others; on board the "Euryalus," which brought also Collingwood's second despatch to the Admiralty, with the captured flags[1] and the complete list of casualties. Captain Blackwood left the ship off the Lizard on Sunday morning, the 24th of November, proceeding to Falmouth in his barge, to post thence to London, as Lapenotière of the "Pickle" had done. By that means he gained some days. After his departure, the "Euryalus" had a stiff beat up Channel, only arriving at Spithead on the forenoon of the 29th. Admiral Villeneuve and Captain Magendie of the "Bucentaure" were

[1] According to "The Naval and Military Sketchbook" (published in 1845), the Nile and Trafalgar trophies were for years kept grouped round the Nelson statue in St. Paul's; those taken by Howe, St. Vincent, and Duncan, also kept in the cathedral, were grouped round the interior of the dome. All are stated to have been "removed to the Painted Hall, Greenwich Hospital," but no date for the transfer is given. All trace of them unfortunately is now lost.

landed at Gosport that afternoon; their servants and twenty-two other Frenchmen and Spaniards brought to England in the ship, being transhipped to the prison hulk "San Damaso" next day. "Sent the French admiral and captain ashore" is the matter-of-fact way in which the log of the "Euryalus" records the landing of Captain Blackwood's distinguished passengers.

The "descriptive reporter" had no place on the staff of the newspaper of 1805, and a small-print paragraph, among items of domestic interest, was all that the news of the landing as a prisoner of war of the enemy's Commander-in-Chief at Trafalgar was considered worth by the few editors who noticed the event at all. This is what went the round, copied from the "Hampshire Telegraph," which first published the paragraph:—

"ADMIRAL VILLENEUVE.—The Admiral was landed on Friday morning at Gosport beach. He was brought on shore by the Commissioner's barge from the Euryalus frigate, lying at Spithead, and walked through the town to the Crown Inn, accompanied only by his second captain, Marchande [*sic*], and Captain Taylor, of the Camilla sloop-of-war. Admiral Villeneuve is well made, and has a manly countenance, appears to be about fifty years of age, and is between five feet eight and nine inches high. He seems melancholy, but not despondent, and is conscious of having done his duty. He acknowledged several times on the

Euryalus that it is altogether impossible for any naval power to contend with that of England. He speaks English but imperfectly. His captain, Marchande, has been taken three times before, and is a very spirited and excellent officer."

After stopping for the night at Portsmouth—poor Villeneuve was in a terribly dejected mood, and suffered so severely from spasms that a doctor had to be called in — the French admiral and Magendie were driven off in a postchaise to Bishop's Waltham, where a house had been taken for them by the British Government. There was a depôt for officers on parole at Bishop's Waltham. Admiral Villeneuve, however, did not remain there many days, more suitable quarters being allotted to him and Magendie at Reading. There was there a larger depôt for paroled officers, and at Reading Captain Lucas, and Infernet of the "Intrépide," joined their chief. Leave to visit friends in London on occasion was one of the privileges accorded to senior officers interned at Reading, and all four took advantage of it. Captain Lucas, we are told, received many invitations, and was made a sort of "lion" in London society, out of compliment to his personal intrepidity at Trafalgar. Infernet used from time to time to go up to call on Mrs. Codrington in London; his uncouth politeness and sea-dog ways rather embarrassing the good lady sometimes, it would appear. According to the "Hampshire Telegraph,"

also, "Admiral Villeneuve and Captain Magendie were witnesses of Lord Nelson's funeral, having received permission to be present."

Within a week of the "Euryalus" reaching England the ships sent home by Collingwood for repairs began to arrive. Each brought on board from 150 to 300 prisoners. All of these, practically, were Frenchmen. The Spanish prisoners with very few exceptions had been put ashore at Gibraltar, under the terms of the convention concluded between Collingwood and the authorities at Cadiz in the week following the battle. Collingwood expressed himself desirous of dealing with his French captives in the same way—of landing them also in Spain, on condition that they should not serve afloat again until regularly exchanged against a similar number of British prisoners, then in captivity, or who might be taken later on;—but Admiral Rosily (who reached Cadiz on the 25th of October, as has been said) had no power to accede to any arrangement of the sort. So Collingwood had to send all his French prisoners to England, except some of the wounded. These, to save them from the sufferings of the voyage, were landed with the Spaniards or sent on board the hospital hulk in Gibraltar Bay. During November, according to the official receipt given by the Spanish Agent for prisoners, 210 officers and 4,589 seamen and soldiers were released from on board the British Fleet. The officers were thus classified:

1 Rear-Admiral; 1 Commodore; 6 Senior Captains; 2 Junior Captains; 200 other Naval and Military Officers.

In addition to these, there had been landed at Cadiz 1,087 wounded Spaniards of all ranks, and 253 French officers and men; who were exchanged for British officers and men of the prize crews made prisoners on the recapture of the "Santa Ana" and the "Algéçiras" and "Neptuno," or rescued off the "Bucentaure" and wrecked prizes on the coast.

The general relations between the British garrison at Gibraltar and the Spaniards on the mainland, it may be remarked in passing, were at this time rather anomalous. The two nations were at open war, and a land blockade of Gibraltar had been formally established; with a camp of from twelve thousand to fifteen thousand Spanish troops—Walloon guards, infantry, and artillery—facing the Rock, just beyond gunshot of the Gibraltar batteries. Yet personal courtesies constantly passed, and a *modus vivendi* had been established between the officers on both sides, enabling them to meet and fraternize cordially from time to time. "Although Great Britain and Spain were at war, and the Spanish Fleet was co-operating with that of France against Nelson and Collingwood, there was much cordiality between the British officers at Gibraltar and the

Spaniards at Algeçiras and San Roque, and friendly visits were frequently exchanged, it being a common thing, after an attack by the Spaniards on British vessels entering or leaving Gibraltar, for the opposing officers to meet at dinner at the table of either the British or Spanish general. The friendliness of the Spaniards went to the extent of permitting the formation of a race-course outside the fortress, which was a great boon to the garrison."[1]

Captain Codrington, of the Trafalgar "Orion," in one of his letters home a little time after the battle, describes a dinner-party at Gibraltar, given by the Governor to General Castanos, the Spanish Governor of Algeçiras; at the close of which General Castanos, when shaking hands with him, offered to send him, with the greatest pleasure, any delicacies he might fancy that Algeçiras afforded. "It is hardly to be believed," Codrington goes on, "that this intercourse, which certainly deserves the name of friendly, should not interfere with the hostile operations to which this place is more particularly subject. Whilst the Governor of Algeziras (old Gibraltar) is dining with the Governor of the Rock (new Gibraltar), or whilst the Governor of the Rock, with one-half of the officers and many of the private soldiers, is at a horse race in Spain, the Algeziras gunboats are making an

[1] "History of the 57th Regiment," Captain H. H. Woolwright, p. 142.

attack on a convoy coming in with supplies for the garrison. I was actually, when last here, standing with one of General Fox's aides-de-camp in the Spanish lines observing the Spanish fire at the 'Beagle' sloop of war which happened to come within range of their shot, with the same apparent indifference as would have attended me on seeing them attack a nation hostile to England."

The French Trafalgar prisoners, for their part, both officers and men, with a few Spaniards detained for special reasons, were all conveyed to England in batches; on board the ships of the British Fleet ordered into port for repairs. These numbered sixteen altogether, and they took their prisoners to the dockyard ports to which each ship belonged, to discharge them there into the local war prisons, for disposal thence as the Transport Board, which had charge of the arrangements for the custody of prisoners of war, should arrange.

This is how the French Trafalgar officers fared in England as prisoners of war. On the arrival of the ships of the Trafalgar fleet, the officers' paroles were taken and they were sent off to their appointed places of residence; to reside there at large, until their regular exchanges might be effected with the French Government. There was between the combatant powers a regular tariff for the ex-

change of naval officers. Officers might be either exchanged direct, rank for rank, against the corresponding grades in the enemy's service, or as a set-off to the release of a certain number of lower ratings. Midshipmen were reckoned each as the equivalent of three seamen; junior lieutenants of four; senior lieutenants of six; commanders and masters of eight seamen; captains as a fair exchange for fifteen; rear-admirals for thirty; vice-admirals for forty; an admiral commander-in-chief was counted as worth sixty men. In practice, however, few exchanges were effected, owing to Napoleon's persistent refusal, except in a few isolated cases, to assent to any exchanges whatever. It meant for most of the unfortunate Trafalgar prisoners, for both officers and men, detention in Great Britain until the end of the war.[1]

On giving their parole not to attempt escape, the officers were mostly interned in small country towns throughout the south of England and the Midlands. There they lived in lodgings and passed the time as they liked, under certain restrictions; receiving a pittance by way of allowance from the British Government. They might walk for one

[1] In the eleven years between 1803 and 1814 some 122,000 French prisoners were brought to England. Of these, not more than 18 per cent were paroled; about 10 per cent died in captivity. The rest remained in British hands until the peace, the cost of their maintenance and the officers' allowances being recovered from France as part of the war indemnity.

mile outside their place of internment, but no farther; and they must keep to the turnpike roads. Walking in lanes, or on cross-roads, was prohibited; and they had ordinarily to be in their lodgings at sunset. In most places the townsfolk were well disposed towards the unfortunate strangers, and the local gentry as a rule showed them every courtesy and hospitality. The enforcement of penalties for any breaches of the regulations, by fine, or in extreme cases by deportation in custody to the nearest war prison, was in the hands of the local justices. Breach of parole by attempting escape meant arrest and being sent to the war prison; to be there confined under sentry among the ordinary prisoners. Among the "cantonments" or "depôts," as the terms went, at which the French Trafalgar officers found themselves interned, were, for those landed at Portsmouth: Bishop's Waltham (where there were nearly two hundred accommodated), Alresford, Whitchurch, Odiham, Winchester, Andover, and Reading. Tavistock, Tiverton (where there were a hundred and twenty), Ashburton, Okehampton, were the chief depôts for officers landed at Plymouth. Of the officers landed at Chatham, a few were quartered at Maidstone and Canterbury, but most were sent into the Midlands. There were depôts at Chesterfield, Wisbech, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Lichfield, Derby, Ashbourne, Leek, and elsewhere. Some, indeed, were sent as far north as to Edin-

burgh Castle, Valleyfield, near Peebles, and Perth.[1]

The French seamen and soldiers taken at Trafalgar were lodged, as they were delivered in port, either in the local war prisons, or on board the hulks in harbour allotted for their reception.

At Portsmouth, during the first ten days of December, the "Téméraire" and the "Mars," "Colossus," "Tonnant," "Defiance," and "Spartiate" discharged large contingents of prisoners. They were divided between Porchester Castle, the principal place of confinement, and able to accommodate altogether 8,000 men; and Forton Prison, close to Gosport, with quarters for 4,000; and in the hulks, seven old men-of-war, moored head and

[1] Here is a "Gazette" notice in connexion with an escape by French officers, three of whom were at Trafalgar.

TRANSPORT-OFFICE, March 24, 1806.

WHEREAS *the five French Prisoners of War, named and described at foot hereof, have broken their parole, and absconded from the Towns of Thame in Oxfordshire, and Odiham in Hampshire. The Commissioners for conducting his Majesty's Transport Service, &c., do hereby give notice, that any person or persons, who shall apprehend the said prisoners or either of them, and deliver them or him at this Office, or otherwise cause them to be properly secured in any of the Public Gaols, shall receive for each Prisoner, a* REWARD *of* TEN GUINEAS. *A further Reward of* TEN GUINEAS *will be paid to any person giving such Information as may be the means of convicting any British Subject of aiding the said Prisoners of War, or either of them, in effecting their escape.*

FROM THAME.

VICTOR SERAIN, Enseigne de Vaisseau, 26 years of age, 5 feet 5 inches high, slight person, long visage, swarthy complexion; dark brown hair, grey eyes, scar on his right eye.

ALEXANDER PERRAULT, Enseigne de Vaisseau, 20 years of age, 5 ft. 6 in. high, slight person, long visage, fair complexion, light brown hair, hazle eyes, ears pierced.

J. F. PELLETT, Second Lieutenant of the Wimereux French Privateer, 31 years of age, 5 ft. 6 in. high, stout person, round visage, fair complexion, light brown hair, blue eyes, ears pierced.

——— LE BOLLOCHE, Enseigne de Vaisseau, 23 years of age, 5 ft. 7½ in. high, slight person, oval visage, fair complexion, dark brown hair, hazle eyes, cut with a sword on the right leg, marked with the small-pox.

FROM ODIHAM.

LOUIS DE BEAUSSET, Lieutenant in the Army, 32 years of age, 5 ft. 5½ in. high, slight person, oval visage, dark complexion, brown hair, hazle eyes, marked with the small-pox slightly.

stern in Porchester Lake, each fitted to receive from 700 to 800 prisoners.[1]

The men from Trafalgar were distributed among the mass of other prisoners already under detention at Portsmouth:—French soldiers from San Domingo; French, Spanish, and Dutch men-of-war's men taken in half a hundred frigate actions all the world over; privateersmen and coaster crews by the hundred—who in 1805 furnished the bulk of the occupants of British war prisons throughout the country. They were divided up in batches; so many to Porchester, so many to Forton, so many to each hulk; to keep shipmates apart and prevent plottings that might be dangerous.

A peculiarly vivid picture is in existence—overdrawn in certain particulars and too highly coloured here and there it may be, yet in the main faithful and correct—of prison-ship life at Portsmouth at the time that the Trafalgar prisoners were there, set forth in Louis Garneray's "Mes Pontons." The author, a writer and an artist of reputation in later years, was captured on board a privateer, and kept in durance for several years at Portsmouth and Bishop's Waltham. He and his ship-

[1] By the irony of fate for some of the unfortunates landed at Portsmouth, two of the seven hulks there, on board which some of the Trafalgar prisoners were lodged, were formerly French men-of-war, and bore, lettered on their sterns, their original names—"Le Pégase" and "Le Prothée." One of the seven, also, was a captured Spanish warship, the "San Damaso."

mates were placed on board the "Prothée" in Porchester Lake.

The sombre, forbidding, black mass of the hulk as they approached, says Garneray, looked, at a little distance, like "an immense sarcophagus." "Ce sombre tombeau" he calls it also. Entering on board between a double file of soldiers, the new-comers were abruptly hustled below, among the former arrivals, who seemed "like the dead just out of their graves"; hollow-eyed, with pale and haggard faces, bowed backs, dishevelled, and with ragged, unkempt beards, dressed in scanty yellow garments, emaciated and feeble-looking. He himself was at once taken charge of by two of the guards, stripped and made to take a chilly bath. Then he had to put on the same garb as the others; a coarse shirt, and orange-yellow vest and breeches, both too small for him, and stamped in immense black letters "T.O." (Transport Office). Next the prisoners' names and descriptions were taken, and their quarters on board apportioned them.

The seven to eight hundred prisoners on board were allowed on deck during the daytime in the waist, says Garneray; the space at their disposal being 44 ft. by 38 ft. "The Park" was the name that the prisoners, with sardonic humour, gave to their airing place. They might use a small space on the forecastle also, but the galley funnels opened there, and it was practically impossible to

avoid the smoke. At night all were locked up in two divisions of between three and four hundred men each, on the lower and main decks; the space available for each division being 120 ft. long, 40 ft. wide, and 6 ft. high. They had to pack so close that the hammocks were hung in two tiers, with only a few inches between the upper and lower tiers. Some men slept on the deck, as a third row. The heat and stench, describes Garneray, were indescribable; almost insupportable. They had to strip to sleep. The candles in the lanterns often went out for want of oxygen. The British officers, the naval lieutenant in charge, master, and the warrant officers, with the lieutenant in command of the fifty soldiers on board, and servants, with the main-guard on duty for the day, were quartered aft. The remainder of the soldiers, with the twenty-five seamen and ship's boys forming the crew of the hulk, lived forward. Their quarters were stoutly barricaded off by bulkheads studded with huge iron nails; loopholes being cut in the bulkheads for musketry, and ports for a couple of guns, which were kept pointed to sweep the decks with case shot in case of trouble. Sentries were on duty on board by day at all points, and during the night the prisoners were constantly visited by rounds and kept under continuous supervision. The hulk was carefully examined every evening against attempts to break out, and the prisoners paraded on deck and

counted one by one, "comme on compte des moutons."

The food, undoubtedly, was the great grievance on board. In Garneray's words: "C'était là que se développait sans contrainte la haine que nous portaient les Anglais." The dietary, he tells us, was coarse, insufficient, and repugnant. One and a quarter pounds of dark bread and seven ounces of "cow beef" was each man's ration; with a modicum of barley and onions for soup for each mess of four. Once a week the issue was a pound of red herring with a pound of potatoes; on another day, salt cod in lieu of herring. Poor as the allowance was, the rogues of contractors who victualled the hulks often gave short weight, or sent on board uneatable stuff. The herrings, indeed, describes Garneray, were often sold back to the contractor at a nominal price, to re-appear again as another day's ration. The very same herrings, he declares, did duty for eight years! The salt cod *could* be eaten, he says; but the bread was like lead, and was constantly of short weight. A complaint meant going without anything until the evening, when the officer of the day heard complaints. The drinking water was brought alongside in casks by small boats and pumped on board the hulk by the prisoners themselves. Apart from the stories, authentic in some cases, of the dogs of British officers paying a call on board, being decoyed below, killed, and turned into cut-

lets, while their late masters were talking aft, it is the fact that the rats in the hold were as a regular thing fished for with hooks baited with bits of beef, and caught and cooked and eagerly devoured. Gambling was a favourite means of passing the time; the usual stakes being the poor wretches' rations. One man at Porchester, it is on record, lost his rations for eight days running and died of starvation.

It was in the land prisons, for the most part, that the captives had space and opportunities for turning out the knick-knacks and fancy ornaments that one sometimes nowadays comes across in museums and private collections, carved out of beef-bones and plaited with the straw from their mattresses—chess-men, ship-models, filigree boxes, and so forth—by means of which they were able to make a little money for extra "luxuries" to their rations, out of the sightseers who were allowed within the precincts on certain days.

At Chatham the prisoners were brought in by the "Victory," "Defence," "Leviathan," "Conqueror," and "Revenge"; each of which, on entering the Medway, sent her contingent directly on board the four hulks which constituted the local war prison. Of these, the biggest hulk was an old three-decker, the "Sandwich," fitted to take on board upwards of twelve hundred men. The others were three obsolete seventy-fours, the

"Buckingham," "Bristol," and "Rochester."[1] The Medway establishment was reckoned capable of taking between three and four thousand prisoners in all. As in due course fresh prisoners came to hand, earlier arrivals were sent round by sea to Yarmouth, to be thence marched inland to the central depôts at Weedon in Northamptonshire,[2] and Norman Cross, near Yaxley, in Huntingdonshire, this last a huge establishment covering forty acres of ground, where six thousand prisoners in all were confined under a strong guard of yeomanry and two regiments of militia. Thither in due course many of the Trafalgar prisoners found their way. Of those who remained, many died on board the Medway hulks. They were buried in the marshes beside St. Mary's Creek, opposite Gillingham, in a strip of ground, out of the way and forgotten until a few years ago, when, during some excavations in connexion with Chatham Dockyard, their bones were unearthed. The remains were reverently collected and reinterred, in the presence of the French naval attaché in England, within a railed-in enclosure two hundred feet square, laid out with flower-beds, shrubs, and gravel paths. In the centre the Admiralty had

[1] To these during 1806 were added two of the four prizes made at Trafalgar which survived the storm—the "Bahama" and the French "Swiftsure" (renamed by us the "Irresistible"). They were both made prison hulks of, and the Chatham establishment was enlarged up to 5,000 men.

[2] The remains of Weedon Prison were only destroyed three or four years ago.

a memorial of stone erected; comprising, on a raised pedestal, a finely carved female figure in armour, cloaked and holding in her hand an inverted torch, the figure being surmounted by a canopy of stone, also fittingly carved and decorated. A granite panel was placed on one face of the pedestal with this inscription in gilt letters:—

Here are gathered together
The remains of many brave soldiers and sailors
Who having once been the foes and afterwards
The captives of England,
Now find rest in her soil,
Remembering no more the animosities of war, or
The sorrows of imprisonment.
They were deprived of the consolation of closing
Their eyes
Among the countrymen they loved,
But they have been laid in an honoured grave
By a nation which knows how to respect valour
And to sympathise with misfortune.

Recently, owing to further dockyard extensions, the remains, as well as the memorial, have been moved to a selected space in front of the Royal Naval Barracks at Chatham.

The "Royal Sovereign," "Belleisle," and "Bellerophon," with the "Conqueror" and "Achille," landed their contingents of Trafalgar prisoners at Plymouth, to be distributed between the old Mill Bay Prison, where there were kept ordinarily from from four to five thousand prisoners, and among the eight hulks then in the Hamoaze.

Hoppey Turner]

PRISON HULKS AT PORTSMOUTH IN 1806

[The original painting was exhibited at the Royal Naval Exhibition at Chelsea, in 1891, by Messrs. E. and E. Emanuel, Portsea, by whose kind permission it is here reproduced]

Photo, Frith]

DARTMOOR WAR PRISON GATEWAY

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A large number of the Plymouth prisoners, and the Trafalgar captives among them, were later transferred to Dartmoor War Prison. Mill Bay Prison was closed not long afterwards, and the rest of the prisoners on shore at Plymouth were distributed between Stapleton Prison, near Bristol, where normally 5,000 were detained, and Norman Cross.[1]

Very little is on record of the life in England of the Trafalgar prisoners. Napoleon had his reasons for keeping most of them where they were. Beyond some half-dozen officers, not a single one apparently was granted an exchange, and they had to endure their lot to the end, until the peace of 1814. The officers, sick at heart with hope deferred, their careers cut short, their prospects of

[1] A few years ago the remains of a number of French prisoners were disinterred during some digging operations in Athenæum Street, Plymouth. They were buried with befitting marks of respect in Plymouth Cemetery. At Dartmoor, some little time after the present convict establishment was inaugurated there, one of the governors of the prison had the old, neglected resting-place of the deceased prisoners of war attended to, and the remains there properly reinterred and memorials erected; one to Frenchmen and one to the American prisoners (taken in the war of 1812) who were also quartered at Dartmoor. The inscription in each case runs: "In memory of the French" (or "American") "prisoners of war who died in Dartmoor prison between the years 1809 and 1814, and are buried here. 'Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.'" The outer gateway of the modern penal establishment stands to this day as a memorial of the time when the great place of confinement held worthier inmates. It is an archway composed of five huge granite slabs, on the topmost of which, deeply incised, is the legend—impressive, no doubt, but poor enough in its consolation to those compelled to pass inside—"Parcere subjectis."

promotion blighted, separated from friends and home, without hearing a word from one year's end to another, strangers in a strange land, had to drag out their monotonous existence as best they could, amid the dull surroundings of the English country towns in which they were interned. For the men it meant nine interminable years of caged existence: behind the sentry-watched palisades of Forton, or herded together within the keep of Porchester, with dreary mud-flats on three sides, and the bald, featureless mass of Portsdown at the back; cramped up in overcrowded hulks amid the desolate marshes of the Medway; or chilled to the marrow for nine months of the year in "Siberian exile" (as Napoleon termed it) on the wind-swept uplands of Dartmoor; or in the little less cheerless barrack gaols of Stapleton and Weedon, or bleak and barren Norman Cross.

There remains but one thing more to close the account. The enemy's story of Trafalgar ends with the passing bell for Admiral Villeneuve.

Admiral Villeneuve was released in April, 1806, after a little more than five months' captivity, counting from the date of his surrender; in exchange for four British post-captains, according to the regulation rate of exchange. His departure was made very quietly, and was unnoticed. Accompanied only by his servant, he left Reading for the Sussex coast and crossed in a small boat,

which landed him at Morlaix in Brittany. From Morlaix Villeneuve wrote to the Minister of Marine, reporting his arrival in France, and asking for instructions. He would await Decrès' reply, he said, at Rennes; and proposed after that to proceed to Paris, where he trusted he would have an opportunity of personally making an official statement to His Imperial Majesty.

Villeneuve then went on to Rennes and put up at the Hôtel de la Patrie until the courier from the Ministry of Marine should arrive. From a newspaper he learned that Captains Lucas and Infernet, who had been exchanged a few weeks previously, had both been promoted to the rank of rear-admiral, and were to be received in audience by the Emperor at St. Cloud. He wrote to Lucas at once, congratulating him heartily, and sending his compliments to Infernet. Then he added a request of his own in regard to his intentions. He had before him, said Admiral Villeneuve, the painful duty of naming those whose conduct at Trafalgar had nullified his plans and led to the destruction of the fleet and the humiliation of the national flag. His own personal justification, the highest interests of the service, the honour of France and of the Imperial Navy in particular, required imperatively that he should insist on a full inquiry and punishments. He proposed to call on him (Captain Lucas), as a witness before the Court of Inquiry, and he earnestly hoped that

Lucas would be able to remain a few days longer in Paris, so that he might meet him there. That letter, the authenticity of which there is no reason to doubt, shows at least the frame of mind in which Villeneuve was when he arrived at Rennes. His mood, however, would seem to have changed within a day or two.

No reply came from Decrès; and, surprised and anxious at the Minister of Marine's ominous silence, Admiral Villeneuve passed into a state of nervous depression that culminated in deep dejection. Decrès, it has been said, purposely deferred his answer, for reasons of his own; being unwilling also to compromise his own position with the Emperor. Villeneuve's case, he reasoned, in Napoleon's present mood towards the unfortunate admiral, was hopeless. No letter from the Minister of Marine had arrived at Rennes by the evening of the 21st of April.

Next morning the hapless French admiral was found dead in bed, with six stabs in his chest.

What took place in the death-chamber, in what circumstances Admiral Villeneuve came by his end, has never been made exactly clear. An ugly rumour of foul play got about soon after the news of his death was made public. According to the story which had a wide vogue all over the Continent and in England, it was a case of midnight murder, to serve Napoleon's purposes and prevent

disclosures as to the true state of the fleet sent to its doom at Trafalgar. An elaborate tale went the round, of mysterious strangers arriving at the Hôtel de la Patrie late on the evening of the 21st and disappearing before next morning. They were in civilian clothes, but for all that were really gendarmes, charged with special instructions from Barrère, Prefect of the Secret Police of St. Cloud. The body, said the account, was found stabbed to the heart and lying face downwards on the bed; resting on the handle of the knife with which the deed was done: in an impossible position except in a case of murder.[1] In Paris the *mot*, which first went the round on the occasion of the death of Pichegru, was heard again: "How unfortunate Napoleon really is: all his enemies die of their own accord!" As far as is known, however, it actually was a case of suicide.

The circumstances of the affair were investigated on the day after the discovery by M. Mounier, the Prefect of the Department of Ile et Vilaine, an official of integrity and reputation, assisted by Colonel of Artillery Camas and two *juges de paix*. The post-mortem, held that forenoon, was conducted by three medical men. The *procès-verbal* drawn up by the head of the Rennes police,

[1] Later a report even got about in the French Navy that Captain Magendie himself assassinated the admiral at Decrès' instigation. It was circulated so widely that in 1814 Magendie thought it advisable to publish a "Mémoire" in self-defence. ("Victoires et Conquêtes," vi. p. 193.)

went to show that the admiral was found dead, undressed, and lying on the bed on his back. There were five wounds in the chest, and a sixth with a knife sticking in it, driven home to the hilt. It was an ordinary table-knife, which the admiral might have kept back after his supper. The room door was locked, and the key was on the inside. Villeneuve's servant was examined, and stated that his master had appeared strange in his manner for two or three days previously. So much so, indeed, that he, the servant, had thought it advisable to draw the charges from his pistols. How the admiral had secreted the knife the servant could not explain. He hazarded the conjecture, from something his master had said, that he had applied for an audience of the Emperor and been refused.

The *procès-verbal* proceeded to state that on the table in the room was found a letter addressed to Madame Villeneuve, the admiral's wife. Beside it were some packets of money, each with the sum marked on it in the admiral's handwriting, and the name of the person for whom it was intended. In the admiral's baggage were found Villeneuve's telescope, labelled "A l'intrépide Infernet!"; and his speaking trumpet, labelled "Pour toi, brave Lucas!"

The admiral's letter to his wife was in the following terms.

"RENNES, le 21 avril 1806.

"A Madame Villeneuve, née Dantoine,
à Valensole (Basses-Alpes).

"Ma tendre amie, comment recevras-tu ce coup? Hélas, je pleure plus sur toi que sur moi. C'en est fait, j'en suis arrivé au terme où la vie est un opprobre et la mort un devoir. Seul ici, frappé d'anathème par l'empereur, repoussé par son ministre, qui fut mon ami, chargé d'une responsabilité immense dans un désastre qui m'est attribué, et auquel la fatalité m'a entrainé, je dois mourir! Je sais que tu ne peux goûter aucune apologie de mon action. Je t'en demande pardon, mille fois pardon, mais elle est nécessaire et j'y suis entraîné par le plus violent désespoir. Vis tranquille, emprunte les consolations des doux sentiments de religion qui t'animent; mon espérance est que tu y trouveras un repos qui m'est refusé. Adieu! adieu! sèche les larmes de ma famille et de tous ceux auxquels je puis être cher. Je voulais finir, je ne puis. Quel bonheur que je n'aie aucun enfant pour recueillir mon horrible héritage et qui soit chargé au poids de mon nom! Ah! je n'étais pas né pour un pareil sort; je ne l'ai pas cherché, j'y ai été entrainé malgré moi. Adieu! adieu!

"VILLENEUVE."

Prefect Mounier and his colleagues in the commission, with all the evidence, both police and medical, before them, recorded as their finding, "Death from self-inflicted wounds." They forwarded all the documents, with the admiral's baggage and his private papers and other personal belongings, to Paris for the Minister of Police, Fouché, to arrange as to their disposition. The body of the ill-fated admiral was buried at night, without military honours being rendered.

Villeneuve's letter to his wife was kept back in Paris. The rest of the papers found, and the admiral's personal property, were handed over to the family. Fouché, after what he called "a hasty examination," forwarded everything to Decrès as "useless to the police"; with this proviso: Most of the admiral's private papers, he said, ought to be sent to Madame Villeneuve. He would, however, for himself, draw the Minister of Marine's particular attention to one letter—that written by "Rear-Admiral" Villeneuve shortly before his suicide. It tended to show his motives in the act. That letter should be returned by Madame Villeneuve after perusal; or at least an authenticated copy of it should be made, "afin de pouvoir," in Fouché's own words, "sil y avait lieu, être à même de détruire les bruits qu'on pourrait essayer de répandre sur le genre de mort de cet ancien géneral." Decrès thought it best not to forward the letter at all. He replied that he had eighteen

other papers of Villeneuve's which he would add to what had been found, and, with the exception of the letter to the widow, would hand all over to the family. As to the letter, he said, Villeneuve's brothers had learnt of the existence of such a document, and had desired him to suppress it. He proposed to have a copy made and supplied to M. Jules de Villeneuve, the elder brother, retaining the original at the Ministry of Marine. The letter remained a secret to the world, outside the Villeneuve family—who with one accord at the time (as they have done ever since), declined to accept its authenticity—until 1828, nearly a quarter of a century after Trafalgar. Then it saw the light in the thirty-sixth volume of "Annales Maritimes," an official compilation published in Paris under the auspices of the Ministry of Marine.

An extraordinary letter,[1] addressed to the Emperor by Admiral Villeneuve, is said to have been found also in the dead admiral's room. The whereabouts of the original is unknown. The only copy in existence was discovered a few years ago among the private papers of Sir Arthur Paget, who in 1805 was British Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Vienna, and Pitt's principal agent in effecting the formation of the coalition against Napoleon which

[1] The letter is quoted in full in the second volume of "The Paget Papers," pp. 278–82.

failed so disastrously at Austerlitz. How it came into the ambassador's possession is unknown, and grave doubt has been cast on its authenticity; for one thing in view of the fact that it bristles with phrases no seaman could have used, while others of its expressions no Frenchman, certainly no man of Villeneuve's culture, could have penned. The date at the head of the letter, "Avril 6," is of itself suspicious. On that day Villeneuve was crossing the Channel. He did not reach Rennes until the afternoon of the 17th. Also the signature "De" Villeneuve is curious, as the admiral had for years discarded the *particle nobiliaire*.

If authentic, it disposes, once for all, of questions as to the admiral's sanity and as to whether or not he committed suicide. It had lain for years among Sir Arthur Paget's papers, as he himself originally put it away. The document which, as found, was endorsed "Copie d'une lettre de l'Amiral Villeneuve à Bonaparte, écrite la matinée de son suicide," expresses throughout the most intense hatred for Napoleon and his "creatures," whose "incapacity and pride" were the cause of the ruin of the French Navy. This *résumé* will give a fair idea of its contents:—

Addressing the Emperor as "Monsieur," the letter opens by referring Napoleon to Villeneuve's interview with Decrès at the Ministry of Marine, when the command of the fleet at Toulon was first offered to him. He refused flatly, says

the writer, to be La Touche Tréville's successor, because he felt convinced that only disaster awaited so ill-conceived and risky a venture. "J'etois persuadé alors que chaqu'un qui dirrigeroit l'avanturière et mauvaise expédition de la flotte unie Française et Espagnole, seroit battu honteusement, si même elle auroit la fortune de sauver sa vie d'une bataille qui contre un ennemi lequel couvre toutes les Mers de ses bâtiments etoit inévitable." These, the writer affirms, were his actual words ("mot pour mot les paroles que j'ai dit") to the Minister of Marine.

After his first arrival at Cadiz to pick up Gravina, he goes on, he tendered his resignation—"J'ai envoyé avec ma première Depêche ma première resignation"—which, he also adds, he again tendered on three occasions; from Martinique, from Ferrol, and once more from Cadiz, on being ordered to return to the Mediterranean. He obeyed that order, but, before sailing, he once more repeated to the Minister of Marine his original apprehensions as to the utter hopelessness of the move, and for the fifth time expressed his wish to be relieved of his command:—"Ma forte résolution de renoncer à un Poste périlleux où vainqueur ou vaincu auquel je serois incapable d'être utile."

Why, he then asks, were his Trafalgar despatches suppressed; kept out of the "Moniteur," while a ready ear was lent to those who had anything to

say against him? "L'infortune de Trafalgar," he says, "ne doit pas être attribuée à quelque faute ou manque de courage, et je l'ai assez prouvé dans ma Note Officielle sur la bataille de Mer; pourquoi a-t-on refusé la place à cette Note dans le Moniteur? En attendant, les injures et accusations de mes ennemis et de mes envieux y ont été reçues."

Proceeding, he taxes Napoleon with having used language towards him tantamount to a sentence of death. "Vous même," he tells the Emperor, "lorsque vous recûtes ma Note Officielle, pendant votre heureuse et ambitieuse expedition en Allemagne, disiez avec votre pétulance barbare: 'Je vois qu'il faut absolument un example d'un brigand Français pour faire d'une victoire de ma puissance sur Mer une journalière.' Mille voix répétoient cette expression, et la sentence de mort insensible qu'un usurpateur étranger prononça contre un amiral Français patriote; et en attendant on ne prit aucune connoissance de ma Depêche, on n'entendoit rien d'elle; elle n'a pas même été lue." This sharp home-thrust follows as to the reason for withholding the despatch: "Cette Depêche contenoit vraiment quelques verités amères, qui n'auroient pas contribuées à mettre vos capacités nautiques dans un lustre brillant, mais au contraire, démontroient que celui dont l'incapacité et orgeuil a causé la perte d'une flotte Française à Aboukir, etoit aussi la cause de la déstruction d'une autre à Trafalgar."

The remainder of the letter, which takes up several pages, is devoted mainly to a series of bitter personal attacks on Napoleon himself and on his family, and a general indictment of "les complices de sa méchanceté, Ducs, Maréchaux et Chevaliers," who had ruined and enslaved the nation for their own private ends and gain; battening on victories which had been obtained "par le sang le plus pur, et par les trésors les plus nobles de la France." "During the tyranny which you have practised throughout these years, my country and its allies have already lost more ships of war than the Royal Navy possessed during the greater part of the reign of Louis XIV and XV, and if my country were to endure much longer the curse of subjection to your iron sceptre, its naval power would soon be brought down to as low a level as that to which its commerce by sea has already sunk, and its ports will only contain shameless pirates and merchants reduced to beggary."

An amazing threat is given vent to. He himself, declares the writer, as the letter draws towards its close, had designed to rid the world of Napoleon, "The Order sent to me from your Ministers not to approach the Capital without their permission has deferred for a time your punishment, and the deliverance of the human race from its scourge!" ["a prolongé encore l'espace de votre punition et la délivration du genre humain de son fléau."] "Had it not been for that order, I would

undoubtedly have removed you from among living men!" ["Je vous aurois sans doute effacé du nombre des vivans."] "Resolved as I am not to survive the destruction of the Fleet of France, I would have accomplished it before laying hands on myself, bereft at your instance as I have been of my honour, opportunity of duty, social position, and my character."

The writer concludes with this outburst by way of peroration: "Tremble, tyrant! You live abhorred. You shall die beneath the weight of the world's curse, which shall pursue you beyond the tomb!" "Tremble, Tyran!"—are the words actually used,—"tu vis abhorré, tu mourra sous le poid du blasphéme de tout le monde qui te poursuivra encore au delà de ton tombeau.

"De Villeneuve."

With one detail more the story of the final phase of Trafalgar on the enemy's side reaches its termination. Minister of Marine Decrès did not forget the widow of his old-time messmate, left as she was in poverty. At the first convenient opportunity he, of his own initiative apparently, laid before Napoleon a personal appeal, asking that a pension in accordance with her late husband's rank should be granted to Madame Villeneuve. It was two and a half years after Trafalgar, in April, 1808, before Admiral Decrès felt himself in a position to broach the matter to the Emperor;

and even after that interval he had difficulty, it would seem, in arousing the Imperial sympathy for the wife of "le vaincu de Trafalgar." He put the case as strongly as he could. All said and done, wrote Decrès, in laying the matter before Napoleon, in spite of his last campaign and unhappy end, Villeneuve was a brave officer and a worthy servant of the Empire. He had performed numerous services of importance, and his personal devotion to Napoleon was well known.[1] None could gainsay the worth of his character, "le sentiment d'honneur qu'il portait jusqu' à l'exaltation."

The Minister of Marine suggested that a pension of six thousand francs should be bestowed on Madame Villeneuve, It had been done, he pointed out, in the case of Madame Bruix, the widow of the vice-admiral in command of the Boulogne Flotilla in 1805. Both officers had been, remarked Decrès, of the same grade. Napoleon, though, was not disposed to be generous in the present case. After some hesitation he yielded to the pleadings of Decrès, but at the same time he put his pen through the Minister of Marine's figures, cutting down the proposed pension by a third, and making Madame Villeneuve's grant four thousand francs.

[1] "Un brave militaire et un digne serviteur de Votre Majesté" were the words Decrès used. He would hardly have said that had Villeneuve's hand penned the letter in the Paget Papers.

CHAPTER XXVIII

SINCE TRAFALGAR

SINCE Trafalgar both France and Spain have recognised their indebtedness to some of those who in adverse circumstances valiantly upheld the honour of the flag and did their best.

France—"aux braves hommes la Patrie reconnaissante"—has placed the names of four Trafalgar officers, Magon (underlined, as that of an officer killed in action), Cosmao, Lucas, and Infernet, on the Arc de Triomphe, and the memories of three of these four officers also have been preserved in the names of men-of-war of the French Navy. There is a "Redoutable" in the French Navy to-day, also an "Intrépide," an "Indomptable," a "Formidable," a "Neptune," and an "Argonaute," all named after ships that fought at Trafalgar.

In Spain, the other victim of the "stricken field," it was taken as an honour to have been vanquished by so renowned an antagonist; to have gone down in fair fight before Nelson. Spanish honour was more than satisfied. Exclaimed Ad-

miral Gravina, the mortally wounded Spanish Commander-in-Chief, when he was on his death-bed: "I am a dying man, but I die happy; I am going, I hope and trust, to join Nelson, the greatest hero that the world perhaps has produced!"[1] He died in the arms of his brother, Archbishop Gravina of Nicea, his eyes fixed on a crucifix held close before him, and with these words—it was said at the funeral service—on his lips: "Rey immortal de los siglos: quien os hubiesa serviedo con aquel zelo y eficacia con que he servido â los Reyes de la tierra!" Compare with that Nelson's last words in the cockpit of the "Victory": "Thank God, I have done my duty!"

To this day, the visitor to the Armeria Real in Madrid will find the name "Trafalgar" inscribed on the roll of famous days on which Spain's bravest and best have done their duty; and the giving of the name "Calle Trafalgar" to one of the streets of the capital shows also that Spain was by no means conscious of disgrace at the way in which her sons had borne themselves in defeat. She was not then, and she is not now. Speaking only the other day of the Trafalgar centenary, a modern Spanish writer, an officer of rank, referred to the occasion as "El centenario de la gloriosa pagina de nuestra Marina."

[1] Related by Sir James Fellowes (then Dr. Fellowes), who visited Gravina a day or two before his death, to Lady Malmesbury, and recorded in the "Diary of the first Earl of Malmesbury," vol. IV, p. 354.

No fewer than six pictures, illustrative of incidents of Trafalgar, hang in the Museo Naval at Madrid, in addition to portraits of the admirals and most of the captains present in the battle. Their swords and pistols are also exhibited there, together with Gravina's shot-torn flag and cocked hat and sword, of which previous mention has been made; with, as has also been said, models of certain of the ships in Admiral Gravina's fleet. In addition, on the walls of the gallery specially dedicated to "Reliquias de marinos celebres y muertos en combate," is displayed a finely executed memorial tablet, on which are inscribed, "Para eterna memoria," the names of all the officers who fell in action at Trafalgar, or died of their wounds after "aquella glorissisima derrota."

Immediately after Trafalgar, as has been said, Gravina—then lying in hospital in Cadiz—was promoted "Capitan General de la Armada" (a rank equivalent to our own "Admiral of the Fleet"), and every other officer engaged in the battle, down to the junior "guardia marina," or midshipman, was advanced a step in rank. At the same time every Spanish sailor and soldier was granted treble pay for the day. On November 6th, 1859, by order of the Cortes, the "Madrid Gazette" announced the granting of life-pensions to all surviving "veterans of 1805" who fought at Trafalgar, on proofs of identity;—five reales a day each to warrant and

petty and non-commissioned officers, four reales to sailors and soldiers. Public monuments, as we have also seen, were erected in their native towns to the captains who fell in action. A statue in the Plaza Mayor of Vittoria commemorates to this day the Spanish Second-in-Command, Vice-Admiral Alava, who survived Trafalgar many years. Since 1805, also, from time to time, the names of the leading Spanish officers at Trafalgar have figured on the Spanish Navy List for men-of-war; in particular those of the two admirals, Gravina

GRAVINA'S TOMB IN THE PANTEON DE MARINOS ILLUSTRES

With the tablets in memory of Churruca and Galiano

and Alava, and their flag-captains, Escano and Gardoqui, as well as the names of the three commodores, Valdez, Galiano, and Churruca. Memorial tablets inscribed with the names of Churruca and Galiano, stand beside Gravina's tomb in the chapel of the Pantéon de Marinos Illustres at San Fernando. Two of the principal thoroughfares of Cadiz have ever since 1805 borne the names of Alcalà Galiano, and Churruca.

A few years ago, moreover, at the instance of Don Luis de Mendoza, a man of mark among his countrymen, who fought at Trafalgar as a "guardia marina" and captain's A.D.C. on board Admiral Gravina's flagship, the last surviving Spanish Trafalgar officer of all, a project was set on foot to erect a monument on Cape Trafalgar to the memory of the Spanish officers and men who fell in the battle; but in the end the proposal, though not unfavourably received, fell through, and it has not been heard of since.

Just as we in England in October, 1905, commemorated the centenary celebration of Nelson's death by a special religious service in Trafalgar Square, so in Spain on the same day, Saturday the 21st, the modern Spanish Navy officially observed the occasion by a special religious service at the Pantéon de Marinos Illustres, San Fernando, in the chapel where Gravina's remains lie. It opened with a requiem mass before the high altar in the Pantéon, at which the Commandant-General,

admirals and captains and other officers attended, with a detachment of seamen from the naval barracks. After that, priests and choir, officers and men, all went in procession to the tomb, before which eight large funereal candles stood burning. Forming round, the choir chanted prayers for the repose of the souls of the illustrious dead, for Gravina himself first, and for rest to the souls of Churruca and Galiano. The service was conducted in the most impressive and solemn manner, perfectly in keeping with the occasion, the officers and seamen chanting the responses in low tones in unison with the choir.

"Trafalgar," said Mr. Fyffe, in his "History of Modern Europe," "was not only the greatest naval victory, it was the greatest and most momentous victory won either by land or by sea during the whole of the Revolutionary War. No victory, and no series of victories, of Napoleon, produced the same effect upon Europe." "Nelson's last triumph," says Captain Mahan, "left England in such a position that no means remained to injure her but those which must result in the ultimate deliverance of the Continent. Moscow and Waterloo are the inevitable consequences of Trafalgar." So too a French writer of distinction has avowed: "It was the fleet of Nelson that was the victor at Waterloo." "Malgré les appar-

ences, ce n'est pas dans les flammes de Moscou que c'est evanouié la fortune de Napoleon; elle s'est engloutie dans les eaux de Trafalgar. En vain les victoires succédèrent aux victoires. Tous les triomphes du continent ne le sauveront pas; le héros a été frappé à mort d'une blessure secrète. . . . Ce sont les vaisseaux de l'Angleterre qui ont vaincus à Waterloo!"

Trafalgar gave Great Britain the opportunity to "save Europe." It rendered Berlin Decrees and Milan Decrees mere paper thunderbolts; the missfires of an angry Jove. It stopped the earth; and afterwards the run was certain, and the kill. The end, of course, was not yet. Years of incessant fighting had yet to pass—

> Till on that field where last the Eagles swooped,
> A mighty master wielded Britain's sword;
> And the dark soul, the world could not subdue,
> Bowed to thy genius, Prince of Waterloo!

England had yet much to do, no doubt, to maintain and utilize the position she had won; and much to endure—increasing navy estimates year by year, and the task of keeping at sea yet bigger fleets than before; but the key of the situation had passed into her hand at Trafalgar. Without Trafalgar, hardly a brigade could have landed in Portugal; there could have been no Peninsular War; and without the Peninsular War hardly a Waterloo. The "Sauve qui peut!" of the night

of the 18th of June, 1815, was the natural consequence of the surrender on the quarter-deck of the French flagship "Bucentaure" at three o'clock in the afternoon of Monday the 21st of October, 1805. Trafalgar cracked the feet of clay across: Waterloo but dealt the *coup de grâce* that sent the doomed Colossus over.

And, at the same time, it was Napoleon personally who suffered at the hands of Nelson, rather than that the peoples of France and Spain underwent humiliation. It was the vital check in his career to the usurper and despot at whose bidding untold thousands of the best and bravest of the sons of Europe laid down their lives on a hundred battlefields between the Moskowa and the lines of Torres Vedras. Trafalgar it was that, in its wide-reaching outcome, cleared the way for the ultimate freeing of the French nation from the thraldom of the Napoleonic *régime* and enabled Spain to attempt her own salvation. It may with perfect truth be said that we owe to Trafalgar the ninety years of peace between England and France that have happily continued since the downfall of Napoleon, during which period also Frenchmen and Englishmen have stood side by side against more than one foe. The roads of Aix and the quarter-deck of the "Bellerophon," cliff-girt St. Helena in mid-ocean, became certainties for the Man of Destiny—and for mankind—on that October

afternoon off Cape Trafalgar; St. Helena, and the haunting shapes of Longwood—

> . . . tristesque ex aethere Dirae,
> Et scissa gaudens vadit Discordia palla,
> Quam cum sanguineo sequitur Bellona flagello.

The sequel and ultimate result of Trafalgar has been the now nearly completed century of peace between Great Britain and France and Spain, which for the benefit of the world at large has culminated in our own day in harmony and good fellowship between the nations. Esto perpetua! And so the curtain falls.

> Silence is now upon the seas,
> The stormy seas of yore;
> The thunder of the cannonade
> Awakes the wave no more!

APPENDIX A

ADMIRAL VILLENEUVE'S MEMORANDUM

BY the special courtesy of the Minister of Marine in Paris I am permitted to reproduce here the text of the Fleet Circular issued by Admiral Villeneuve to his captains at Toulon before the fleet originally sailed, which the admiral brought forward for discussion with the captains at Cadiz before Trafalgar. The copy here given has been made from an official draft, now preserved in Paris, and follows its orthography exactly. It covers four closely written sheets of manuscript, and was apparently the office copy kept by the flag-captain on board the "Bucentaure," afterwards saved from the wreck of the French flagship in Cadiz Bay.

"ORDRE POUR L'ARMEE

"La nuit je ne ferai de signaux que ceux absolument nécessaires : les bâtiments particuliers n'en feriont que lorsqu'il leur sera impossible de me transmettre leurs avis verbalement au moyen des frégates et Corvettes et qu'il sera indispensable que je sois informé sur le champ de l'objet du signal. La nécessité de cacher la marche de l'escadre doit indiquer à chaque cap^ne^ commandant combien l'usage des signaux de nuit doit être employé discrètement, et l'attention qu'ils doivent avoir à cacher leurs feux pendant la nuit. Les mêmes motifs doivent leur faire sentir la necéssité de se tenir ralliés, et de se communiquer verbalement la position, la voilure et la route de l'amiral lorsq'uelle peut laisser quelque incertitude.

"Je ne propose pas d'aller chercher l'ennemi ; je veux même l'éviter pour me rendre à ma destination ; mais si nous le rencontrions, point de manœuvres honteuses ; elles décourageraient nos équipages et entreneraient [*sic*] nôtre défaîte. Si

l'ennemi est sous le vent à nous, maitres de nos manœuvres, nous formerons notre ordre de bataille, nous arriverons sur lui tous à la fois: chacun de nos V^eaux combat celui qui lui correspond dans la ligne ennemie et ne doit pas hésiter à l'aborder si la circonstance lui est favorable. Je vous ferai peu de signaux mais j'attends tout du courage de chaque cap^ne, de celui des officiers et des equipages et de la circonstance qui a réuni à bord de nos vaisseaux une portion des plus braves troupes de L'Empereur.

"Tout Cap^ne Comm^t qui ne serait pas dans le feu ne serait pas à son poste; celui dont le matelot d'avant ou d'arrière serait plus près de l'ennemi que lui ne serait pas à son poste et un signal pour le lui rappeler serait une tâche déshonorante pour lui.

"Les frégates doivent également prendre part à l'action, car si n'en ai pas besoin pour répéter mes signaux; elle doivent choisir le point où leur co-opération peut être avantageuse pour décider la défaite d'un V^au Ennemi, pour soutenir un V^au français trop vivement pressé, lui donner le secours de la remorque ou tout autre qui lui serait nécessaire. Combien de chances de gloire sont ouvertes aux jeunes officiers comm^t les frégates dans un combat comme celui que je viens de tracer!

"Si l'Ennemi au contraire se présente au vent à nous et témoigne l'intention de nous attaquer, nous devons l'attendre sur une ligne de bataille bien serrée. C'est à l'intelligence et à l'habilité du V^eaux de tête à ne faire que la voile nécessaire et à ne tenir le vent qu'autant qu'il lui faut pour favoriser la formation de cet ordre. L'Ennemi ne se bornera pas à se former sur une ligne de bataille parallèle à la nôtre et à venir nous livrer au combat d'artillerie, dont le succès appartient souvent an plus habile, mais toujours au plus heureux; il cherchera à entourer notre arrière-garde, à nous traverser, et à porter sur ceux de nos V^eaux qu'il aurait désunis, des pelotons des siens pour les envelopper et les réduire: dans ce cas c'est bien plus de son courage et de son amour de la gloire qu'un capitain Comm^t doit prendre conseil, que des signaux de l'amiral qui, peut être, lui même engagé dans le combat et enveloppé dans la fumée, n'a plus la faculté d'en faire. C'est encore ici le cas de répeter qu'un cap^ne qui n'est pas dans le feu n'est pas à son poste. L'ordre étant rompu, tous les efforts doivent tendre

à se porter au Secours de V^eaux assaillis et à se rapprocher du V^eau amiral, qui en donnera l'Exemple. A cette manœuvre deffensive *(sic)* doit en succéder une offensive. Par suite de cette manœuvre l'Ennemi doit avoir des V^eaux démâtés qui doivent rester au milieu des nôtres; c'est à les réduire que chacun doit s'appliquer, et c'est encore ici que les frégates doivent jouer un beau rôle et couvrir de gloire les officiers qui seront pénétrés de l'etendu de leur devoir, comme des droits qu'ils acquerront aux grâces de l'Empereur.

"Rien ne doit nous étonner à la vue d'une escadre anglaise: leurs V^eaux de 74 n'ont pas 500 hommes à bord; ils sont harrassés par une croisière de deux ans; ils ne sont pas plus braves que nous, et ont infiniment moins de motifs d'Enthousiasme et d'amour de la patrie. Ils sont habiles à la manœuvre; dans un mois nous le serons autant. Enfin tout se réunit pour nous donner la confiance des succés les plus glorieux et d'une nouvelle ére pour la marine impériale.

"Je vous renvoie au surplus aux *instructions pour les capitaines*, au *réglement à l'usage de l'armée navale* et à *l'instruction particulière* pour la répétition des signaux, imprimér à la tête du cahier des signaux à l'usage de l'Escadre. Elles contiennent d'excellentes maximes, dont vous devez bien vous pénétrer et des dispositions que je maintiens dans toute leur Etendue.

"Il me sera bien agréable si, par suite de cette campagne, je n'ai comme je l'espére, que des éloges à donner à la conduite, à l'habilité et à l'exactitude dans le Service, des Cap^ines Comm^ts et officiers attachés a l'escadre. Vous connaissez assez l'Empereur et combien est grande la manière dont il recompense les bons services et vous ne devez nullement douter de la part qui vous en est reservée par suite de la campagne qui nous allons entreprendre.

"Veuillez recevoir Monsieur le Command^t l'assurance de mon sincère attachement.

"VILLENEUVE."

"Pour copie conforme
L'adjudant Com^t de l'armée.

"PRIGNY."

APPENDIX B

ADMIRAL VILLENEUVE'S OFFICIAL REPORT

THE following is an exact transcript of Admiral Villeneuve's Trafalgar despatch, or "Compte Rendu," made by permission of the Minister from the original document preserved among the archives of the Ministry of Marine in Paris. It covers ten pages of "papier ministre," and is clearly and firmly and extremely neatly written in Admiral Villeneuve's own hand throughout, and is signed by him. Notes or corrections made by the admiral in the margin are here shown as footnotes, and certain sentences underlined by Villeneuve are here set out in italics. The spelling and punctuation are as in the MS.

"*A bord de la frégate anglaise l'Eurialus,*
"*le* 15 *Novembre,* 1805.

"MONSEIGNEUR,

"Dans la situation, ou j'ai le malheur de me trouver, Votre Ex. ne peut attendre de moi, qu'un rapport fidelle des évènements qui ont suivi mon départ de Cadix, exempt de toute observation sur les motifs qui ont dirigé mes mouvements; j'ai eu l'honneur de vous écrire jusqu'au dernier moment de ma sortie de la Baye de Cadix, et c'est de ce moment même que je dois reprendre ma narration.

"Le 28 vend^re^ (20 8^bre^) toute l'armée combinée étoit sous voiles, dirigeant la route à l'O. N. O. le vent frais de la partie S. S. O. J'ai fait le signal de prendre le ris que comportoit l'apparence du tems et de la mer, vers les 4 heures du soir le temps s'etant éclairci et le vent ayant passé au S. O. et à l'O. S. O. j'ai pris les amures à tribord, manœuvré pour rallier q. q. vaisseaux qui étaient tombés très sous le vent et signalé l'ordre de marche sur 3 colonnes, l'escadre d'observation prenant

la droite de l'armée combinée ; je n'avais connaissance que de deux frégates ennemies dans le sud que j'ai donné ordre aux frégates de l'armée de chasser. La nuit est venue sans que j'aye eu connaissance de l'escadre ennemie et j'ai continué la même route en proportionnant ma voilure sur celles des plus mauvais voiliers de l'armée combinée. A 1/2 heures du soir j'ai vu des signaux en avant que je ne pouvois pas distinguer, et à 8 h 1/2 l'Argus est venu me dire de la part de l'amiral Gravina, que le vaisseau l'Achille avoit eu connaissance, à l'entrée de la nuit de 18 vaisseaux ennemis dans le S. S. O. Comme la route que faisoit l'armée devoit nous en rapprocher beaucoup, j'ai signalé *la ligne de bataill tribord sans égard au poste assigné à chaque vaisseau en se formant sur ceux de plus sous le vent*. J'ai couru ainsi toute la nuit sans changer de direction le vent à l'O. le cap. au S. S. O. ; nous avons eu connaissance des feux et des signaux de l'ennemi dans le vent à nous.

"Dès que le jour s'est fait nous avons apperçu l'ennemi à l'O. au nombre de 33 voiles à la distance d'environ 2 l 1/2, le cap Trafalgar a été aussi apperçu à l'E. S. E. à 6 heures. J'ai fait signal aux frégates d'aller reconnoitre l'ennemi, et à l'armée de former *la ligne de bataille tribord amures ordre naturel*, l'amiral Gravina a en même temps fait à l'escadre d'observation celui de se placer à la tête de l'armée combinée, le vent très faible **à l'O. la mer très houleuse.**

"L'escadre Ennemie qui a été bientôt reconnue composée de 27 vaisseaux de ligne me paraissoit se diriger en masse sur mon arrière garde avec le double motif de la combattre avec avantage et de couper à l'armée combinée la retraite sur Cadix, j'ai fait le signal de *virer vent arrière tous à la fois et de former la ligne de bataille bâbord amures dans l'ordre renversé*, mon seul objet étant de garantir l'arrière garde des efforts de la totalité des forces de l'Ennemi.

"Dans le nouvel ordre signalé, la 3e escadre, sous les ordres du cap. Al. Dumanoir formoit l'avant garde ayant pour chef de file le vaisseau espagnol le Neptune commandé par Don Gaetano Valdez officier estimé. J'avois au centre avec la 1re escadre sur le Bucentaure le lieutenant général D. Alava suivoit avec la 2e escadre et l'escadre d'observation sous les ordres de l'amiral Gravina formoit l'arrière garde de l'armée ayant sous lui le C. A. Magon sur le vaisseau l'Algesiras.

L'ennemi continuoit à faire porter sur nous toutes voiles dehors et à 9 h. je commençois à distinguer qu'il se developoit sur deux colones dont l'une se dirigeoit sur mon Vaiss^eau amiral et l'autre sur l'arrière de l'armée; le vent étoit très faible, la mer houleuse et notre formation s'effectuoit avec beaucoup de peine.

"Mais dans le genre d'attaque que je prévoyais que l'ennemi alloit nous faire, cette irrégularité même dans notre ligne, ne me paraissoit pas un inconvénient, si chaque vaisseau eut continué à serrer le vent sur son matelot et l'eut conservé à petite distance; j'ai fait néan-moins au vaisseau de tête le signal de serrer le vent et de forcer de voiles pour éviter que l'engorgement ne fut trop grand; et à 11 h. *le signal à l'arrière-garde de tenir le vent pour la mettre à même de couvrir le centre de l'armée qui paraissoit être le point sur lequel l'ennemi sembloit vouloir porter les plus grands efforts.*

"Cependant l'ennemi approchoit sensiblement quoique le vent fût extrêmement faible; il avait à la tête de ses colones ses plus forts vaisseaux; celle du Nord avoit en tête 4 vaisseaux à 3 ponts. A midi j'ai fait le signal de commencer le combat dès qu'on seroit à portée et à midi un quart les premiers coups de canon ont été tirés des vaisseaux le Fougueux et la S^te Anne, sur le vaisseau le Royal Sovereign, chef de file de la colone de droite portant pavillon du Vice-amiral Collingwood, le feu a été interrompu un instant, il a repris un instant après avec plus de vivacité par tous les vaisseaux qui ont été à portée de le faire, ce qui n'a pas empêché ce vaisseau ennemi de couper la ligne en arrière de la S^te Anne.

"La colonne de gauche, conduite par le Victory portant pavillon de l'amiral Nelson faisoit la même manœuvre et paraissoit vouloir couper en arrière de la S^te Trinité et sur l'avant du Bucentaure, mais soit qu'il ait trouvé la ligne trop serrée sur ce point, ou qu'il ait changé d'avis par tout autre motif, il était à demi portée de pistolet, et nous étions prêt à l'aborder, les grappins prets a être jettees quand il a lancé tout son stribord, et il est venu pour passer à poupe du Bucentaure. Le Redoutable occupoit la place du Neptune[1] derrière moi, il a honnorablement rempli le devoir d'un vaisseau matelot d'arrière d'un pavillon amiral il a abordé le Victory, mais cella

[1] Ce vaisseau étoit tombé sous le vent.

n'a pas empêché que par la faiblesse du vent, qui rendoit tous les mouvements lents et difficiles, ce vaisseau qui étoit entraversé sous la poupe du Bucentaure ne lui ait envoyé plusieurs bordées à triple charge, qui ont été extrémement meurtrières et destructives. C'est dans ce moment que j'ai fait le signal, *aux vaisseaux qui par leur position actuelle ne combattent pas d'en prendre une quelconque qui les ramène au feu.* Il m'étoit impossible de distinguer l'état des choses au centre et à l'arrière garde par la grande fumée qui nous envelopoit;

"Au vaisseau le Victory avoit succedé deux autres vaisseaux à trois ponts[1] et plusieurs vaisseaux de 74 qui déffiloient lentement par l'arrière du Bucentaure, je venois de faire le signal *à l'avant garde de virer de bord* quand le grand mât et celui d'artimon sont tombés, les vaisseaux qui m'avoient ainsi passé à poupe me prolongeoient sous le vent, sans qu'ils eussent beaucoup à souffrir du feu de nos batteries, une grande partie de nos canons étant déjà demontés, et d'autres engagés par la chûte des mâts. Dans un moment d'éclairci je m'apperçus que tout le centre et l'arrière garde de l'armée avoit plié et que je me trouvois le vaisseaux le plus au vent; le mât de mizaine qui nous restoit pouvoit faciliter notre retraite sous le vent où se trouvoient plusieurs de nos vaisseaux qui ne paraissoient pas endommagés, mais il finit par tomber, j'avois fait conserver un canot à la mer prévoyant le cas d'un dématement et dans l'intention de me transporter sur un autre vaisseau, dès que le grand mât eut tombé j'ordonnai de le faire préparer, mais soit qu'il ait été coulé par les boulets ou écrasé par la chûte des mâts, il ne fut pas retrouvé. Je fis heller à la S^te^ Trinité qui ètoit en avant à nous si elle pouvoit envoyer un canot et nous donner une remorque, je n'en eus pas de réponse, ce vaisseau étoit lui-même fortement engagé avec un vaisseau à 3 ponts qui le canonoit en hanche. Enfin étant environné de vaisseaux ennemis qui s'etoient accumulés, par les hanches, sur l'arrière et par le travers sous le vent, et étant dans l'impossibilité de leur faire aucun mal les gaillards et la batterie de 24 étant abbandonnés jonchés de morts et de blessés, toute la première batterie démontée ou embarrassée par les gréements et les mats qui étoient tombés, le vaisseau isolé au millieu des vaisseaux ennemis, sans mouvement et dans l'impossibilité de lui en donner, il fallut céder à ma

[1] Le Neptune, le Britannia.

destinée et arrêter une effusion de sang dejà immense et désormais inutile.

"Toute la partie de l'armée à l'arrière du Bucentaure, comme je l'ai dit, avoit plié plusieurs vaisseaux étoient démâtés de tout mat et rendus à l'ennemi, quelques-uns combattoient encore en faisant leur retraite sur un gros de vaisseaux qui me restoient à l'Est.

"Les vaisseaux de l'escadre du C. A[1] Dumanoir qui avoient couru en avant paraissoient manœuvrer plusieurs des vaisseaux qui la composoit arrivoient pour se rallier aux vaisseaux les plus sous le vent tandis que 5 autres viroient de bord et prenoient les amures à tribord, ces vaisseaux ont passé au vent des deux armées, en échangeant des coups de canon, le plus souvent à grande distance; le dernier de ces 5 vaisseaux qui étoit je crois le Neptune espagnol un peu plus sous le vent que les autres a été obligé de se rendre.

"Dans le genre d'attaque que l'ennemi a fait sur nous, il en devoit résulter un pelle melle et une réunion de combats partiels qui ont été soutenus avec la plus noble audace, l'Ennemi doit ses avantages à la force de ses vaisseaux (dont 7 à 3 ponts et dont le moindre ne porte pas moins de 114 bouches à feu) à la force de son artillerie toute de gros calibre, au moyen de ses carronades, à l'ensemble et à la célérité de ses manœuvres, à l'expérience de 3 ans de mer sans interruption, expérience qui manquoit entièrement à une grande partie des vaisseaux de l'armée combinée. Le courage et le devouëment à la patrie et à l'Empereur des Etats-majors et équipages des vaisseaux de S. M. ne pouvoit être surpassé, il s'est manifesté au signal de mettre sous voiles, à celui de se préparer au combat, par les applaudissements et les cris de Vive l'Empereur dont mes signaux ont été acqueillis; je n'ai pas vu un homme ébranlé à la vuë de la formidable colonne de l'Ennemi précédé de quatre vaisseaux à 3 ponts qui se dirigeoient sur le vaisseau le Bucentaure.

"Je ne doute pas, Monseigneur que vous n'ayez déjà recueilli les traits les plus honorables de la valeur qui a été déployée dans cette journée malheureuse, par les rapports qui ont du déjà vous être addressés, par les différends chefs qui se sont trouvés à portée de le faire.

"Tant de courage et de dévouëment méritoit une meilleure

destinée, mais le moment n'était pas encore arrivé ou la France aura à célébrer ses succès maritimes, ensemble avec ses victoires sur le continent.

"Quant à moi, Monseigneur, profondément pénéttré de toute l'etendué de mon malheur et de toute la responsabilité que comporte un aussi grand désastre, je ne désire rien tant que d'être bientôt à même d'aller mettre aux pieds de S. M. ou la justification de ma conduite ou la victime qui doit être immolée, non à l'honneur du pavillon, qui, j'ose le dire, est demeuré intact, mais aux manes de ceux qui auroient péri par mon imprudence, mon inconsidération ou l'oubli de quelqu'un de mes devoirs.

"Je prie votre Excellence d'agréer l'hommage de mon respect

"VILLENEUVE.

"J'ai été enlevé de mon vaisseau dès qu'il a été rendu et conduit par un vaisseau ennemi avec le cap^e^ Majendie, l'adj^t^ Com^t^ Contamine un lieutenant de vaisseau M^r^ Baudran et un aspirant attaché à mon état major général. Le cap^e^ Majendie le chef d'état major Prigny; M^r^ d'Audignon lieutenant de vaisseau; Gaudron (id) ont été blessés; presque tous ceux qui étoient sur le pont ont été tués ou blessés; il m'est impossible de donner d'autres renseignements sur le nombre des morts et blessés du Bucentaure et des autres vaisseaux de l'armée, mais il a du être très considérable, Votre Excellence aura reçu tous les renseignements nécessaire par les officiers arrivés à Cadix. Aucun des vaisseaux français[1] (le Switsure excepté) n'ont pu être relevés de la cote dans le coup de vent qui a suivi l'action, tous étant entièrement dématés et extrêmement maltraités dans toutes leurs autres parties. Le Switsure et 3 autres vaisseaux espagnols ont été conduits à Gibraltar, un seul, le S^t^ Jean de Népomucène qui n'étoit pas dématé pourra être remis en état de servir.

"L'Ennemi a fait des pertes très sensibles entre autres celle de l'Amiral lord Nelson et de plusieurs officiers marquants; la plus grande partie de cette flotte est obligée de rentrer dans les ports de l'Angleterre pour s'y réparer."

[1] Pris par l'Ennemi.

APPENDIX C

CAPTAIN MAGENDIE'S PLANS OF TRAFALGAR

THE larger plan here given is of particular and historic interest. It is a tracing (reduced in reproduction) of the original sent to France by Captain Magendie, of the flagship "Bucentaure," and now in the archives of the Ministry of Marine in Paris. By special permission of the Minister of Marine, leave has been granted to reproduce it in this book—the first time the plan has ever been published. The document is inscribed on the back: "1er Plan envoyé de Cadix: daté de Veau anglaise le Neptune, le 6 Brumaire, an 14:—Cap. Magendie." The "Neptune" was the ship on board which Villeneuve and Magendie were transferred from the "Mars," and lodged for a short while, pending the preparation of accommodation in the frigate "Euryalus," which was to take them to England.

The document was apparently sent ashore to Cadiz during the week after the battle—by the medium probably of one of the wounded French officers permitted by Collingwood to be landed on parole—together with a brief covering letter from Captain Magendie, also now in the archives of the Ministry of Marine in Paris, and with a sketch plan by Magendie of the situation of the flagship "Bucentaure" at different periods of the battle. It is thus the earliest authentic plan of Trafalgar ever made, and may be compared with advantage—in regard particularly to the British formation for the attack—with the British plan, shown facing page 106, which was sent to England by the "Euryalus" as an enclosure with Collingwood's despatches, and was signed

by Magendie, apparently to authenticate the positions of the ships of the Combined Fleet there shown.

A copy, roughly drawn, of the British plan, with certain minor differences of detail, is also among the archives of the Ministry of Marine in Paris. That document shows the ships of the three navies differentiated by colours: British, red; French, blue; Spanish, yellow. It shows the British Fleet first at daybreak (au petit jour) as in the plan at page 107. It shows the British also at nine o'clock, advancing in two wedge-shaped clusters, nearly a mile apart. It shows the British Fleet at noon, in the same line-ahead formation as appears in the British map, except that the rearmost eight ships of Collingwood's line (not named) are still in a cluster, more or less abreast of one another; with the "Prince" and "Dreadnought" out of station, as they are seen in the British plan. The rearmost seven of Nelson's ships are in like manner in a cluster: first three ships nearly abreast; then four astern of all. In the Combined Fleet the position of some of the ships of Gravina's "Squadron of Observation" varies somewhat in one or two cases from that attributed to them in the British plan; they are shown as having already, to some extent, come into line in rear of Villeneuve's battle squadron; but, otherwise, their disposition is as there represented. The document is inscribed on the back: "2e Plan, envoyé d'Angleterre (sans date):— Magendie."

The captain of the "Bucentaure's" plan of the 6th Brumaire (28th October) is of vital interest, as showing, from the hand of an eye-witness, the actual formation in which Nelson made his attack, with the ships of Collingwood's division moving down slantwise, *en échelon*, on the centre and rear of the Combined Fleet in the "order of bearing."

Captain Magendie's series of plans of the situation of the flagship "Bucentaure" at various stages of the battle up to the moment of Admiral Villeneuve's surrender, are also

given here, as well as a plan of Trafalgar drawn by Captain Lucas of the "Redoutable." That was forwarded to Paris by him from Reading in January, 1806, by Captain Magendie, on that officer's release on parole in order to give a personal explanation of the defeat to Napoleon, with Lucas's own detailed narrative of the doings of his ship. For the reproduction of these in this book special leave was also accorded by the Minister of Marine.

[By the courtesy of Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge, G.C.B., I am permitted to reproduce also the plan, explanatory of the movements of the fleets between midnight on Sunday, the 20th of October, and noon on Monday, shortly before the first shot was fired, which was prepared by him to accompany his paper on the tactics of the battle ("Nelson: The Centenary of Trafalgar"), read as a special address before the annual meeting of the Navy Records Society in July, 1905.]

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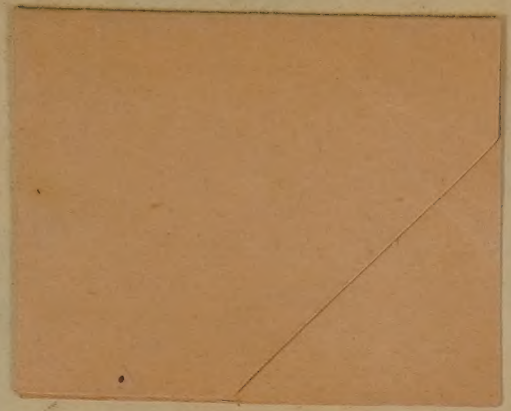
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